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- ④ With the British, "ARTISTIC SANITATION OF THE HOME."

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DEDICATION

*In the spring when the wattle-gold
trembles*

*'Twixt shadow and shine,
And each dew-laden air-draught re-
sembles*

*A long draught of wine,
When the sky-line's blue burnished re-
sistance*

*Makes deeper the dreamiest distance,—
Some songs have in all hearts exist-
ence—*

Such songs have been mine.

—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

(The poems of Australia's own poet have recently been collected.)

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The Exceptional Man

We have given the leading place in this number to "The Era of the Exceptional Man," because it is a remarkable article by one of the world's great writers. The importance of the subject from every viewpoint is such that it should receive serious attention on all sides. Out of his knowledge of business conditions and wide experience among business men, Dr. Marden writes with force and authority.

By Dr. O. S. Marden

MR. CARNEGIE says: "The most valuable acquisition to his business which an employer can obtain is an exceptional young man. There is no bargain so fruitful."

This is the Marshall Field & Company idea of what makes the exceptional employee.

"To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to eliminate errors; to know both sides of the question; to be courteous; to be an example; to work for love of the work; to anticipate requirements; to develop resources; to recognise no impediments; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection."

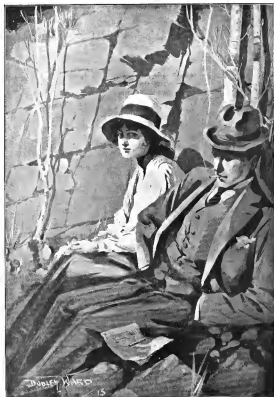
This is an era of the exceptional man. No matter who else is out of employment, no matter how many thousands of people are crowding the employment offices looking in vain for jobs, no matter how hard the times are or how dull business may be, the exceptional man, the man who can do things, the man who has a superb training and who is ambitious to do things in a large and an original way, and who possesses a fine mind, is always in demand. There are always plenty of situations waiting for him. He does not have to hunt for a job, he simply selects the one he prefers. There is a standing advertisement everywhere for the exceptional young man.

Never before was there such a demand for the exceptional, the resourceful man, the man who can think, who can devise new and original ways of doing things, the man who can grasp the needs of the situation and solve them with his resourcefulness.

The exceptional employee is the one who is always on the alert for business, who is so polite and attentive and obliging to his customers that everybody wants to deal with him; who makes friends for the firm, who adds dignity to the house. He is the one who looks upon his employer's interests as he would his own, who regards his vocation as an opportunity to make a man of himself, an opportunity to show his employer the stuff he is made of, and who is always preparing himself to fill the position above him.

The exceptional employee is the one who never says, "I was not paid to do that"; "I don't get salary enough to work after hours or to take so much pains." He never leaves things half done, but does everything to a finish. He studies his employer's business, reads its literature; he is on the watch for every improvement which others in the same line have adopted and which his employer has not, and is always improving himself during his spare time for larger things.

The exceptional employee is the one whose main ambition is to help along the business; who stays after hours during the busy season to help out wherever



"We used to spend our evenings figuring out how much money we needed to get married on."

The Confessors of a Publicity Agent—page 28

er he can, and when any emergency arises in the concern, has a valuable suggestion for its solution. The exceptional employee is the one who settles difficulties among his co-workers without rupture, and is always trying to avoid friction, to keep peace and harmony in the firm. He encourages the dull boy or the boy who can not seem to get hold of the business; he is always ready to give a lift whenever needed, and a word of cheer to the discouraged.

Young men who are sticklers for hours, who are afraid of working overtime, who want to leave the office on the minute or a little before, who are always a little late in the morning, or who take their employer's time for their own personal uses—such employees never get very far.

In every large establishment there are a few employees who show promise and are sure of promotion. They stick and dig and hang on to their task when other people are in a hurry to quit. They do not measure their hours by the clock, or their obligation to their employer by the amount of salary they receive; they do not feel that, when they begin work earlier or stay later, it is an injustice on his part not to pay them for overtime.

Readiness, willingness to do anything at any time, a disposition to oblige, to accommodate, these are qualities that win an employer's admiration.

No matter if it is a little inconvenient to you — if you have to postpone your supper or your evening's amusement — if you can please your employer, you have scored an advantage which he will not forget.

The employer does not want to beg people to do things for him, and the boy who wants to get on ought to regard every opportunity to render a little additional service as a great advantage to him, a chance to get a little deeper into the confidence of his employer, to get a little nearer to him.

There is nothing which will put you in a more favorable light with your employer than to anticipate his wants and make him feel that you are trying to help him carry his load, and to make his work a little easier. Think for him,

plan for him when you can. He will appreciate it, and will gradually learn to depend upon you. In this way you may make yourself indispensable to him.

The very consciousness that you yourself feel the weight of responsibility, that you are trying to think out ways and means for advancing his interests, will fasten you to him with hooks of steel. He will overlook a great many deficiencies if you have this one quality of sincere interest in his affairs, and are really trying to help him,—if you have the same interest in his affairs as though the business were your own.

It is astonishing how few of the thousands of young men who are ambitious to get on in the world, are capable of independent action. Very few of them are leaders; the great majority are followers. This is one of the things which keeps young men and young women back. If there is anything in the world a man at the head of an establishment wants around him, it is those who can suggest something, who do not stand paralyzed in an emergency, but who can act independently.

Men never learn much by hanging around, doing just what they are told to do. It is the progressive young man who keeps his thinking cap on, who suggests improved methods, and plans of action, who is advanced.

A great many employers get sick and tired of asking those about them to do things and explaining how to do them. They feel that they would give their kingdom almost for a leader, for a man who could further their interests without asking questions all the time and wanting instructions. It is leaders that are wanted not followers, young men who can act quickly, who can start right, and right away.

We see standing around in most large establishments boys and young men with their hands in their pockets, powerless to map out a program, or to do anything unless told.

"As a rule, it is the employee who does something out of the ordinary, something which the others associated with him do not do, who is promoted quickly, sometimes even over the heads

of those who have been in the business much longer than he has," says John E. Hoyer. "He takes more pains with his work, does it more rapidly, shows more interest in his employer's affairs, evinces more intelligence and originality in his methods, or, in some other way, especially commends himself to his employer's attention as one worthy of promotion.

If there is anything that makes a bad impression upon an employer it is a manifestation of indifference to his interests, a selfishness that measures every demand by personal interest.

"Employers are not blind to what is going on around them, and, though they may often seem unobservant, they are always watching those under them. They know who chirks, who watches the clock, who clips a few minutes here and there, from his employer's time; who comes a little late in the morning and goes a little earlier in the evening; in other words, they keep thoroughly posted in regard to the work and general conduct of their employees."

The men who have done great things in the world have been prodigious workers, particularly during the time when they were struggling to establish themselves in life. When genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other fault-finder gives up; when tact retreats and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pulls" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistence, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible.

I often get letters from employees who complain bitterly that they have remained in the same position for many years, with practically no advancement in salary or prospects. But there is usually something wrong with these employees. They lack enterprise, lack a comprehensive grasp of affairs; often they work mechanically; have a mere superficial knowledge of the business and hence they are not the kind of material the employer is seeking for promotion.

Knowledge is power everywhere, and

especially in one's own specialty. I know young men who have been clerks in stores for many years in one department with no advancement, who never appear to show the slightest interest in any other department, or in the way in which the business as a whole is conducted; they are simply cogs in a wheel; mere automatons working mechanically so many hours a day, and they are always glad when the day's work is done.

This lack of interest in the business, this indifference of the employees to learning anything outside their own routine, is fatal to growth. What would become of the business if the proprietor were to show the same indifference, the same lack of interest as do these automaton clerks?

The principle of advancement, of growth, of progress, is the same whether in employer or employee. Business grows because of enterprising, progressive, up-to-date methods. Promotion for the employee requires the same pushing, vigorous, alert methods.

If you want to be something more than an average worker you must do something more than average work. If you expect to become an important figure in the world of commerce, a captain of industry, instead of a common soldier in the ranks of labor, you must put your shoulder to the wheel.

If you envy your employee his freedom from restraint, his independence, his financial power, it will pay you to inquire into the methods by which he rose from employee to employer. You will perhaps find that he worked for many years from twelve to eighteen hours a day for a small salary, that he rarely took a vacation, that he put every ounce of energy he possessed into his business.

It is astonishing how many young men are trying to get a living without hard work. It does not seem possible that so many people could live off of one another without really producing anything themselves. Almost everywhere we see young men looking for easy places, short hours, and the least possible work for the greatest possible salary.

Even if it were possible to get a living

with a very little effort, you could not afford it. You could not afford to coin your brain into dollars, to make dollar-chasing the ambition of your life. There ought to be something larger in you than that. There is something in you which will not be satisfied with this sort of a life, something which will protest against selling yourself so cheaply. You can not respect yourself unless you are doing your best, making your greatest effort to bring out the best thing in you.

It is a pinching, narrowing, contracting policy, this trying to get something for nothing. It narrows the individual, stunts the growth, stops the expansion. There is something demoralizing in trying to get through life without a struggle; without doing one's part. The first thing the successful employee must realize is that he is really working for himself. Every bit of work he does heartily, honestly, thoroughly, is developing his own capacity, making him a bigger, broader, more capable man. It is the determination to take a menial part, to do one's full share in the world, to amount to something, the willingness to struggle for advancement—the pushing out, the struggling on, the striving upward — that makes the exceptional man or woman.

This is the sort of exceptional employee civilization is looking for. He is wanted in every city, town and village; he is wanted badly. Every office, shop, store and factory wants him. Every vocation is crying out for the exceptional man. He is needed, and needed badly everywhere.

No matter how hard the times or how many millions are out of employment, there is this sign up at the door of every factory, every store, every large business office in this country

WANTED A MAN — AN EXCEPTIONAL MAN.

The man who can do things when others only dream about them.

The man who will do his work when the boss is away.

The man who has courage, who is not a slave to precedent.

The man who is not afraid of burning his bridges behind him.

The man who does not wait for an opportunity, but who makes it.

The man who puts grit in the place of his handicap; grit in the place of a good chance.

The man who, if he cannot go around, over or under a difficulty, goes straight through it.

The man who is a live wire.

The man who, when he falls, falls on his feet.

The man who has dare in his nature; who pushes ahead when others turn back.

The man who puts up a good front.

The man who makes a good first impression.

The man who does not procrastinate, dawdle or waver, but who goes straight to his goal.

The man who finds his own motor inside of him; who does not have to come back to his employer every few days to be recharged, like an automobile.

The man who is not easily turned down or shaken off; who has bull-dog grit — tenacity of purpose; who smiles at rebuffs, who thrives upon them.

The man who is willing to take his medicine and who does not dally with the spoon.

The man who is ambitious to be an artist in his career instead of merely an artisan.

The man who will not make a fool of himself just because he knows how.

The man with an overmastering purpose, one unwavering aim; whose decision is quick and final; who believes in the miracle of polite persistency.

The young man who does not wait for his star, but who hitches his wagon to anything that comes his way.

The man who has not slinked his foundations; who is willing to pay the price for a large success; who does things to a finish; who puts his trademark of superiority upon everything that passes through his hands.

The man who goes in to win; who starts out every morning with the grim resolution that he is going to make the day a red-letter day; who takes for his motto, "Always improving something somewhere; hectoring my best."



"Doesn't the back sit beautifully?"

The Little Idiot and the Born Manager

"The Little Idiot and the Born Manager" is a story of modern business life. The title role characters are young ladies of different types. A new office is the scene of activities. Margaret B. Shipp, who writes the story, is well known as the author of "The Warshipper" and "The Jealousy of Mrs. Pete."

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

WHEN people in Millersville said how fortunate it was that Bessie Hubbard had her cousin to depend upon, they lost sight of that provision of nature which always gives a vine something to cling to. Nobody except a born manager like Delia Denton, they averred, could have made Bessie keep her stenography until she had acquired a fair rate of speed, and had qualified herself to accompany Delia to the city.

For a year Delia had filled a position in a local lawyers office, but in Millersville six dollars a week was considered ample emolument for a woman, so she decided to seek her fortune in one of the larger places in the State — a Southern manufacturing town of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Mrs. Denton

could live with a married son, and Bessie, who had made her home with them since her orphaned childhood, must perforce go with Delia.

The girls opened an office, and, after a sleek month or two, Delia's ability asserted itself. Some one telephoned to ask if she could fill the place of a court reporter, suddenly taken ill. She was so sure of her speed and of her familiarity with legal phrases that it never occurred to her to hesitate. Success in this case made the way plain, and soon there were few moments in which the typewriters were not clicking steadily. Bessie, of course, could not undertake court reporting, but letters and the overflow of Delia's work kept her busy.

Delia began to realize the satisfaction

of depositing a tiny sum in the savings-bank each month. The city stores were so tempting to a country-bred girl that Bessie was always in debt. Delia kept a watchful eye upon her cousin's purchases, constantly pruning the exuberances of her taste.

"Doesn't the back fit beautifully?" asked Bessie one morning, primping before a mirror in their small bedroom.

"Ye—er; but, somehow, Bessie, you never look like a business woman. There is always something a little too festive about your appearance. It must be that collar, or the way your hair blows around your face, that makes you look as if you were going out to a morning card-party instead of an office!"

"I can't keep my hair from curling," replied Bessie amiably, "and I'm sure I can't walk half as comfortably in such low heels, but I'm dressed just like you, Dee."

"There's a difference," said Delia, herself puzzled to locate the contrast in the mirror.

When she stood beside her cousin, it reflected two girls of equal years, both brown-haired and blue-eyed, dressed in plain street suits. Bessie's eyes were big and appealing, her mouth drooped dejectedly or slipped into laughter according to her moods, and her hair broke into ripples all over her head. Her love of daintiness was manifested by the prettiness in which she arranged her tresses, by the careful manicuring of her remarkably lovely hands, and by those little accessories of dress which Delia called "fettive."

Delia was straight as a sapling, with eyes clear and keen, a wholesome color, and a firm mouth. The hat she was pinning on just missed being becoming.

"Well, let's hurry to the office. Mr. Biscoe telephoned that he wished to see me upon a matter of especial importance."

"Is he handsome?" inquired Bessie.

Delia looked her annoyance.

"He must be past thirty-five, with a reddish face and a thick-set figure."

"Is he married?" pursued Bessie.

Delia allowed the annoyance to flash out.

"Bessie, I wish you wouldn't ask such

silly questions. It is positively ill-bred. It is immaterial to me whether the customer from whom I am taking dictation has a hooked nose or a harelip, is married, divorced, or a bigamist."

"A bigamist?" gasped Bessie. "Which one?"

"You little idiot!" laughed her cousin; and Bessie knew she was forgiven without understanding where she had offended.

Mr. Biscoe came to offer Delia the place of stenographer in his office.

"I've always had a man, but I liked your work in the Biggs-Hammer case, and I think you can fill the position."

Delia declined on the ground of the wider opportunity of an independent office, but offered to take the place for a week or two until he could find some one else.

"Why, I thought you would have jumped at it," said Bessie, after the door had closed on him.

"So did Mr. Biscoe," returned Delia briefly.

"But you said the other day that work fell off so during the summer that you were afraid we couldn't afford a vacation, while if we held regular positions we should be granted a fortnight's leave on full pay."

"At the end of a week, he will repeat his offer, and with more earnestness," Delia stated quietly.

Her prophecy was verified, and she accepted the position at a slight increase of salary. So capable a machine did she prove, so intelligent a helper, that by the end of a month she was as much a part of Biscoe's office as his revolving chair.

I oft without the stimulus of her energetic associate's presence, Bessie's work languished. For a time, a book manuscript kept her occupied, but when her earnings fell so low that they failed to pay her expenses, Delia decided to save office-rent and board by sending Bessie to Millersville for a visit.

There was a political convention in early August, so the work beforehand was very heavy and urgent. After it was over, and Biscoe's wing of the party had triumphed, he told Miss Denton that she had better arrange to take her

fortnight's vacation the last two weeks in August. He asked if she had thought of a substitute. When Delia suggested her cousin, he nodded, and Bessie was sent for.

She was a day late in arriving, and as nothing short of the earth being "slugged" to the final shock would have induced Delia to leave on a different train from the one she had named, Bessie had to go alone to the office. In the summer-time, Bessie would never have struck one as a business proposition. In her white linen suit, little tan ties, and becoming hat, she looked about sixteen; and when she presented herself to Biscoe, she was too well versed in disapprobation not to read it in his eyes. She knew that expression from Delia.

"You don't like the way I look?" she faltered. "I could get a black dress if you think it would make me seem dignified enough."

Biscoe smiled at the accurate reading of his thoughts, and at her idea of dressing up to the exalted part of his stenographer.

"That is not necessary, Miss—or—Hubbard, is it? Miss Denton is only to be absent a fortnight."

He recalled that fact with satisfaction several times during the morning, for Bessie was confused by her new duties. Later on, when she was at the typewriter, she suddenly looked up and asked him how to spell a word which puzzled her. Everybody knows how easy it is to forget the vowels of certain catch-words of spelling-bees, and Biscoe answered curtly:

"A"

When the typed letter was handed to him, he glanced over it and said:

"That word looks wrong. You will find a dictionary on that stand."

"It's spelled with an 'I' in here," announced Bessie tranquilly; "but I think it looks much nicer the way you spell it."

It would have been impossible for any one to have assumed the faith of that tone. Biscoe was amused to see that she regarded Noah Webster and himself as equal authorities.

II

Delia had seen Biscoe as a keen, shrewd lawyer, his practise confined to office-work and real-estate transactions, and having, as a side issue, an interest and a distinct influence in the politics of the State. That was Biscoe—though little less than the man.

Bessie soon came to regard him as the legal luminary of the country, and when the party chairman and State officials dropped in to consult him frequently, she regarded him as the hub around which the wheel of government revolved. That was Biscoe, or a little more than Biscoe.

Delia had casually noticed that he was growing bald. Bessie thought iron-gray hair most distinguished. She had no fear of him personally. It was so natural to her to depend upon the person nearest to her that in difficulties she turned to him for help, or perplexities of construction, she appealed to him much as she would have appealed to Delia. Each time Biscoe determined to tell her that she must not interrupt him for trivialities, but she was so little and so helpless that he invariably postponed it.

One day she went further, and with the same naive ignorance. After washing her hands, she discovered that there was no towel. This could never have happened to Delia; she would have ascertained the fact beforehand, summoned and rebuked the janitor, and had the deficiency remedied. With outstretched, dripping hands, Bessie advanced toward Mr. Biscoe.

"What shall I do? There isn't any towel!"

The appealing quality in Bessie was epitomized in her hands. They were soft and white, babyishly pink in the palms, tapering to the slender, blue-veined wrist and into the rounded arm, dimpled at the elbow. It was the first time that Biscoe had noticed how—how almost unbelievably pretty they were.

"Try my handkerchief. It's larger than yours."

He shook out a snowy piece of linen. Somehow—he hardly knew how—it happened, from what hidden spring the

impulse came—he found himself drying them for her, taking both the confiding little hands in his own for a moment.

Bessie thanked him, sweet and unabashed. As she was used to small services being rendered her from everybody with whom she came in contact, it did not occur to her that she had received a rather unusual one from her employer; but the recollection of it annoyed Biscoe all day, and he was glad to recall that Miss Denton would return in two days. Next morning, however, a gasp of dismay from his stenographer was followed by her quick step to the side of his desk, with an open letter in her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Biscoe, Dee has sprained her ankle! Isn't it perfectly dreadful? And she wears such sensible heels, too! There is a note enclosed for you. I am so sorry for Dee!"

Mr. Biscoe read the note, drumming impatiently on his desk.

"I shan't keep this chattering baby indefinitely. I'll let her go, and take on that young fellow who applied for a place," he decided.

With this determination he wheeled in his chair, to encounter the most woe-begone, downcast face imaginable.

"Why, a sprained ankle doesn't amount to much," he said kindly.

"It—it wasn't that," she stammered. "You will think I am a selfish, wicked girl to be thinking of myself and not of poor, darling Dee, but I had so counted on leaving your office to-morrow!"

"Ah?"

"You see it's Wednesday, so I promised Mr. Eller to go to the matinee with him; and after it was over, Mr. Greene was going to meet me at the door of the theatre and take me out in an automobile."

"And who are these young men?" asked Biscoe, in a tone which would have done credit to Delia herself.

"They are very nice," explained Bessie earnestly. "Mr. Eller boards in the house with me, and he brought Mr. Greene to call—he's a bank clerk. They are very kind, and now that Dee is gone, and they are afraid I will be lonely, one or the other of them stays with me every

evening. You see, I've never been in an automobile, and Mr. Greene was going to get one from the garage. At Millersville, almost every young man has a horse and buggy, and I used to go for a drive every afternoon, so I miss it here."

"You ought not to go out with young men of whom you know little or nothing. Is that young Greene of the First National?"

Bessie nodded. Biscoe knew him by reputation as a "gay" young fellow, not especially bad, but liable at times to be anything but a wise companion for so young and ignorant a girl.

"You had better call them up by phone and let them know of your cousin's accident and your change of plans."

Bessie noticed the curtness of his tone, but was unaware of his concession in retaining her services.

Wednesday was a glorious day, and several times Biscoe caught Bessie gazing wistfully out of the window. She made him think of a caged hummingbird. He thought how childishly she had longed for the ride in the hired machine, of his chauffeur, "feeding his head off worse than a horse," of his big touring-car, and how seldom he had used it all summer. Just an hour in it would be such a treat to this poor girl! He cleared his throat.

"My car will be around about five o'clock," he said. "If you like, I'll take you for a short spin in it, so that you can see how it compares with Millersville rapid transit."

Bessie's hands dropped in her lap with a pretty gesture of bewilderment.

"Oh, I do believe you are the most unselfish person in the world!" she exclaimed.

That view of one's actions is so easy to adopt, that though the "short spin" lengthened into a long ride over the country roads, though Bessie's face, with its encircling veiling, had never looked rosier or prettier, though her chatter amused him until he had not been so self-forgetful in years—yet when they came back in the purple dusk of the late summer evening, he still believed the sweet voice with its

trailing inflection that murmured he had been "so good, so unselfish."

His complaisance tinged his greeting the next morning. Of course, he didn't want the little stenographer to misunderstand an act of pure kindness—one that there was no necessity to repeat.

It was from the indignant Mr. Greene, who, from the Country Club, had seen passing "what at first appeared to be an elderly man kidnapping a child, but on second glance proved to be Miss Hubbard and her plithoric employer. Naturally



"What shall I do, there isn't any more!"

A letter was on Bessie's desk, and as she read it, she gave a startled exclamation.

"No more bad news, I hope?"

"Would you mind reading it, if you're not too busy, and telling me how to answer it? I never had a rude note before!"

a previous engagement was thrown over for the opportunity of enjoying an added hour in such society." It was the crude outburst of a furiously angry boy, and it should not have irritated Mr. Biscoe as much as it did.

"You can refer him to me for any explanation he wishes as to your broken

engagement. Get your note-book, child. Now say—"

Bessie dictated her reply, and Bessie began to copy it off on a sheet of robin's-egg note-paper. Biscoe did not return to his work; he was waiting for a question he knew was inevitable.

"How do you spell 'surveillance'?" He laughed aloud.

"I was absolutely sure you would ask that, you little goose."

A rosy flush dyed the fairness of the girl's face and throat. Every boy in Millersville who had made love to her had begun by calling her that! By the time they said "You little idiot!" they were very far gone indeed.

Biscoe mistook the blush, and thought, with quick contrition, that he had hurt her feelings.

"Don't bother over the loss of your peppery young clerk. We will go out in the machine for a while this afternoon, if you wish, and show him that you are not weeping over his note."

III.

THREE weeks later, Delia tranquilly opened a letter. Bessie's epistles were never very exciting affairs.

"I've been dreadfully stung in letters lately, dearest Dee, but I have been so busy," Delia looked approvingly.

"You scolded me in your last for writing you about the late styles instead of the office, but I thought you would rather have your mind off the work while you're away. Mr. Biscoe is the soul of kindness, and we are lucky girls to work under such a splendid man," Delia looked dubious.

"He says he is afraid the confinement of an office will cause me to lose my roses, so he takes me out in his car every afternoon, and he leaves earlier than he used to," Delia looked electrified.

"It is painted red, and goes like the wind. Sometimes we stop at the restaurant at the Country Club for dinner, and you ought to hear how wonderfully he orders! Don't hurry back until you are perfectly well. With loads of love, I remain your devoted Bessie."

"P. S.—If anybody ever patted your cheek, would you like it?"

Delia looked whiter than the paper. She packed her grip to return by the first train. To her family she only vouchsafed that she had been called back a few days earlier than she had expected. Everything she had ever heard about credulous young girls falling into more or less serious trouble through their ignorance of the world thronged to her mind and filled it with anxious forebodings. If she had never left the office! If she were only there now!

Certainly the actual scene in it would have startled her, for Bessie was there alone, crouched on the floor in the furthest corner, her fingers to her ears, her face pale and terrified.

It was so that Biscoe found her when he came in shortly.

"Why, Bessie, what on earth is the matter?"

She burst into the relief of sobs.

"Oh, quick! Go out quick!"

"What are you talking about?" he asked, bewildered.

Stepping over her, he lifted her to her feet and gave her a gentle shake. Trying to control herself, she explained.

"It's the men in the next office. They are *gossiping*! . . . I passed by, and the door was partly opened, and they had cards and piles of red and blue chips, and I heard them betting!"

"Did any of those young puppies dare to say anything to you?" demanded Biscoe, his hands tightening on the girl's wrists.

"No, they didn't even see me; but I knew they were gambling, and I was afraid you might pass by just as they began to shoot, or the bullets might come through the wall, so I wouldn't go to lunch. I waited to warn you. Oh, please, let's hurry away!"

"Shooting?" repeated Biscoe, completely at sea.

"Of course," cried Bessie impatiently. "You know they always shoot pistols after they gamble a while. I've read Mr. Bret Harte's stories, and I've seen it in two plays. They might hit you!"

She lifted the pleading, drowned-forget-me-nots of her eyes.

"Oh, you little idiot!" He did not

know that he was murmuring the magic word—the open sesame. "Is all this crying because you were so afraid for me, Bessie? I met Alston in the elevator, so the game's over and we're safe this time. You darling little idiot!"

His arms closed around her. He bent his face to hers.

Delia, having made herself so neat from the contents of her satchel that there was no lingering taint of the train, knocked at the door half an hour later. The radiance reflected on both faces, and Bessie's rapturous greeting, made it difficult for her to begin; but Biscoe saved her the necessity.

"I am very glad to see you again, Miss Denton. I have persuaded your little cousin to brighten up that empty house of mine, and as I have never believed in long engagements, I am sure you will help her to hurry with her preparations. Bessie, I selfishly forgot you have had no lunch; you must be starved. I'll come by for you in the car at six. Miss Denton, can you go to work at once? There is quite an accumulation of mail, and your cousin has been somewhat—er—agitated this morning."

At Delia's brief assent, Biscoe looked up to smile good-by to Bessie, and drew a formidable pile of letters toward him.

"You are ready? Messrs. Steele & Simpkins, 14 West Third Street, City. Dear Sirs, I regret the unavoidable delay in replying to your communication of—"

"A heavy afternoon's work and a headache from anxiety is what comes to me!" thought Delia, rather bitterly.

But it has been said that Delia's judgment of Biscoe was somewhat less than the man. It was some years later that she reaped the reward of her efficient service in his office, and never did Biscoe show a more unselfish spirit than when he threw the weight of his political influence toward securing her appointment as head of the business department of the new normal college.

Mrs. Denton came to live with her daughter in the pretty suite of rooms reserved for their use. The savings-

bank account has grown to respectable proportions; and in her summer vacations Delia has gratified her fondness for travelling by chaperoning parties of girls abroad.

She is President of the Women's Civic League, a moving factor in the School Betterment Society and the Tuesday Afternoon Book Club, and quite wonderfully finds time for her various activities and interests, to Bessie's delighted admiration. As for Bessie herself, she is so happy and so cherished that she is prettier than ever, and ridiculously young-looking to be at the head of a family.

When the third child was born, Delia looked at him appalled, realizing afresh that if commonplace people will marry, they must expect commonplace children.

"Isn't he a darling?" gazed Bessie. "Babies are such fun!" Then she remembered that she had been rebuked for this sentiment, so she added, in apologetic haste: "I mean they are such grave responsibilities. Whom do you think he looks like, Dee?"

"He is the image of his father," stated Delia, not compromising with the bald and painful truth.

Bessie was so overjoyed with this verdict that Biscoe was summoned from the next room.

"Oh, dearest, Dee says so, too! She thinks he looks exactly like you, and you thought it was just my imagination because I wanted it that way!"

Delia simply averted her eyes from the fatuous satisfaction that beamed in Biscoe's face.

"Thank Heaven I was Mr. Biscoe's stenographer!" she thought, as she left the room.

"Poor Dee" reflected Bessie. "Sweetheart, how glad I am that you married me!"

"So am I," said Biscoe emphatically, stooping to kiss her.

So it would seem that the partnership of the Little Idiot and the Born Manager was dissolved to the entire satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

The Confessions of a Publicity Agent

The following is the first of a series of three articles on "The Confessions of a Publicity Agent." The series, which will run in Maclean's through April, May and June, is written by a leading Canadian journalist under a pseudonym, and purports to embody "the autobiography of one William Jennings Jones, formerly publicity agent for the town of Milham, and now Mayor thereof." The opening story tells of the manner in which young Jones drifted from newspaper work into the publicity field and of the way he handled his first job.

By James Grantham

I LEARNED all I know about town boozing—and I think I know quite a bit along that line—by being fired. A good many men have had the same experience. To be fired once is sometimes a god-send; to be fired twice is serious. It happened to me just the once, but it came hard and swift and good. I was thrown out without any money to light on. I hadn't any reputation either. People were not waiting around outside waiting to offer me jobs. I remember that distinctly.

It hurt my feelings. It came close to breaking me for good and all, that is why, perhaps, it did me far more good than if someone had died about that time and left me a mint of money. The legacy, in the condition I was in, would have saved me from learning the lesson I needed to learn. It might have paid the rent and bought the grub for a little while, but it would not have taught me my business.

Before it happened I was an assistant financial editor on a Toronto morning newspaper. Twenty-two dollars a week was all that stood between me and my landlady, and I had more things to buy than board too. My prospects for an increase were about as bright as any man's prospects are who thinks he has learned all there is to know about his job and doesn't enlarge his vision. My work consisted of gathering financial news for my paper. As a side graft I had a stand in with the local runderville house and got free tickets once a week,

sometimes twice, if the man on the door wasn't too sober. I had built up a fairly good business connection among the brokers down town and for a long time there were not many men who could get by me with a scoop in the financial columns. But that was about as far as I had climbed. I thought no one else could work up the same connection,—which was foolish because one day a new man came along on the Globe, a man with good manners and a pleasant address and I could see that even my connection wouldn't last more than two months. Instead of getting busy and writing better stuff and playing up my stories better, I took to grumbling because I wasn't getting more money, and while I was grumbling along came this offer from the town of Milham and I grabbed it — at fifteen hundred a year — that is where the story begins: at fifteen hundred a year.

I was engaged at the time to Mary, who was a stenographer in the business office of my paper. We used to spend our evenings figuring out how much money we needed to get married on. It was a pleasant occupation. We had heard that old story about two being able to live cheaper than one, but we were not foolish enough to believe it. We knew that if Mary cut out work and the strain all fell on my salary, there would be precious little time for domestic happiness between doing problems in arithmetic and dodging the collectors. We wanted a flat, rugs and some

nice furniture. Also we had a banking for one or two little luxuries such as a gramophone and a piano player and an occasional holiday together, which we knew were not possible on twenty-two per week. So we had set our hearts on twenty-five. We were still counting on the twenty-five and I was thinking up a speech to make to the boss when I should walk into his office to make the touch, when I got a letter from an uncle of mine in the town of Milham saying the town had decided to engage a publicity expert and that he — being a man of some influence — had recommended me for the position. (He had heard once that I almost had a job as press agent for a moving picture theatre on Yonge Street. That was where he had gone wrong.) He went on to say in his letter that the aldermen did not feel like engaging an expensive man such as they heard some towns had, but they wanted a bright young fellow who would take an interest in his work — and fifteen hundred a year! That meant thirty dollars a week. Would I take it? I made an excuse to go into the business office and show the letter to Mary. Mary pretty nearly cried she was so pleased—she used to cry easily, anyhow—and we went out to lunch together after I had turned in my morning story. She loaned me money enough—it was three days from payday and I was nearly strapped — to go down to Milham and see my uncle and the aldermen. That afternoon I was on my way to clinch that thirty-dollar-a-week job. I was talking to myself all the way there: would I take fifteen hundred a year and give the town of Milham the benefit of my expert services? Would I! The train could not travel fast enough for me.

Although the name is a false name you would guess the town if I described it too closely, so I will disguise it. Milham wouldn't like it if I didn't. It was located in an old settled farming district, and was served by the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R., at least these roads had so-called stations marked Milham, which were some distance from the heart of the town, also, the railways only gave what service they chose to

the importers and exporters of the town, who 's was not much. A large river flowed down past one side of the town and had once been the means of operating several old-fashioned water-mills. But with the advent of steam-driven machinery the mills had either been closed, or moved to other centres, or equipped, as in a few cases, with reciprocating engines. There were probably twenty thousand people in the town. It had never been talked about in all its life, except to be made the subject of old jokes, such as the one about the man in the balloon who asked his friends (presumably by wireless telephony) to have a freight car moved a few feet in order that he could get a better view of—Milham. And these stories used to make the Milham people mad. But that was as far as they ever went. They lived and died and were talked about year in and year out without once getting into print. If Milham had a few industries left, a couple of woolen mills and a tooth-pick factory, it was by good luck and the grace of Providence, not by good management. Its one newspaper was merely a chronicle of petty gossip and patent medicine advertisements. Up until three years ago the only amusement the women of the town had was afternoon socials, but since then they have taken to Bridge. The town was, in short, a wealthy, healthy, but dead-as-a-door-nail burg, filled up with retired farmers and their savings accounts. The liveliest place in the town was the business college, which exported all the brightest children of the town to become stenographers at five dollars a week in Toronto. It was to this town that I was summoned as publicity agent. One of the aldermen had read an advertisement for advertising and he had communicated the idea to the rest of the council, who had listened to the advice of my relative, the grocer, and so had appointed me. I was delighted. So were they. At one fell swoop, by voting a salary of thirty dollars a week and hiring a young man from the reporter staff of a Toronto paper they thought they had lifted the town out of obscurity and set it upon the road to becoming a great city. No

wonder they were pleased. It was not their money they were voting away anyhow.

At heart, Milham went a had little town. It meant well. It was kind even though it was fond of gossip. It would turn out to a funeral as heartily as it would shower a bride with rice down at the C. P. R. station. It drank a little, but not much. When a Milham man had had a drink he always munched cloves afterward, not necessarily that it would disguise the smell of the liquor, and so deceive his wife, but because it was Milham-ish to do things that way. It was strong on preachers and pretended great discrimination in the matter of pulpit style. It was a humble-minded, modest little town, but at the same time it had an underlying conceit that would have put New York to blush if New York had ever seen it. It felt, in a complacent sort of way, that if it had only tried it could long ago have been a greater town than Toronto, and a rival of New York. But it had told itself that life wasn't worth the struggle to fulfil so great a destiny, and it had sat down to enjoy home comforts, far from the excitement of trolley cars and menu cards printed in French.

It took me just about a week to realize that I did not know anything about the job I had undertaken. I had an office and a stenographer and a desk that had once done service for the city clerk, but I had no idea what was exactly expected of me or how I was to work it out. After drawing my first week's salary I began to feel like a thief, a grafter. I went back to the hotel wondering how I was ever going to justify my existence as a publicity agent.

I went down to my relative, the grocer, and I asked him about it.

"Publicity!" he says. "Publicity. Oh that means newspapers and things and getting the town talked about. That's about it. Get people all over Ontario thinking about Milham and I'll help the town. You're a newspaperman; you ought to know how to do it."

"I know," I said, "but how?"

He gave me one look and then began opening a crate of oranges with the

air of one who dismisses the town sold from his presence.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "If I knew I'd maybe have got the job for myself. I thought you understood your own business."

So I left. But I had commenced to think.

That night I visited the telegraph offices and had a chat with the managers.

"Ever send much news out over these wires?" I asked.

"News? Oh, stories for the papers. No, not since the Harborton murder trial, that was twenty years ago. We sent seven hundred words that night and they were printed in all the papers. That was a big night for us. Harlem, him that's general manager of the company now, he was our operator sending the stuff and he says—"

"Yes, I know, but I want to know if there isn't some regular line of news sent out of town. Isn't there anybody gets the daily news and sends it out to the big papers?"

"Nope," was the answer.

So that night I wrote to the three leading papers in Toronto, and to two Montreal papers and one London paper and proposed to be their local correspondent in Milham. I said there was lots of news in Milham that was missed, that I was an old newspaperman and so on and I made my price what I thought would suit each of the papers. The Montreal 8.—I asked a good big rate from because I knew they'd respect me all the more for that and think I was a good man, whereas if I asked them a low rate they would have turned me down flat. Anyway I got a whole string of pretty important papers and started sending them news about Milham.

Next day there was a fire in a store and an old lady was nearly suffocated in her bed-room under the roof. Her old husband was the one who remembered where she was and he had climbed all the way up a rickety ladder and risked his life to get into the room and fish out his wife, insensible from the smoke. That made a nice little story. I wrote it up briefly, but as well as I

could and filed it with the telegraph people while the local newspaper reporter was still busy getting the list of names at the Mayor's wife's reception the night before. There was only the one local paper. It was slow as tar and never by any chance caught the point

pleased from the ground up. I told him that was just a sample of what could be done, but that I would be ready next council meeting, or whenever the council was ready, to lay before them my plans for a publicity campaign. That pleased him too, and two days after-



"Don't be a fool," he said, "if I knew I'd maybe have got the job for myself. I thought you understood your own business."

of any good human interest story like this one. Anyway, the next day the big city papers came in with the account of the fire and everybody in Milham was tickled. I showed it to the first alderman who came into what we called "the city hall" that morning and he was

ward I went in to the council chamber—which was really an old orange lodge over a superannuated livery stable—and I gave them my plans.

I remember this first time I ever talked to a town council because it was the beginning of an epoch with me. I remember also another time I talked to

them, a time when I was beginning another and a better kind of an epoch. But even in this first speech I felt I had done myself proud, and the old fellows who sat around the over-grown dining room table which served for their papers and books during meetings, glowed quite sympathetically up at me. Nice innocent old fellows, they thought I had already done wonders for the town by getting it into the Toronto and Montreal papers. They were prepared to back me to the limit just then.

I was proud of my scheme. I said, first of all, that we wanted to get people thinking about our town. Our town, said I, should be almost as close to every good citizen's heart as his own business was. He should be willing to give it his time and his thought and do his utmost to promote its interests because the interests of the town were also his own interests. Of course this was a stale line of talk but it sounded quite fresh and original to me and the old fellows grinned and took it all in and waited for me to come down to brass tacks.

I wanted an appropriation for advertising. I wanted one thousand dollars, —and nearly gasped at my own courage in asking so much. They looked a little taken-a-back but kept on smiling encouragingly, and told me to keep on talking. What did I propose to do if they coughed up the thousand?

I said I wanted all the letter heads of the municipal offices to carry advertisements for the city, facts about its population and growth and assessment figures, and all that sort of thing. Then I wanted signs painted and erected along the railroad track so that people looking out of the train window as the trains approached Milham would read about Milham. I wanted the signs to be twelve feet high and be done in yellow and black, which Mary had told me was a beautiful combination.

They agreed to this.

They asked for small circulars containing information about Milham, to be folded up and enclosed with every official letter sent out to Milham. This was to carry also a map of Canada showing Milham placed almost directly in the centre. This was easily accomplish-

ed by twisting the map a little bit, and making the circle which was to represent Milham, about a thousand times the actual diameter of the dot which should ordinarily have represented Milham on the map. Then too, I took the railway lines and bent them a little bit straighter and made them look as though they radiated straight out of Milham like spokes from a wheel. Then I wrote underneath that Milham was the hub of eastern Canada. I felt no twinges of conscience about this matter whatever. I only thought that it was a pretty clever scheme all around. Besides I began to feel interested in my job and began to feel myself that Milham was in the centre of eastern Canada.

That map was a wonder to the aldermen when I presented it to them at a later committee meeting. One of them got up and pounded the table and said he had never thought how good a town Milham was, until I had studied it up. He thought I deserved great credit for being such a shrewd observer of the points about the town. He said he had had several lots on hand which he was trying to get rid of but he had come to the conclusion that he wouldn't sell them now. Milham was bound to grow, according to my map. And he intended holding those lots.

Of course I was delighted and was in raptures when I got home to my wife. I went out into the kitchen where she was helping the red-headed maid get the dinner ready and I started to tell her all about it in front of the maid, just as though I were a school-boy instead of a man with a big and important position to live up to. Mary frowned at me and led me out of the kitchen so that I wouldn't make an exhibition of myself before the maid — who was a sister of the maid next door and therefore likely to tell all our family affairs all over the neighborhood — and I told her the rest of it, sitting straddle of a dining-room chair with my chin over the back, and Mary standing up stroking my hair.

"But is it such a good town?" she asked. "How is it that other people haven't seen it before this?"

"Of course it is," I answered, a little

hit nettled by her doubts. "You women must take the word of the men for that sort of thing. But doesn't the scheme for booming it sound alright, little woman?"

And being compelled she nodded brightly and said "Yes." Women, in-

culars, printed our fancy letter-heads, erected our board signs along the railway approaches to the city, and got ourselves into print just as often as possible. But Parson's lots remained a tangle of weeds and resting place for all the sin cars of the back street. He did



"In this speech I felt I had done myself proud, and the old fellows who sat around the overgrown dining room table glowed quite sympathetically up at me."

mured between the four walls of their kitchens have a fashion of seeing through things that men take years to find out.

Now Alderman Parson's lots did not rise in value. Parson was the man who had decided to hold his real estate after hearing his glowing reports of the future of the town. We sent out our cir-

not even have offers to purchase. Our population stood still except for the natural increase, which kept just about one lap ahead of the undertaker. Milham went dreaming along, and so did I.

I had not been exactly idle, though. I had heard of a large American firm that contemplated establishing a plant in Canada. The plant was to employ

many hundreds of hands and would be of great importance to whatever community it joined. I drew some expense money from the cashier in the city hall, had Mary press my newest suit of clothes and pack it carefully while I set out for Buffalo, the head-quarters of the American firm. As a newspaperman I was accustomed to meeting men and to talking to men whose positions were a great deal higher than my own station in life, but it seemed to be a different proposition to tackle a big manufacturer with a view to having him locate his firm in my town. I knew that as representative of the town I was a person of some dignity and entitled to respect and consideration from the big man, but I thought also that one was supposed — according to all the traditions I had heard — to buy the big men an extravagant dinner and expensive cigars and if possible get him drunk. You see I had mixed him up in my mind with the ordinary little purchasing agent, and a purchasing agent may — but not as you might think, mind you — be wheeled into placing orders with firms who send representatives to load him up with gifts and whiskey or wine, but the head of a big concern does not do that sort of thing. The moment I saw the fumed oak panel on the other side of which was his sanctum, I knew better. The minute I got a glimpse of his face I got a tip where I was right and where I was wrong. Mostly, I was wrong.

He told me, with a kindly motion of his hand, to sit down while he finished some dictation, and that gave me still a further opportunity to get the false ideas out of my head. The very tone of the letters he was dictating, perfunctory sort of notes they were most of them, told me that nothing would go down with a man like that but straight business. I mentally consumed the expensive cigars in my pocket to the waste paper basket. I wished instead, that I had brought more figures and facts about our town.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," he said, glancing down at the card which lay before him on his wide-top desk. "You have something to say about Milham, I believe."

He was a young man, not by any means of the type I had presupposed; large, fat and pompous. Instead of being like the cartoons of corporation ogres, he was pleasant to look upon, though underneath his clear skin and agreeable externals, was a certain lean, hardness; nose that bespoke initiative and enterprise, controlled and directed by intelligent, far-seeing eyes; and a jaw that backed both of them with determination. Before this man all my pretences dropped. I was no longer a publicity agent armed with a cut and dried argument like a book agent. I was plain Jones, come to plead the case of a plain town — a *deserted plain town* — before a great man. Somehow, as I walked up to the desk and looked my man in the face before taking the chair which he motioned me to, near his desk, I felt as though that one man were the greatest judge in all the world, and I the one man with the one case in the world. I thought pretty quickly and I thought of two things. One was — let me confess — what did I care whether he took up Milham or not? It wasn't likely he would, now that I saw just how great a firm he represented. And why should I worry about urging our forlorn hope upon him and being rejected. I would state my cut and dried case and get out. That was all there was to it. Milham couldn't expect to get an industry like this one. But on the other hand I felt a sudden surge of loyalty to Milham and my job. I determined to make a fight for it anyway — and in this resolute frame of mind I stood firm. This man had to be made to see the importance of Milham with relation to his business.

"Mr. Mackenzie," I said, "I represent the town of Milham, Ontario. We have information that your company proposes erecting a plant in Canada, probably in Ontario. My town is in the running to become a successful industrial town. It thinks it has a proposition to offer you or any manufacturer which cannot be bettered anywhere in Ontario, or for that matter, in Canada. If you have the time now I'd like to lay our proposition before you."

"What do you mean by a proposition?"

"I mean I want to show you the advantages of Milham as a possible, in fact as the best possible point in Canada for the location of your plant."

"You think you are that sort of a town?"

"We do."

good as you thought it was. We have already been studying the map of Canada. We noticed Milham."

"Isn't it alright?"

"That's for you to prove now. I say we noticed it. We even got some of your advertising literature, I think, but unless you can do the convincing here and now we'll have to pass it up. For



"I want to show you the advantage of Milham as the best possible point in Canada to locate your plant."

"Well don't you know that every town in Canada thinks the same and would like the chance to prove it to us. Tell me why we ought to go to your town, and if you have the town you say you have and you state its case without doing it any injustice, I'll guarantee to erect our plant there. Frankly though, I think you'll find your case isn't as

example, how does the town stand with the railways? What sort of a freight service can you get? What about using that river for transportation? What other industries are in the town? What class of labor is available? How near are you to Buffalo and what price must we pay on coke f. o. b. Milham?"

"But I——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Jones—but you thought what I would be interested in was assessment, tax-rates, bonus, perhaps free factory site and all that sort of thing. That is what a great many other publicity men have thought and what town councillors are in the habit of thinking. You are the ninth publicity man who has wanted to see me about locating a plant in Canada. You are the first I have seen because as a matter of fact my wife came from Milham and I have a sort of personal interest in the town for various reasons. I wanted to see how well you could put up your case. You were going to give me the same line of talk all the other men were going to give me. You thought this company was vaguely interested in tax-rates and assessment first and foremost. It isn't. You must show me in arithmetic a concrete argument for your town.

I gasped.
"I will tell you something more," he continued. "Our own agents have picked out a town that suits us. We shall spend two million dollars there next year. Year after next we expect to em-

a young man. Milham is a good little town. It has possibilities."

I left without having fired a single shot. I felt like a cream puff that has been run over by a motor lorry. I took a drink to get myself sufficiently pulled together again to face the hotel clerk and ask for my bill. I felt every atom of self-confidence and self-respect gone out of me. I was unpopular with myself, which is about the meanest feeling a man can have. I felt that I was no good, and Milham was no good. I had a grouch seven feet deep, and there was no one to blame it on.

Parsons, with his lots still unsold, glared at me pretty savagely when we met in the street two days afterward. The entire aldermanic body was out of sorts. The local paper started to print letters from citizens who had complaints to make about a publicity agent and industrial commissioner that did not get results. Three months later I was fired, with a month's pay in advance. I sent the wife home to her mother and made up my mind to go back to Toronto and the newspaper grind, even at twenty-two per. But the

A Transaction in Bonds

Montague Glass is one of the most prominent American story writers. He has built up a great reputation in the business story field. In this story, "A Transaction in Bonds," as well as in other tales which MacLean's hopes to secure from him, Mr. Glass has utilized the business world, and particularly big finances, as a medium for developing humorous situations.

By Montague Glass

IT was a beautiful autumn morning. A soft breeze from the river stole through Mr. Goodel's office window, and eddied so gently around his bald head that, instead of sneezing, he sighed. Thence it ambled into the outer office and tugged at every button in the garments of Jimmie Brennan, the office-boy.

"At Fulton Market dock," it whispered, "there's good swimming."

"G'wan, what yer tryin' ter do—kid me?" Jimmie's subconsciousness jeered, while its owner industriously continued to index the letter-book. "I'd freeze de insides out'n yer!"

So back it flew to Mr. Goodel.

"I ask you in all seriousness," it almost hissed, "shall commercial paper and investment securities prevail over golf?"

And Mr. Goodel, being of weaker stuff than Jimmie, closed his roll-top desk with a bang and seized his hat and cane.

"I'm going up-town on a very important matter," he said.

Jimmie looked at him mournfully. This cutting business an hour before noon was becoming too frequent of late.

"What will I tell Mr. Luddington?" he asked.

For a man of fifty-five Mr. Goodel blushed rather easily. The operation, however, might be termed painting the

lily, for normally this gentleman's face was of a hue to pale the flamingo's wing.

"Why, tell him I've gone up-town on a very important matter, of course," he declared.

Jimmie glanced at Mr. Goodel and dropping his eyes, snorted eloquently. Luddington was Goodel's brother-in-law, and the rosy hue of Goodel's countenance was largely due to his example and encouragement. Despite Luddington's convivial habits, however, Jimmie knew that he held a business-engagement sacred; and on the previous day he had distinctly heard Goodel make an appointment with his brother-in-law for the purchase of some bonds. The securities were to be delivered in person by Luddington at a quarter to one o'clock that afternoon.

"How about dem bonds, Mr. Goodel?" he said.

"Oh, yes—about those bonds," Goodel replied. "When Mr. Luddington brings them here, put them in the small safe."

He went back to his room and unlocked the safe in question.

"Be careful to see that you lock it again, after you've put the bonds in," he admonished Jimmie, "and you can go home at four."

"Where will I phone you if anything turns up, Mr. Goodel?" Jimmie inquired artfully.

Goodel cleared his throat and looked serious. Even trivial lies have a hardy growth, and they travel so fast that no one, least of all the liar himself, can predict their ultimate size or destination.

"I shall be—or—in several places," he stammered. The small railroad folder in his breast pocket felt like an unabridged dictionary. "You'd better not attempt to reach me up-town." He patted with his hand on the door-knob. "Don't forget to lock the safe after you put the bonds in," he concluded, and passed out, whistling.

Goodel conducted his business correspondence with his own hand, and contrived to make it as brief as possible. Jimmie's task of indexing the copying-book was light in proportion, and ten minutes after his employer had left he was midway in the perusal of a tattered dime novel.

His cover displayed, in yellow and red, a most spirited representation of the burglar-hero opening a huge bank-vault, an incident which was elaborated in the text. The author described how the "yeggman" solved the combination lock by tentatively revolving the knob and noting the almost inaudible clicks that betrayed the correct numbers.

So convincing was the language employed that it fired Jimmie's imagination. He rose from his desk, and, entering Mr. Goodel's room, closed and locked the little safe. For almost two hours he revolved the knob of the combination in every conceivable manner. In vain he listened with strained attention; not the faintest click rewarded his efforts.

As he reentered himself at his desk Luddington entered.

"Hi'lo, Jimmie!" he cried in his usual jovial fashion. "Where's the boss?"

"Now he's gone up-town, Mr. Luddington," Jimmie replied, "on an important matter."

Luddington chuckled impatiently. "That's too bad," he said. "I have some bonds for him."

"I know 'em," Jimmie answered. "He says for you to leave 'em wit' me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Luddington cried testily. "Why, there are ten of

them, at a thousand apiece, with the coupons attached."

Jimmie's face fell as he proffered Luddington an assurance he didn't feel. "Dat's all right, Mr. Luddington," he said. "I'll take good care of 'em."

Luddington looked doubtful. "What will you do with them?" he asked.

"Put 'em in the safe," Jimmie stammered huskily.

The whistle of a neighboring factory shrieked a recall to its toilers from their midday lunch. Luddington pulled out his watch.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "it's ebe o'clock and I'm due on the exchange in five minutes! Here they are, and be sure to take good care of them!"

He threw the bonds on the desk, and belted out of the office.

Jimmie examined the securities carefully. They represented, in their crisp perfection, the highest development of the steel-engraver's skill. Each coupon was in itself an artistic feat, and the fine green lines accentuated the whiteness of the parchment paper.

He counted them again before putting them into his inside breast-pocket, and secured the opening with a bank pin. Then he ate his lunch, with the dime novel propped up against the inkwell on his desk; but a second reading failed to elucidate the matter of the locked safe.

For the rest of the afternoon Jimmie sat in front of the safe, fruitlessly revolving the knob. At four o'clock he locked up the office and wandered disconsolately down-stairs. There the sunny autumn afternoon propelled him to the river front, and unconsciously his footsteps shaped themselves toward Fulton Market dock.

He picked his way through the empty fish-barrels to the string-piece, where stood Ignatius Ryan, the same they call Whitey. Ignatius was garbed in a scapular and not much more, and his teeth chattered incessantly as the cold wind smote his naked skin.

"Why don't you jump in, Whitey?" said Jimmie, seating himself on the edge of the wharf.

Whitey struggled with a temporary stasia of speech.

"Aw, w-w-why d-d-d-on't y-y-y-er j-j-jump in y-y-y-ers-es-self?" he barely managed to enunciate.

By way of reply Jimmie emitted a succession of jeering guffaws, which seemed to infuriate the shivering Whitey. Ignatius made a dash for his

all!" And there followed a wealth of bitter anathema that might have enriched the vocabulary of a truckman.

Jimmie proceeded up the wharf and along South Street, dripping a track of muddy water behind him. A salt stream ran down his face from his hair, and mingled with the tears which came with a realization of his predicament. His



"Here they are, and be sure to take good care of them."

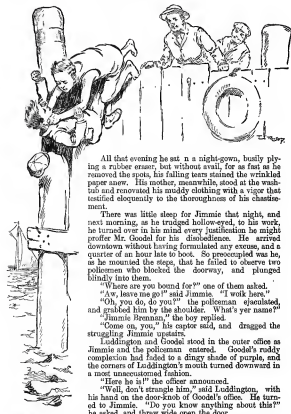
tormentor, and a moment later the two of them were struggling in a strong flood tide.

When Jimmy rose to the surface, half a dozen ropes were within easy reach. He was speedily hauled back upon the dock, shrieking loud threats at Ignatius, whose reprieve, revived by the sudden plunge, grew no less profane.

"Wait till I get yer wanst!" Jimmie shouted. "I'll lift de face off yer, dat's

cup was lost, and his only suit of clothes was dirty beyond description.

In the excitement of the past half-hour he had entirely forgotten the bonds. At the remembrance of them, his hand sought his breast-pocket. With shaking fingers he removed the pin and drew out a bundle of papers whose stained and soggy condition bore no semblance whatever to the crisp beauty of Mr. Luddington's bonds.



Ignatius made a dash for his tormentor.

All that evening he sat in a night-gown, busily plying a rubber eraser, but without avail, for as fast as he removed the spots, his falling tears stained the wrinkled paper anew. His mother, meanwhile, stood at the wash-tub and renovated his muddy clothing with a vigor that testified eloquently to the thoroughness of his chastisement.

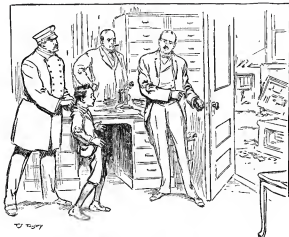
There was little sleep for Jimmie that night, and next morning, as he trudged hollow-eyed, to his work, he turned over in his mind every justification he might proffer Mr. Goodel for his disobedience. He arrived downtown without having formulated any excuse, and a quarter of an hour late to boot. So preoccupied was he, as he mounted the steps, that he failed to observe two policemen who blocked the doorway, and plunged blindly into them.

"Where are you bound for?" one of them asked.
 "Aw, leave me go!" said Jimmie. "I work here."
 "Oh, you do, do you?" the policeman ejaculated, and grabbed him by the shoulder. "What's yer name?"
 "Jimmie Brennan," the boy replied.
 "Come on, you," his captor said, and dragged the struggling Jimmie upstairs.

Luddington and Goodel stood in the outer office as Jimmie and the policeman entered. Goodel's ruddy complexion had faded to a dingy shade of purple, and the corners of Luddington's mouth turned downward in a most unaccustomed fashion.

"Here he is!" the officer announced.
 "Well, don't strangle him," said Luddington, with his hand on the door-knob of Goodel's office. He turned to Jimmie. "Do you know anything about this?" he asked, and threw wide open the door.

Jimmie gasped in convincing astonishment. The little safe stood doorless on its side, in the middle of the room, surrounded by a pile of torn and scattered papers. Its iron door rested on Goodel's desk, while the doors



"Do you know anything about this?"

of the big safe in the corner swung ajar, one of them supported by only the bottom hinge.

"He doesn't know," Goodel muttered.

"What time did you leave here yesterday?" Luddington asked.

"Four o'clock," Jimmie murmured in tear-choked accents.

Here the policeman took a hand. "What time did you get home?" he persisted.

Jimmie sobbed convulsively.

"Six o'clock," he croaked.

"And where was you between times?" his inquisitor bellowed.

This was too much for Jimmie. He sank down with his head on the desk, and wept unaffectedly.

"Now look here," Goodel protested. "I won't have the little chap bullied any more." He laid a comforting hand on Jimmie's shoulder. "It's all my fault,

Luddington," he continued. "If I hadn't been an ass and gone off to play golf, I might have put the bonds in my safe-deposit box instead of the safe, and they wouldn't have been stolen."

Jimmie lifted his head from the desk. "Dey wuzn't in de safe," he said.

"What?" gasped Luddington, Goodel and the policeman in concert.

"'N' it ain't up ter me, neither," he sobbed. "Whitney pushed me in."

"What d'ye mean?" Luddington shrieked.

For answer, Jimmie unpinned his pocket and handed the soiled bonds to Goodel. They were as limp as Japanese napkins.

"I cleaned 'em as good as I could," Jimmie continued.

Then, piecemeal, they drew from him a disconnected but comprehensive account of the day's adventures. It omitted nothing, not even the dime novel.



"As fast as he removed the spots, his falling tears stained the wrinkled paper anew."

"Jimmie, you young dog," said Goodell, after he had regained his composure, "I forbade you ever to read dime novels in this office, and no sooner was my back turned than you did."

Jimmie hung his head.
"That's all right, Goodell," Luddington broke in. "You told him to put the bonds in the safe and he didn't. I guess

that makes it square, and you'd better forgive him."

A broad grin spread itself over Goodell's face.

"He gets one more chance," he said, pressing a bill into the boy's fist, "and twenty dollars to buy a new suit of clothes with. Now, get out of here, Jimmie—you smell like a fish-market!"

PEACE

A strip of sunset cloud, full fringed with gold:
A white sail, homeward bound, o'er purpling deep;
A woman waiting there upon the sands,
The rosy child upon her breast asleep.

The gaudy splendors of the East may hold
For certain ones, a sensuous delight:
For me, earth holds no rarer, sweeter thing,
Than this calm picture of the coming night.

—Mary G. Fraser.

Three Generations of Stephens

The following article is the third of a series of family sketches which will be published in *Maclean's* from time to time. The main purpose of the series is to tell the story of the notable success achieved by some prominent Canadian families in the professions and in business enterprises, and to present the underlying factors and elements which have contributed to their success. In this article the career of the Stephens family is reviewed.

By Linton Eccles

THE reputation of the Stephens family depends up to now upon the contributions of three of its male members, one to each of the last three generations. The first of the three was the founder of the reputations, and founder of the family itself, so far as we and posterity are concerned, though the average Canadian does not know much about him. He was Harrison Stephens, for years a leading merchant of Vermont, who migrated to Montreal eighty-five years ago, and continued in business for years more as a leading merchant.

Harrison Stephens lived about seventy years too soon to be elevated to a C. P. R. directorship, or to have a seat on the governing body of a St. James Street bank. But he was by way of being a remarkable man, nevertheless. He knew what he was doing when he quitted Vermont for the commercial capital of Canada. Grandfather Stephens may have been a United Empire Loyalist, but apparently he didn't make much bones about it. He probably had a shrewder reason for moving northward, for it is certain that he did not waste his time mooching around to try and find or found Acadia. No, sir, he came straight to Montreal, and he came with the intention of staying right there. And that was in 1828, when you hadn't to pay fifty cents a square foot for building land away back of Mount Royal, or on the city side of the bluff, either.

For years the old man carried on a profitable business both in Canada and in the United States. In Montreal he was a wheat broker, though he soon learned to play a winning hand in the real estate game. At one time he even owned property in Wall Street, New York City, and he lived long enough to regret the fact that he sold out and realized only a thousand per cent. on his original investment. It was an object lesson in the expensiveness of being in a hurry that he never forgot, and he left the lesson as a legacy to his son and his son's sons. Harrison Stephens was a forerunner of that considerable body of thinking men whose grounded opinion it is that Montreal will be some day another New York, and he inaugurated the family policy of acquiring and holding on to property near the heart of the city, with this future development in mind.

When this enterprising Vermont first came to Canada there was no extradition law between this country and the United States, and the Bank of Montreal, then an infant institution wobbling on infancy's uncertain legs, turned him down when he wished to open an account. Accordingly, his practice was to bank his gold in Albany, N.Y., and the considerable payments that he received for his wheat exports he used to send by water and then on horseback to the capital of the adjoining state.

Harrison had many personal friends in the Northern States, and when the Civil War came his sympathies were expressed in no uncertain fashion. He was willing to go much farther than expressing his feelings on paper, for twice he wrote to Lincoln offering to

as attaché with General Sherman of the United States Army during the later stages of the Civil War, and the friendship between the Sherman and Stephens families was kept up for years.

Which introduces us to the second



The late Harrison Stephens, founder of the Stephens' family fortune.

equip a regiment for him in Canada to help the North fight the South, and twice Lincoln refused the offer. It is not surprising, therefore, that out of his strong pro-Americanism, Stephens named his son after the first president of the republic. This son, himself, served for a time

Stephens of note, George Washington, by baptism, the second son of Harrison and his wife, who was Sarah Jackson.

It is an ironical coincidence that the last two of the three Stephenses are in recollection and on record for achievements outside and independent of which the family fortune was made.

Which is noticeable, because the fortune is still the most tangible thing about the family. The Stephens pile is as big and as safe as may be reasonably expected of fortunes, even moderately millioned fortunes. It swells to

the Back River where farms are alleged to be building lots.

The biggest thing about the big Stephens fortune is that it is in real real estate—land that has been growing in price, just as long as the Metropolis



The late C. W. Stephens, Sr.

at least four and a procession of six noughts of dollars in Montreal real estate alone, and as most of us know, there is solid safety enough in Montreal real estate that is located not on or near the South Shore nor back of beyond

has been growing in population, which is quite some while. Perhaps if it had been left to the third of the Stephenses to acquire this longitudinally large lump of wealth that is more considerable than coin, somebody else would be

camping on it to-day and watching the price steadily go up. In our slower East, "buys" that turn over the biggest money on the original outlay have to be kept warm in the family for a generation or so.

Such a block as that fronting Dor-

chester Street West and St. Monique Street in Montreal, for instance, has been a carefully preserved egg in the Stephens family nest. Nor can it be hatched yet; it must be preserved for a while longer. It belongs, this round million of the total of four millions, to the G. W. Stephens Estate, of which the

executors are G. W. Stephens, who was "Junior," and his step-mother, during whose lifetime it cannot be divided. Some day the Dorchester Street West block will be let out on to a willing and waiting market. Some day it will be hidden for, fast and furiously. And



Dr. W. Stephens, ex-chairman of the Montreal Hockey Commissioners

chester Street West and St. Monique Street in Montreal, for instance, has been a carefully preserved egg in the Stephens family nest. Nor can it be hatched yet; it must be preserved for a while longer. It belongs, this round million of the total of four millions, to the G. W. Stephens Estate, of which the

some day some syndicate or some one will draw a cheque of something more than two million dollars in payment of the privilege of owning it. So, some day, the G. W. Stephens Estate will be worth at least five millions instead of at least four millions.

Although he had a lot to do in creat-

ing value for these millions, George Washington Stephens is remembered by a few graybeards in the Metropolis, and by others who are not graybeards, but have been told about things as they used to be when their fathers flushed in their prime, as a notable political house-

thirtieth year he was called to the Bar, and he entered the firm of John A. Perkins, who was an eminent lawyer in Montreal. If Stephens had not been with Perkins it is hardly likely that he would have had anything to do with the celebrated cause of Comedy versus-



P. C. Stephens, son of the late G. W. Stephens

cleaner and as a leading figure in a celebrated legal case.

He was borne at Montreal in 1832, and after a few years at the High School, his father had him at work learning the hardware business. But George Washington conceived a fancy for law, and they sent him to McGill, where he took his B.C.L. Just past his

Woolrych, which established the validity of a marriage between a white person and a native celebrated according to the Indian custom.

It is worth while to turn over the heap of musty, red-tape tied records to get an outline of this big legal battle. One, William Connolly, born in 1798 at Lachine, as a youth went to the

North-West, where he pioneered through many years. Whilst in the West there lived with him as his squaw the daughter of an Indian chief, whose formal consent to the union was given. Connolly, for 28 years was faithful to the native woman, who bore him six children. Then in 1831 he brought her and her family to Lower Canada and

the union with the Indian woman was not a legal one.

Judge Monk decided that a Christian marrying a native according to native usage could not exercise in Lower Canada the right of divorce or repudiation at will, though he might have done so among the Crees. The native marriage, therefore, was valid and recognisable



The Stephens' home at 208 Rochester St. West, Montreal.

civilization. A year later he left her, obtained a dispensation from the then Bishop, and married according to Roman Catholic rites, his cousin, Julia Woolrych, with whom he lived until his death in 1849. He willed all his property to Julia Woolrych and their two children. Trouble came after the old man died, when the two families came to law to decide where they stood in parceling out Connolly's estate. The case of the Woolrych heirs was that

by the Quebec Courts, and the plaintiff named in the case, a son of Connolly by the chief's daughter, was entitled to his proper share of the estate. Perkins and Stephens were the counsel for the plaintiff, and much of the legal sparring fell to George Washington Stephens, who then had been practising at the Bar for only four years. It was as good as a Parnell case to him, and his professional career was as good as made.

But, in spite of the rather brilliant

reputation he had rapidly built up, Stephens threw up what looked like a sure future thing at the Bar, and stepped out of the profession of law. For this apparently inexplicable step there was a reason, and the reason was the Harrison Stephens Estate, real estate which was advancing in value even then, and which wanted managing. But, whatever the law business lost, the citizens of Montreal were gainers, for this professor in his prime was freed to start his seventeen years' term on the City Council. And it is on this particular period of his life that his reputation with us rests.

There have been a lot of hard, and many of them deservedly hard, things said against Montreal's City Councils' past, immediately past, and present. This is no place to add damns to the indictment, but this much can be commented: the late George Washington Stephens would have enjoyed to the full spending his civic term with the Council as we have known it. And nobody who desires to have clean municipal government would cavil at the comment that it would have been a good thing for Montreal if George Washington Stephens could have so served his native city from 1896 until now.

They used to talk a lot about sidewalks in George Washington's—that is to say, George Washington Stephens'—day. They are not through talking about sidewalks yet, and the average newspaper reading elector wonders probably when they will be through. But in George Washington's (Stephens') day, they used to talk sidewalks good and hard and often. And George Washington (Stephens) talked them as good, as hard and as often as his nearest three competitors. Which was good for him, good for the sidewalks, and good for the public that has to pay for them.

He has been compared to the late Sir Richard Cartwright, but the comparison, if anything, is slightly in Stephens' favor. Old Senator Warburton, not unlike a few other politicians, was apt occasionally to exaggerate. George

Washington—please take it for granted that we are not now discussing that other bearer of the name who became first president of the more or less United States—George Washington drew his deadly effectiveness from the fact that he knew how to stick to and hammer onto plain, bald facts. He was fully as ready and as caustic in debate as was Sir Richard, but his opponents could not make him lose his head nor his hold upon his facts. They say you couldn't possibly get him away from them, and certainly the friends of the contractor in the Council had good reason for avoiding, if they could, his points of argument, for Stephens was not nicknamed "Watchdog of the City Treasury" for nothing. George Washington himself may have known a lot concerning military matters when he was through licking the British, but his namesake in the Stephens family could have made him look like thirty cents in a boat of argument in which sidewalks were the tiddlers.

This same Stephen was labelled Liberal in politics, and he entered the Provincial Legislature thusly tagged in 1881, as representative for Montreal Centre. He lectured to the Assembly on economy as he had lectured the Council, and when he was beaten at the polls in 1886, his political admirers made occasion to show their continued faith in him by giving him a presentation of silver plate. He went back to the Legislature in 1892 as member for Huntingdon County and he was placed without portfolio in the Marchand Administration. G. W. Stephens Senior, was one of the founders of the Good Government Association, and later did some pioneering on a colonization commission. His first wife was Elizabeth McIntosh, daughter of an Aberdeen merchant settled in Montreal.

Their second son, although like his father, Montreal-born, was also called George Washington. I don't think he much minds it, either. Industrious magazine men are busy these days in examining with microscopic mien the threads of the reputation of the greatest United Stateser. Some day I should

not be surprised to read that one or other of them has proven to his own satisfaction that the original and only George Washington did, really and truly, tell just one little lie. But they never will be able to write down Washington as anything but the figure of his times. And, anyway, that doesn't prevent George Washington Stephens from being a good Canadian, and for what already he has been able to do for Canada most Canadians would forgive him if, when he gets a son, he named him after father and grandfather.

Our George Washington Stephens is four years and four months short of his fiftieth birthday, and is yet younger than was his father when the Watchdog went for the Legislature and got there. It is an interesting speculation what the ex-Chairman of the Harbor Board will break into when he returns to the Metropolis from his three months' jaunt in Europe, which, at the time of this writing, is still proceeding. He is slated for Mayor of Montreal, for the Legislature, for more imposing company at Ottawa, besides a whole heap of other jobs on the side. He is credited with a desire to go back to an old love of his young manhood, journalism, though this time he could jump at once on to the proprietorial perch; and there are lots of sillier things than that he might do. But, speculation aside, Montreal and Canada have not finished with G. W. Stephens, any more than G. W. Stephens has finished with them. Meanwhile, he will have his hands fairly full in managing the family inheritance, and the straightening out of an estate that contributes yearly to the city taxes thirty-five thousand dollars in no insecure. Besides which he has to handle the million or so of his own self-made fortune.

Major Stephens, helped loyally by his two associates, Messrs. C. C. Ballentyne and L. E. Geoffrion, was given a fine chance of, and succeeded in, making some local, not to say national history. They showed in seven years what they could do with Montreal's joke of a harbor, which is a joke no longer, but acknowledges New York only as first

best on the Atlantic frontier. There were old Montrealers who were disappointed when the son of his father seemed to shun civic distinction. The Major, possibly, laughed up his sleeve at them, for he improved on the old man's record by beating the City Council and its paid experts in several notable deals in which the Harbor Board came out on top.

No doubt he was helped largely in his Harbor Board work by the experience he had gained of the ways in which things are run in other countries. His father started him out well by sending him to Europe, after he was through McGill, to round off his education. For a time he was in business in Germany's great port of Hamburg, doing quite an export trade with South American ports. Returning to Canada, he had some experience in the iron and steel trades, and then he joined his father in real estate and in the management of his grandfather's estate. With the rediscovery of the commercial possibilities of rubber, G. W. Junior found a profitable opening, and he soon became the brain behind the Canada Rubber Company and the Canada Consolidated Rubber Company. Then, after a short term in the Quebec Legislature as representative of St. Lawrence, and some useful work as one of the three Protestant School Commissioners, he was appointed to the Chairmanship of the Montreal Harbor Commission.

This was no hole-in-the-corner, no soft-job-for-an-unknown appointment. Major Stephens had made it his business to study harbors. He had gone out of his way to study them. In addition to his experience of Hamburg, in 1899 he visited the principal ports of Britain, Germany, and France, and at the end of his trip he sat down and compiled from his copious notes a book entitled "Harbors and Their Development," which served the very useful purpose of locating the attention of government people at Ottawa and elsewhere upon the author. Immediately following his appointment Major Stephens went on a more detailed tour of inspection. He even was allowed,

through the personal influence of the Kaiser, to go over the famous Kiel Canal system. Another treatise on harbors was the printed result. Later he made a visit to Russia especially to study methods used there with ice-breaking steamers, and of course, he had in mind the exigencies and possibilities of the St. Lawrence channel.

When the late Harbor Commissioners commenced their duties with the New Year of 1907, there was only one modern shed on the wharves of the St. Lawrence, and that was owned by the Allan Line. Further East there was grain elevator No. 1, and that was about all there was to interrupt the citizens' view of the river. The waterfront looked about as busy as a strip of the Sahara desert. If the ex-Harbor Commissioners are given credit for nothing else, they must be given credit for lining the waterfront with freight and passenger sheds and other structures that, remember, are used. They, of course, with the co-operation of the great steamship companies that were anxious to compete with the Allans for the Canadian trade. Rotting timbers and tumbledown shacks they have replaced by piers and revetment walls of enduring concrete. Grain elevator No. 2, the largest concrete elevator in the world, with a normal capacity of nearly three million bushels, and towering two hundred feet into the sky, will remain as a monument to their endeavors. They have increased the capacity of the old elevator by fifteen hundred thousand bushels, and replaced its wooden walls by concrete ones. The addition of three thousand feet length of dock space to the port's facilities is another considerable item of the Harbor Commissioners' work. Their crowning achievement was the recent inauguration of the huge new floating dry dock, and, had they been allowed to complete their plans, they would have commenced this spring a new bridge over the St. Lawrence, joining the city to the South Shore by way of St. Helen's Island.

All these drastic developments in the port of Montreal and those stated, are but a few of what have been carried out or commenced, have not been made a moment too soon. In fact, considering the extraordinary growth of the harbor traffic, many of these improvements should have been started at least twenty years ago. It is as well here to put on record once more, figures to prove this statement:

For the year 1912 the exports from Montreal Harbor were \$87,879,422, an increase of 16 millions over the preceding year. The imports were worth \$148,977,605, or 19 millions more than those for 1911. In customs duties there was collected \$24,552,598, an advance of four millions upon 1911. During the 1912 navigation season, from April 30 to December 3, 415 foreign-going vessels, with a total tonnage of 1,790,518 tons, reported at the office of the port warden. So that it was high time a move was made to re-create the port's facilities.

Popularly known as "Major," G. W. Stephens really holds the rank of Lt. Col. retired in the 3rd Field Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery. He was offered the position of second in command of the first Canadian contingent in the South African War, but as he was the only son over age, his parents prevailed on him not to go. He was in charge of the Canadian Contingent at the Coronation of King Edward. He married (three years ago), in Paris, Rosalinda Bisacchi di Belmonte, an Italian lady of great accomplishments and a near relative of the Duke of Belmonte.

It is quite possible that some work is waiting for Major Stephens weightier than the housing of the Harbor Commission, but as to that we must "wait and see." Until there is something bigger doing or done than the re-creation of the port of Montreal, that must stand as his civic achievement. Meanwhile, there will be keen curiosity to see what he will do next.

Literature and Advertising

By Elbert Hubbard

The good writer to-day must be a man brought up from childhood to do things, make things and go without things.

Such men are the only ones who know the obvious. The writer must not be very much wiser than the reader. Literature is self-discovery. The things we like are the things we recognize as our own. In order to make a man pleased with you, you have to make him pleased with himself.

The poet need no longer starve in a garret, getting his living through quasi-mendicancy or the uncertain favor of a patron. Advertising has opened up a field for anyone who can push a pen, shake the literary brush-piles and put soil on the tail of an idea.

Twenty-five years ago the advertising man was unknown. The proprietor of a store wrote his own ads, and, of necessity, inertia prevailed to such a degree that an "ad" once written was run in the paper until the type wore out. The idea of a new advertisement every day was a thing unguessed.

A. T. Stewart wrote his own advertisements. He wrote them in the impersonal style, simply: "Mr. A. T. Stewart begs to inform the people of New York that he has just received a few cases of Irish linen, especially selected for him in Belfast. These will be opened on the sidewalk, in front of the Palace of Business, and offered to the first comers at fully ten per cent. below the figures which the same goods will bring after they are carried into the store."

To hire a man just to look after your advertising would have been regarded as rank extravagance at that time. The argument would also have been made that no man could write about things unless he were an expert in handling them. We did not perceive that a few simple rules apply, and that the outsider often gets a better perspective than the man who is close up against the game.

Life consists either in being in and looking out, or in being out and looking in. And the man who is outside looking in has a little better view, often, than the man who is inside struggling with details, perplexed, aggravated, worn and wondering whether he will ever get his money back.

There are now upward of twenty thousand men in America preparing advertising copy. Some of these men command salaries of princely magnitude, say a thousand dollars a month, and there are a dozen or so whose figure is just an even hundred dollars a day.

There is no doubt, however, that the genius required in writing advertisements has been more or less overrated, and there is soon to be a swinging back of the pendulum. We must understand the truth that writing is more or less of a knack.

Dean Swift said that a good man could write on any subject and make the time interesting. "Then," said Stella, "write me an

essay on a broomstick." And straightway the Dean accepted the challenge and wrote an immortal thing in literature.

Charles Lamb's essay on "Rosset Pig" is another example of good writing about nothing in particular.

We work from the complex to the simple. Your high school graduate and your "highbrow" write Johnsonese — long, involved, strange sentences. Men with minds like little fishes write like whales. Good advertising copy has the gentle flow of Addison and the swing of Victor Hugo.

The ad writers who get the large checks would do well to enjoy their brief moment of butterfly existence. Advertising is going to become standardized, and not forever will this financial gulch exist between the clergy and the ad writers. All the colleges are putting in courses of advertising.

Good literature is an advertisement, and all advertisements well written are literature.

The invasion of the advertising field by the poets, essayists and clerics means an equalization of the pay envelope. When the poet does a man's work he is going to get a man's pay.

There is no quicker way in the world to lose money than through advertising — therefore the necessity of making advertising a science.

In order to make a business pay in this day and generation, it must be beautiful and it must be scientific.

Advertising demands a knowledge of psychology, and psychology is the science of the human heart. In preparing ads, we deal with the emotions, passions, tendencies, hopes, ambitions, desires.

In one sense, advertising and salesmanship are twin sisters. I do not know the girls apart. The one that is nearest I love best.

I need not argue that advertising must be pleasing.

All well-written advertising is literature, and all literature is advertising.

Literature advertises a time, a place, an event, a thing. Events do not live. All we have is the record.

History isn't the thing that happened: it is the account of it. So all history is advertising. All written advertising should be literary in style and quality.

Good advertisements start with a platitude.

That is, they begin with a bromide which every one will accept.

Then when you have the man walking down the street, you have the opportunity to tell him a few things.

Never begin advertising with a startling statement which invites dispute.

Advertisements, however, must be more than platitude, more than truisms. They must be sulphides as well as bromides.

I would say that every advertisement should contain one platitude, but one is enough. Then here is the formula: Take a quart of truth, stir it up with a dash of wit, season with wisdom, flavor with love, mix — garnish with platitude, and serve.

OUR NEW SERIAL

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

XVI

The mental picture Dunoise had formed of the surroundings of Miss Smithwick turned out to be pleasantly remote from the reality.

The Hospice for Sick Governesses was a tall, prime, pale-faced family mansion in Cavendish Street, London. West, whose neat white steps led to a dark green door with a bright brass plate and a gleaming brass knocker, through a wide hall hung with landscape-paintings of merit and fine old engravings in black frames, up a softly-carpeted staircase to an airy, cheerful bedroom on the second floor, where with birds and fragrant flowers, and many little luxuries about her to which poor Smithwick in her desperate battle with adversity had for long been a stranger, the simple gentlewoman, grown a frail, white-haired, aged woman, lay in a pretty chintz-curtained bed, whose shining brasswork gave back the ruddy blaze of a bright wood fire, listening to the quiet voice of a capped, and caped, and aproned nurse, who sat on a low chair beside her, reading from a volume that lay upon her knee.

Dunoise, from the doorway, to which he had been guided by an elderly woman, similarly capped, and caped, and aproned, and evidently prepared for the arrival he had announced by letter to his poor old friend, took in the scene before patient or nurse had become aware of his presence.

The voice that read was one of the

rare human organs that are gifted to make surpassing melody of common ordinary speech. Soft, but distinct, through the dull roar of London traffic in the street below, every syllable came clearly. And the shabby leather-bound volume with the tarnished gilt clasps brought back old memories of Dunoise's childhood. From its sacred pages he had been taught the noble English of Tyndale, following the travelling crochet-hook of simple Smithwick from Gospel text to text; and the words that reached him now had thus been made familiar; and they told of Heavenly pity and love for sorrowful, earth-born, Divinely-endowed humanity, and counselled brave endurance of the sufferings and sorrows of this world, for the sake of One all-sinless, Who drank of its bitter cup and wore its crown of thorns long, long before our stumbling feet were set upon its stony ways.

Dunoise's elderly guide had turned away at the urgent summons of a bell, after knocking at the partly-open door and signaling to the visitor to step across the threshold. He had waited there, listening to the soft, melodious endearments of the voice that read, for some moments before his presence was perceived. Then, his poor old friend cried out his name in a tremulous flutter of delight and agitation, and Dunoise crossed the soft carpets to her bedside, and took her thin hand, and kissed her wrinkled forehead between the scanty locks of her gray hair. And the cap-

ped, and caped, and aproned nurse who had been reading, and had risen and closed the Book, and laid it noiselessly aside upon a table at the first moment of Miss Smithwick's recognition, said to him:

"The patient must not be over-excited, sir. You will kindly ring for assistance should she appear at all faint."

Then she went, with an upright carriage and step that rather reminded the visitor of the free, graceful gait of Arab women, out of the room, soundlessly shutting the door behind her.

"I did not tell her you were coming. . . . I so much wished that you should see her! . . . Dearest Hector! My own sweet Madame Dunoise's beloved boy!" poor Smithwick twittered, and Hector kindly soothed her, being nervously mindful of the nurse warning, the while she had his arm, supple red hand in both her frail ones and pressed into the man's face, wistfully looking for the boy.

He was not conscious of the old uncomfortable shrinking from poor Smithwick. Her nose was not so cold; her little staccato, mouselike squeaks of emotion were missing. Most of her sentimentalities and all of her affections had fallen away from her with her obsolete velvet mantles and queer old trinkets, falfals of beads, and hair, and steel, and the front of brown curls that deceived nobody, and never even dreamed of trying to match the scanty curls behind. The honest, genuine, affectionate creature that she was and had always been, shone forth now. For Death is a skilful diamond-cutter, who grinds and slices flaws and blemishes away, and leaves, although reduced in size, a gem of pure unblemished lustre, worthy to be set in Heaven's shining floor.

And now he was to learn the reason of her harsh dismissal, and to respect her worth yet more. She charged him with her affectionate humble duty to his father. . . .

"Who, I trust, has long since pardoned me for what he well might deem presumption in venturing to judge his actions, and question his"—Smithwick

hemmed—"strict adherence to the—shall I call it compact?—made with your dear mother, at the time she conceived it her duty to resume the religious habit she had discarded under the influence of—of a passion. Hector, which has made many of my sex oblivious to the peculiar sacredness of vows." She added, reading no clear comprehension of her meaning in the brilliant black eyes that looked at her: "I refer to the Marshal's unsuccessful attempt to obtain from His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Wladimir recognition, and"—she hesitated—"acceptance of—yourself, dear boy, as the—in point of fact—the legitimate heir to his throne!"

"Can my father have conceived such a thing possible?" said Dunoise, doubting if he had heard aright. "Can he have courted insult, rebuff, contempt, by making such an approach? Think again, dear friend! Is it not possible you may be mistaken? No hint of any such proceeding on my father's part has ever been breathed to me. I beg you, think again!"

Miss Smithwick shook her head and sighed, and said that there was no mistake at all about it. She had received her dismissal for—it might be presumptuously—venturing to expostulate, when the public prints made the matter a subject for discussion. It had been going on for some time previously; the comments of the principal newspapers of Wladimir, and of the leading Press organs of Munich and Berlin were largely quoted in the Paris journals which had enlightened Smithwick on the subject of her patron's plans. The cuttings she had preserved. They were in her desk, there upon the little table. Hector might see them if he would. . . . Her thin fingers hunted under the velvet-covered flaps of the absurd little old writing-box that her old pupil handed her; she followed the movements of the well-made manly figure in the loosely-fitting gray travelling-suit, with fond, admiring eyes. A blush made her old cheeks quite pink and young as she said:

"Forgive me, dear Hector!—but you have grown so handsome. . . . Has . . .

has no beautiful young lady told you so? With her eyes, at least, since verbally to commend the personal appearance of a gentleman would be unaimed and unrefined."

"You have lived too long out of France to remember, dear friend," said Hector, showing his small, square white teeth in a laugh of heart-whole amusement, "that young ladies, with us, are not supposed to have eyes at all!"

He forgot meek Smithwick for a moment, remembering an Arab girl at Bldah who had seemed to love him. . . . Adjmeh had been very pretty, with the great blue-black dewy eyes of a gazelle, and the house cooing voice of a dove, despite the little indigo lilies and stars tattooed on her ripe nectarine-colored cheeks; on the backs of her slender, red-tipped hands, and upon the insteps of her slim, arched feet, dyed also with henna; their ankles tinkling with little gold and silver coins and amulets, threaded on black silk strings similar to those bound about her tiny wrists, and plaited into the orthodox twenty-five tresses of her night-black hair.

"For several years to come . . . who might be telling her so at that particular moment? . . . Dunoise wondered, and then the conjured-up perfumes of sandal and ambergris grew faint; the orange glow of the African sunset faded from the flat, terraced roof of the little house at Bldah, the tinkle of the Arab *tombur* was nothing but the ring of a London muffin-man's bell — and Miss Smithwick was tendering him a little flat packet of yellowed clippings from the *Monarchie*, the *National*, the *Presse*, the *Patrie*. . . .

Taking these with a brief excuse, Dunoise moved to the window, and the cold gray light of the February morning fell upon the face that — conscious of the mingled anger and humiliation written upon it — he was glad to hide from the invalid. Recollections were hazing in his ears like angry wasps, roused by the poking of a stick into their habitation, and each one had its

separate sting. It is not agreeable to be compelled to despise one's father, and the last shred of the son's respect fell from him as he read.

The chief among the Paris newspapers from which the cuttings had been taken, bore the date of a day or two previous to that old boyish duel at the Technical School of Military Instruction. The conversation occurring between the Duke and his guests, which, as repeated by de Mouluy, had produced the quarrel, had undoubtedly arisen through discussion of these.

Press organs of Imperial convictions upheld the action of the Marshal, denounced the policy of the reigning Prince of Widinitz, in rejecting the pretensions of his daughter's son, as idiotic and unnatural in an elderly hereditary ruler otherwise destitute of an heir. Legitimist journals sneered. Revolutionary prints heaped scorn upon the man, sprung from homely Swiss peasant-stock, who sought to aggrandize himself by degrading his son. The satirical prints had squibs and lampoons. . . . the *Cherwell* published a fearful caricature of the Marshal in his *Monarchie*, tamptingly above him, whilst the *unreled* vision of St. Teresa vainly expostulated with the would-be marauder from clouds of glory overhead. The *Monarchie* quoted at length an article from a leading Munich newspaper. Judge whether or no the reader went hot and cold.

"We cannot sufficiently pity the son of the high-bred, misguided, repentant lady, doomed in the green bough of inexperienced youth to be the tool of an unprincipled and unscrupulous adventurer, the handful of mud flung in the face of a Bavarian Catholic State, whose rulers have for centuries rendered to Holy Mother Church the most profound respect, and the most dutiful allegiance."

"*Nom d'un petit bonhomme!*" . . . The old, boyish, absurd expletive hissed impotently on the glowing coils of the man's fierce indignation, quenching

them not at all. The writer continued:

"He who thought little of dragging the pallet from under the dying peasant, whose greed has locked and bolted the doors of the Carmelite House of Mercy in the faces of the sick and suffering poor, now lays desecrating hands upon the princely mantle, covets the hereditary and feudal sceptre for his base-born son, adding to the impudent dishonesty of the Swiss innkeeper the vulgar braggadocio and swaggering assurance of the paid hireling of the Cossack usurper, who dared to mount the sacred throne of St. Louis; who presumed to adulterate with the plebeian blood of a Beauharnais the patrician tide flowing in the veins of a daughter of the reigning House of Wittelsbach."

Dunoise's face was not pleasant to see, as, perusal ended, he set his small white teeth viciously upon his lower lip, and, breathing vengeance upon unknown offenders through his thin, arched nostrils, scowled manacingly at the smug-faced, genteel houses on the opposite side of Cavendish Street. His father's boast about the "blood royal" came back to him, and that "fine Sorene Highness" the Marshal had promised these good people of Widinitz. Ah! what an infamy the whole thing had been! But at least one might count it buried; forgotten like these perishing strips of discolored, brittle paper. That was something to be thankful for.

He cleared his forehead of its thunder-clouds, and turned back towards the bed, but something of the ordeal of shame he had passed through was written on his face for Smithwick, in spite of the smile with which he dressed it, as he silently laid the yellowed fold of cuttings on the coverlet near her hand.

"They — they have given you pain?" faltered the poor lady.

"It is past and over, dear friend. These paragraphs have cleared up something that was obscure to me before," said Dunoise — conveyed in a hint of his that was never again made. One cannot pretend to judge him. He has always been a law unto himself."

The bitterness of the words, and the ironical smile that carved the speaker's

life as he uttered them, were lost upon the simple woman who answered:

"I have always felt that. There are characters so highly elevated above the crowd of ordinary individuals, that one can hardly expect them to be influenced by the ordinary considerations, the commonplace principles that guide and govern the rest of us."

"Fortunately for ourselves!" interpolated Dunoise.

"That, my dear, we who know ourselves their inferiors in intellect, as in personal advantages, cannot pretend to judge them," finished the poor lady.

"And in proportion with the baseness of their motives and the mean selfishness of their aims," said Dunoise, "the admiration of their more moral and upright fellow-creatures would appear to be lavished upon them."

"Too true, I fear, my dear Hector," admitted Miss Smithwick, flushing inside the neat frills that bordered her cap. "But had you beheld your father in the splendor of his earlier years, you would" — she coughed — "have perhaps regarded the devotion with which it was his fate to inspire persons of the opposite sex, with greater leniency and tolerance."

"How did his path cross my mother's?" asked Dunoise, amused, in spite of himself, at the unremitting diligence with which the Marshal's faithful vetary availed himself of every opportunity that presented itself, to spread a brushful of gilding on her battered idol. "I have often wondered, but never sought to learn."

"During the last years of the Emperor Napoleon's sequestration at St. Helena, my dear, your father, chafing at the lack of public appreciation which his great talents should have commanded, and his distinguished martial career certainly had earned, found distraction and interest in travelling as a private gentleman through the various countries he had visited in a less peaceful character. And, during a visit to the country estate of a Bavarian nobleman, whose acquaintance he had made during — unless I err — the second campaign of Vienna, as the result of one of those accidents that so mould our af-

ter lives, Hector, that one cannot doubt that Destiny and Fate conspire to bring them about, he crossed your mother's path."

"To her most bitter sorrow and her son's shaming shame!" commented Dunoisie, but not aloud.

"There is, or was, in the neighborhood of Widnits—I speak of the capital of the Bavarian Principality of that name," went on Miss Smithwick, "a House of Mercy—under the management of nuns of the Carmelite Order, whose Convent adjoins the Hospital—now closed in consequence of the withdrawal from its Endowment Fund of a sum so large that the charitable institution was ruined by its loss."

Hector knew well who had brought about the ruin. He sat listening, and kept his eyes upon the carpet, lest the fierce wrath and seething contempt that burned in them should decompose the Marshal's faithful partisan.

"One day in the autumn of 1820," said Smithwick—"the Prince having ridden out early with all his Court and retinue to hunt—a gentleman, was brought to the Widnits House of Mercy on a woodman's cart. He had been struck upon the forehead and thrown from his saddle by an overhanging branch as he rode at full speed down a forest road. The Hunt swept on after the boardwalks—the inaccessible man was found by two peasants and conveyed to the Hospital, as I have said. The nun in charge of the Lesser Ward—chiefly reserved for the treatment of accidents, my dear, for there were many among the peasants and woodcutters, and quarrymen, and miners—and to meet their great need, the House of Mercy had been founded by a former Priorate of the Convent—the nun in charge was Sister Terese de Saint Francis."

"My mother. Yes?..."

Dunoise had spoken in a whisper. His eyes shunned gentle Smithwick's. He sat in his old, boyish attitude leaning forward in his chair, his clasped hands thrust downwards between his knees; and those hands were so desperately knotted in the young man's fierce, secret agony of shame and anger, that

the knuckles started, lividly white in color, against the rich red skin.

"There is no more to tell, my dear!" said Miss Smithwick. "You can conceive the rest?"

"Easily!" said Dunoise. "Easily! And, knowing what followed, one is tempted to make paraphrase of the Scripture story. Had the Samaritans passed by and left the wounded man to what you have called Fate and Destiny, the cruels of oil and wine would not have been drained and broken, the House of Mercy would not have been ransacked and gutted; its virgin despoiled—its doors barred in the faces of the dying poor." He laughed, and the jarring sound of his mirth made his meek hearer tremble. "It is a creditable story!" he said, "a capital story for one to hear who bears the name *he* so willingly makes stink in the nostrils of honorable men. For if I have Carmel in my blood—to quote his favorite gibe—I have also *his*. And it is a terrible inheritance!"

"Oh! hush, my dear! Remember that he is your father?" pleaded poor Smithwick.

"I cannot forget it," said Dunoise, smiling with stiff, pale lips. "It is a relationship that will be constantly brought home. When I see you lying here, and know what privations you must have endured before the charitable owners of this house opened its doors to you, and realize that *his* were shut because you strove to open his eyes to the precipice of shame towards which his greed and ambition were hurrying him, blindly, I ask myself whether, with such Judas-blood running in my own veins, and such a heritage of gross desires and selfish sensuality as it must bring with it—whether it be possible for me, his son, to live a life of cleanliness and honor? And the answer is—"

"Oh! yes, my dear!" cried the poor creature tearfully. "With the good help of God! And have you not been honorable and brave, Hector, in refusing any portion of—that money?" She added, meeting Dunoise's look of surprise: "Do you wonder how it is I know? Your father wrote and told me—it is now years ago—I hope you will not blame

him!—though the letter was couched in terms of reproach that wounded me cruelly at the time..." Smithwick felt under her pillow for her handkerchief and dried her overflowing eyes.

"What charges did he bring against you?" Dunoise asked, controlling as best he could the contempt and anger that burned in his black eyes, and vituperated in his voice.

"He said I had revenged myself for the withdrawal of his patronage, and my removal from his service," gulped poor Smithwick, "by poisoning the mind of his only child! He complained that you refused to touch a franc of his money—preferring to work your way upwards under heavy disadvantages, rather than accept from him, your father, any portion of the fortune he had always meant should be yours. And—he put her handkerchief away and nodded her head in quite a determined manner—"I wrote back and told him, Hector—that I esteemed your course of conduct, though my counsels had not inspired it; and that your mother, when she learned of your determination, would be proud of your noble aim!"

Dunoise would have spoken here, but Smithwick held up her thin hand and stopped him.

"For it seems to me, dear child of my dearest mistress, that to take what has been given to God, is the way to call down the just judgement of Heaven upon the heads of those who are guilty of such deeds," said Smithwick, nodding her mild grey head emphatically. "And rather than live in gilded affluence upon those funds, wrested from the coffers of the Carmelite House of Charity at Widnits, I would infinitely prefer to carry on existence—as I have done, dear Hector—until my health failed me, in my attic room at Hampstead, on a penny ryal a day. And she would uphold me and agree with me."

"Who is she, dear friend?" asked Hector, smiling, though his heart was sore within him at the picture of dire need revealed in these utterances of the simple lady.

"I speak of our Lady Superintendent. A remarkable personality, my dear Hector, if I may venture to say so. . . .

It was she who, finding this benevolent charity suffering from mismanagement and lack of funds, endowed it with a portion of her large fortune, induced other wealthy persons to subscribe towards endowing the foundation with a permanent income, and, finding no trustworthy person of sufficient capacity to fill the post, herself assumed the duties of Resident Matron. Imagine it, my dear!" said gentle Smithwick. "At her age—for she is still young—possibly your senior by a year or two, certainly not more—to forego Society and the giddy round of gilded pleasure to be found in London and dear, dear Paris!—for the humdrum routine of a Hospital; the training and management of nurses; the regulation of prescriptions, diets and accounts!"

"Indeed! A vocation, one would say," commented Dunoise.

"She would ask you," returned Miss Smithwick, "must one necessarily be a man to work for the good of others?"

The words stirred a dim recollection in Dunoise of having heard them before. But the image of the Lady Superintendent of the Home for Sick Governesses formed itself within his mind. He saw her as a plain, sensible, plump little spinster, well-advanced towards the thirties, reserved to exchange hopeless rivalries with other young women, not only rich, but pretty, for undivided rule and undisputed sway over a large household of dependents. . . . preferring the perfunctory compliments of Members of Visiting Committees to the assiduous of inquisitive Guardians and money-hunting denturists. He said, as the picture faded:

"This lady who has been so kind to you—"

"Kind? . . . The word is feeble, my dear Hector, to express her unbounded goodness," declared Miss Smithwick. "I can but say that in the midst of sickness, and dire poverty, and other distresses that I will not further dwell on, she came upon me like an Angel from the Heaven in which I firmly believe. And when I lay down my head, never to lift it up again—and I think, my dear, the time is not far off now!—that great and solemn hour that comes to

all of us will be cheered and lightened, Hector, if she stands beside my pillow and holds my dying hand."

The simple sincerity of the utterance brought tears into the listener's eyes. He winked them back and said:

"I pray the day you speak of may not dawn for years! My leave, procured with difficulty owing to the unusual national disturbances which the Army may be employed in quelling, extends not beyond three days. I shall hope to see this lady, and thank her for her goodness to my friend before I go."

"I trust she will permit it. She is very reticent—almost shrinking—in her desire to avoid recognition of her . . ."

Miss Southwick broke off in the middle of her sentence. She leaped back upon her pillow, lividly pale, breathing hurriedly; her blue lips strove to say: "It is nothing. Don't mind!"

Alarmed for her, repentant for having forgotten the nurse's warning, Dunoise grasped at the bell-rope by the fireplace, and sent an urgent summons clanging through the lower regions of the tall house. Within a moment, as it seemed, the door opened, admitting the eaped, and eaped, and aproned young woman who had been reading to the patient upon his arrival. A glance seemed to show her a condition of things not unexpected. She went swiftly to bedside, answering, as Dunoise turned to her appealingly the words shaping themselves upon his lips that asked her: "Shall I go?"

"It will be best! . . . Wait at the end of the passage, near the window on the landing . . . This looks alarming," she answered—"but it will not last long."

XVII

She had forgotten him before the still pure air of the sickroom had ceased to vibrate with her spoken words. She saw nothing but the patient in need of her, and had passed her arm beneath the pillow and was raising the gray head, and had reached a little vital and a measuring-glass from a stand that was beside the bed, before Dunoise had gained the door. It might have been five minutes later, as he contemplated a

vista of grimy, leaded roofs, and coiled, smoke-vomiting chimney-pots, from the staircase-window at the passage-end, that he heard a light rustling of garments passing over the thick soft carpets, and she came to him, moving with the upright graceful carriage and the long, gliding step that had reminded him of the gait of the tall, supple Arab woman, whose slender, perfect proportions lend their movements such rhythmic grace. He said to her as she stopped at a few paces from him:

"Mademoiselle, you see one who is gravely to blame for forgetfulness of your wise warning. I beg you, hide nothing from me! . . . Is my dear old friend in danger? Her color was that of Death itself."

"There is always danger in cases of heart-disease."

"Heart-disease. . . . She said no word to me upon the subject. But it is like her," said Dunoise, "to conceal her sufferings rather than distress her friends."

"She has needed friends, and the help that generous friendship could have well afforded to bestow, believe me, sir, in these late years of uncomplaining want and bitter privation."

The voice that spoke was sweet; Dunoise had already recognized in it that quality. Barely raised above an undertone—presumably for the sake of other sufferers within the neighboring rooms that opened on the landing, from behind the shut doors of which came the murmur of voices, or the clinking of cups and saucers, or the sound of files being poked—this voice had in its clear distinctness the ring of crystal; and the fine edge of scorn in it cut to the sensitive quick of the listener. He started as he looked at her, meeting the calm and clear and steady regard of eyes that were blue-gray as the waters of her own English Channel and seemed as cold.

For they condemned him and judged him, the rich man's son, who had left the old dependent to the charity of strangers. His shamed blood tingled under his red-brown skin, as he said with a resentful flush of his black eyes:

"That this good woman, the faithful guardian of my motherless boyhood,

has suffered want, is to my bitter regret, to my abiding poignant sorrow, but not to my shame. A thousand times—no!"

He was so vivid and emphatic, as he stood speaking with his back to the window, that, with his foreign brilliancy of coloring, the slightness of form that masked his great muscular strength the supple eloquence of gesture that accompanied and emphasized his clear and cultivated utterance, he seemed to glow against the background of rainy February fog, and London roofs and chimney-pots, as a flashing ruby upon gray velvet; as a South American orchid seen in relief against a neutral-tinted screen. His "No!" had a convincing ring; the lightning-flash of his black eyes was genuine fire, not theatrical; the woman who heard and saw had been born with the rare power of judging and reading men. Her broad white forehead cleared between the silken folds of her hair, pale nut-brown, with the gleam of autumn gold upon the edges of its thick waved tresses; the lowered arches of her brown eyebrows lifted and drew apart, smoothing out the fold between them; the regard of her blue-gray eyes ceased to chill; the delicate stern lines of her sensitive mouth relaxed. She knew he spoke the truth.

He saw a tall, slight, brown-haired woman in a plain and, according to the voluminous fashion of the time, rather scanty gown of Quakerish gray, protected by a bibbed white apron with pockets of accommodating size. A little cape of stuff similar to that of the gown covered her shoulders. Their beauty of line, like the beauty of the long rounded throat that rose above her collar of unadorned white cambric, the shapeliness of the arms that were covered by her plain tight sleeves, the slender rounded hips and long graceful proportions of the lower limbs, were enhanced rather than hidden by the simplicity of her dress; as the admirable shape and poise of the small rounded head was undesignedly set off by the simple, close-fitting, white muslin cap, with its double full and broad falling lappets.

Her calmness seemed immobility, her silence indifference to Dunoise. Her hands were folded upon her apron, her bosom rose and fell to the tune of her deep even breathing; her steady eyes regarded him as he poured himself out in passionate denial, fierce repudiation of the odious stigma of ingratitude, but she gave no sign of having heard. She looked at him, and considered, that was all. He said, smiled and irritated by her unresponsiveness:

"I should ask pardon of you, Mademoiselle, for my vehemence, incomprehensible to you and out of place here. What I seek is a private audience of the lady who is Directress of this charitable house. Would she favor me by granting it? I would promise not to detain her. Could you graciously, Mademoiselle—"

She said, with her intent eyes still reading him:

"I should tell you it is the rule of this house that no attendant in it should be addressed as 'Mademoiselle,' 'Miss,' or 'Mrs.' . . . 'Nurse' is the name to which we all answer, and we try to deserve it well."

Her smile wrought a radiant, lovely change in her that evoked his unwilling admiration. The pearl-white teeth it revealed shone brilliant in the light of it, and the dark blue-gray eyes flashed and gleamed like sapphires between their narrowed lids. But the next moment she stood before him as pale and grave as she had seemed to him before, with her hands folded on her white apron.

"You do deserve that title, I am sure," said Dunoise, "if you minister to all your patients as kindly and as skillfully as in my poor friend there." He added: "Favor me, that I detain you here, when you may be needed by her bedside?"

He motioned towards the door of the room he had quitted, receiving answer:

"Do not be alarmed. Another nurse is with her. She was in the adjoining room: I called her to take charge before I came to you. And—you were desirous of an interview with our Superintendent here. . . . She sees few people, the nature of her responsibilities per-

mitting little leisure. . . I cannot bring you any nearer to her than you are now. But if you could trust me with the message you desire to send, or this explanation you wish to make, I will give you my promise that your exact words shall be conveyed to her. Will that do?"

Dunoise bowed and thanked her, with some shadow of doubt upon his square forehead, a lingering hesitation in his tone.

"If you were older, Mademoiselle—" he began, forgetful of her injunction, as he hesitated before her. She looked at him, and her lips curved into their lovely smile again, and her blue-grey eyes were mirthful as she said:

"I am older than you are, M. Dunoise. Does not that fact give you confidence?"

"It should," returned Dunoise, "if it were possible of credence."

"Compliments are a currency that does not pass within these doors," she answered, with a fine slight accent of irony and a tincture of sarcasm in her smile. "Keep yours for Society small-change in the *salons* of Paris or the drawing-rooms of Belgravia. They are wasted here."

"I know but little," said Dunoise, "of the *salons* of London or Paris. Circumstances have conspired to shut the doors of Society, generally open to welcome rich men's sons, as completely in my face as in that of any other ineligible. You will learn why, since you are so kind as to undertake to convey a message from me to the Superintendent of this house. It should be as brief as I can make it. I would not willingly waste your time."

She bent her head, and the high-bred grace perceptible in the slight movement appealed to him as exquisite. But he was too earnest in his desire for justification to be turned aside.

"Say to this lady whose charitable hand has lifted my dear old friend—from what depths of penury I only now begin to realise—that if she comprehends that I was a boy at a Military School, and ignorant, thoughtless, and selfish as boys are wont to be, when my good old governess was driven from the house that had been for years her

home, and that her dismissal was so brought about that she seemed but to be leaving us upon a visit of condolence to a sick relative, she will judge me less harshly, regard me with less contempt than it may seem to her, now, I deserve!—"

His hearer stopped him: "You should be told, M. Dunoise, that all that can be said in your favor has been already said by Miss Smithwick herself. It never occurred to her to reproach you. Nor for her dismissal can you be blamed at all. But it has seemed to me that where there was ability to provide for one so tried and faithful, some effort should have been made in her behalf by you as you grew more mature, and the ample means that are placed at the disposal of a rich man's son were yours to use. She never told you of her cruel need, I can guess that. But oh! M. Dunoise! you might have read Hunger and Cold between the lines of the poor thing's letters."

There were tears in the great sorrowful blue eyes. Her calm voice shook a little.

"If you had seen her as she was when I was sent to her," she said, "you would feel as I do. True, a letter with a remittance from you came when she was nearly past needing any of the help it contained for her. But long, long before, you might have read between the lines!"

"Ah!—in the Name of Heaven, Mademoiselle, I pray you hear me!" burst out Dunoise, clutching at the carved knob of the baluster at the stair-head, and wringing it in the eagerness of his earnestness. "All that you suppose is true! Even before I came of age a large sum of money was placed at my disposal by my father. Over a million of our francs, forty-five thousand of your English sovereigns, lie to my credit in the bank, have so lain for years. May the hour that sees me spend a sou of that accursed money be an hour of shame for me, and bitterness and humiliation! And should ever a day draw near, that is to see me trick myself in dainties and honors stolen by a charlatan's device, and usurp a power to which I have no more moral right than the meanest

peasant of the State it rules—before its dawning I pray that I may die! and that those who come seeking a elod of mud to throw in the face of a Catholic principality, may find it lying in a coffin!"

He had forgotten that he addressed himself to a stranger, so wholly had his passion carried him away. He awakened to her now, seeing her recoil from him as though repelled by his vehemence, and then conquer her impulse and turn to him again.

"Pardon!" He held up his hand to check her as she was about to speak. "I speak, in my forgetfulness, of things incomprehensible to you. I employ names that are unmeaning. These have no part in the message I entrust you of your goodness to bear to the Superintendent of this house. Could it not be made clear to this lady, without hating to the vision of a stranger the disgrace of one whom I am bound to respect, and would that it were possible! Could it not be understood that this money was gained in a discreditable, vile, and shameful way? Could it not be understood that I shall never rest until it has been returned to the original source whence it was unjustly plundered and wrong? Could it not be made clear that while I was yet a boy I swore a solemn oath before Almighty God, at the instance of a friend—who afterwards cast me off and deserted me!—that this restitution should be made? . . . Might it not be explained that I have had nothing, since I took that oath, that was not earned by my own efforts? That I could take no holidays from the Technical School where I was a cadet, because I could not afford to buy civilian clothes, and that, until by good fortune I earned rewards and prizes and a period of free tuition at the Training Institute for Officers of the staff—that many of my comrades deserved better, I do not doubt!—I was very, very poor, Mademoiselle! Would it not be possible?"

"Yes, yes!" she answered him, and her pale cheeks had grown rosy as apple-blossoms, and her great grey-blue eyes were full of kindness now. "It shall all be explained. You shall be no longer blamed where you are praise-worthy, and reproached where you

should be honored. And—two branches of faith—a double perjury—are worse than one, though a lower standard of honor than yours would have taken your false friend's desertion as a release. You have done well to keep your oath, M. Dunoise, though he may have broken his."

"I deserve no praise," said Dunoise, "and I desire none. I ask for justice—it is the right of every human soul; I beg you to repeat to this benevolent lady what I have said, and to tell her that I will be unanswerable for whatever charges she has been put to, for the medical attendance and support of my dear old friend, from to-day. It is a sacred duty which I will gladly take upon myself."

"Forgive me," said the listener, and her voice was very soft, "but would not this be a heavy tax on your resources?—a heavy drain upon your slender means?"

He listened with his black eyes seeming to study an engraving that hung upon the staircase wall. She ended, and he looked at her again.

"It would be a tax, and a drain under ordinary circumstances, but I think I can insure a way to meet the difficulty. . . ."

Is it possible that I may be permitted to say *Adieu* to my old friend before I leave this house? It will be necessary—now!—that I should return to France by the packet that sails to-night."

He was more than ever like a slender ruddy flame as he glowed there against the dark background of marble-paved wall and foggy window-panes. His virile energy, the hard clear ring of his voice, the keen flash of his black eyes won her rare approval, no less than his reticence and his delicacy. Her own eyes were more than kind, though in the respect of his seeing Miss Smithwick again that day her decision was prohibitory. He bowed to the decision.

"Then you shall say *Adieu* and *Au revoir* to her for me," he said, and held out his hand with a smiling look and a quick, impulsive gesture. "And for yourself, Mademoiselle, accept my thanks."

He added, retaining the hand she had placed in his:

"You will not fall of your promise to repeat to Madame the Superintendent all that I have confided to you?"

"You have my word," she answered him. "But of one thing I must warn you—if you send any money, she will send it back!"

"Name of Heaven!—why?" exclaimed Dunoise.

"Because," she said, with a slight fold between her arched brown eyebrows, "your friend has been accepted by the Committee as a permanent inmate here, and there is no lack of funds. I must really go now if you will be so good as to release me!"

Dunoise was still gnawer of the hand she had given, and his grip, unconsciously strenuous, was responsible for that fold of pain between the nurse's eyebrows. He released the hand with penitence and distress, saying:

"I entreat you to forgive me if I have hurt this kind hand, that has alleviated so much pain, and smoothed the pillows of so many death-beds." But his lips, only shaded by the little upward-brushed black moustache, had barely touched her fingers before she drew them gently from his, saying with a smile:

"There is no need for atonement, M. Dunoise. As for this kiss upon my hand, I will transfer it with your message of farewell to your dear old governess. My good wishes will follow you with hers, wherever you may go!"

She was gone, moving along the passage and vanishing into a room half-way down its length before a bell rang somewhere in the lower regions of the house, a voice spoke to Dunoise, and he brought back his eyes, that had been questing in search of another, to see the capped and caped and aproned elderly women, who had a round, brown smiling face, somewhat lined and wrinkled, smooth gray hair, and pleasant eyes of soft dark hazel, waiting to lead him downstairs as she had guided him up. To her he said, as she opened the street-door upon the foggy vista of Cavendish Street:

"Be so good, Madame, as to tell me

the name of the Lady Superintendent here?"

The elderly attendant answered promptly:

"Merling, sir—Miss Ada Merling." Where had Dunoise heard that name before? He racked his brain even as he said, with the smile that showed his small, square white teeth and made his black eyes gleam more brightly:

"I must be once more troublesome, if you will allow me. What is the name of the lady to whom I was talking just now?"

The elderly attendant answered, in precisely the same form of words:

"Merling, sir—Miss Ada Merling."

XVIII

The front door of the Hospice for Sick Governesses in Cavendish Street had not long closed behind the retreating figure of a swarthy, black-eyed young foreign gentleman when the pleasant-faced elderly woman whose duty it was to answer its bell brought to the Lady Superintendent a card upon a little inland tray. She took the card and smiled.

"Tell Mr. Bertram that I will come down in a few minutes. And I hope you did not call him 'Master Robert' this time, Humnugle?"

"I did, Miss Ada, love, as sure as my name's a queer one, and him a Secretary of State at War."

"He is not Secretary at War now, Humnugle, though he may be again. Who can tell, when Governments are always changing and Cabinets being made and remade?"

"A cabinet-making he went as a boy, and cut his fingers cruel, and the Wraye Abbey housekeeper fainted dead away at the sight of the blood, they said!—and the head-housemaid gave notice at being asked for cobwebs, which she vowed and declared not one were to be found in the place, though answer for aunts how can you? And he had my name pet, Miss Ada, so soon as I answered the door, 'Halloo, Humnugle!' he says; 'so you've come up from Peakshire to help nurse the sick governesses?' And I says: 'Yes, Master Robert, and

it's like the good old times come back, to see your handsome, smiling face again.' And you'll come to him in a few minutes?"

"The minutes have passed, Humnugle, while you have been talking. I am going down to Mr. Bertram now."

She found in a little ground-floor parlor, sacred to accountants and the semi-private interviews accorded by the Lady Superintendent to shabby-genteel visitors with hungry faces (growing still more wan as the tale of penury was told) and smartish visitors with impudent faces, apt to flush uncomfortably under the keen scrutiny of those blue-gray eyes. It was plainly but comfortably furnished, and a red fire glowed in its grate of shining steel, and a plump and sleek and well-contented cat dozed happily upon its hearthrug.

You saw Bertram as a tall, lightly-built man of barely thirty, with a bright, spirited, handsome face and a frank, gay, cordial manner. No trace of the pomposities of the ex-Secretary of State either in his appearance, voice, or handshake: a warm and cordial grip was to be had from Bertram; or, in default of this, a brusque nod that said:

"You are objectionable, and I prefer to keep clean hands!"

He was striding lightly up and down the little parlor, with the loose ends of his black satin cravat—voluntariously, according to the fashion of the time—floating behind him; and each time he covered the distance from the hearthrug to the muslin-blinded window he would stop, look impatiently at his watch, and recommence his walk.

She said, standing in the doorway, watching him do this:

"You are not in a genuine hurry, or you would not be here at all."

"Ada!" He turned with a look of glad relief, and as she noiselessly closed the door and came to meet him, he took both the womanly cordial hands she held out to him, and pressed them in his own. "It does one good to see you. It does one good even to know you are anchored here in Cavendish Street, and not flying from Berlin to Paris, from Paris to Rome, from Rome

to Heaven-knows-where — comparing foreign systems of Hospital management and sanitation with our own, and finding ours everywhere to be hopelessly out of date, inferior, and wrong."

"As it is!" she said—"And is it not time we knew it? so that we can prove those mistaken who say, 'To be number is to be strong, perhaps, but at the same time it is to be narrow-minded.'"

"Ah! Ada, Ada!" he said, and his sweet and mellow voice had sadness in it. "If we all lived up to your standard, the Millennium would have come, and Governments would cease from troubling, and War Secretaries would be at rest."

"Are you not at rest just now?" she asked, and added, even before he shook his head: "But no! You are overworked; your face shows it."

"Mary said so this morning," he answered; "but if my looks pity me, as Peakshire folk would say, I feel fit and well."

"Where is my Mary?" she asked.

"Why have you not brought her?" "Mary has flown down to Hayleshire," he said, "on the wings of the Portsmouth Express. One of the crippled children at the Home was to be operated on, under chloroform, for the removal of a portion of diseased hip-bone; and though my wife shrank from the ordeal of seeing pain, even dulled by the anæsthetic, she felt it was her duty to be upon the spot."

"Dear Mary!" she said, and if Dunoise had seen her face he would no longer have thought it lacking in warmth and color: "True, good, noble woman."

Bertram answered, with feeling in his own face and voice:

"The dearest, living! . . . the noblest I ever knew—but one, Ada!"

She passed the words as though she had not heard, and said, with the soft, clear laugh that had music in it for the ears of those who loved her, and this man was one of the many:

"Humnugle was made so happy by your not forgetting her, poor good soul!"

"Her face conjured up Wraye Rest," he said, "and the yew-tree gateway be-

tween the park and the garden; and the green terraces with the apple-spalliers and the long borders of lavender-bushes; and Darth down at the bottom of the deep valley, foaming over her bed of limestone rock, and the steep paths down to the trout-pools that were easier to tread than the slippery ways of Diplomacy."

"One can always go back!" she returned, though her sigh for all the distant sweetness had echoed his, "either to my dear Wraye Rest or your own peculiar Eden of Wraye Abbey."

"Taking our respective loads of aims and ambitions and responsibilities with us," said Bertham. "My badly-housed Military Invalid Pensioners for whom I want tight roofs, and dry walls, and comfortable beds. My Sandhurst Cadets, trussed up in absurd trappings, and harassed with rules as trumpery hide-bound with conditions quite as detrimental to health as their cut-and-dried discipline, and insupportable supererogatory belts, straps, and buckles. My Regimental Schools, where illiterate soldiers and their wives are to learn to read and write and cipher; and my Infants' Classes, where the soldiers' children may be taught as well. My Improved Married Quarters, which should—but do not, more's the pity!—occupy a separate block in every Barracks in the Kingdom, where the women and their men may live in decent privacy, and not under conditions not at all distasteful to our shame!—and the Red Tapeism that preserves these conditions in their unsoftened and instant ugliness ought to blush the redder for it—the primitive promiscuities of the Stone Age. With a distinct bias in favor of that period!"

His handsome face was blotched and dark with anger; his voice, though barely raised above the level of ordinary fire-drill chat, rang and vibrated with passionate indignation.

"It has been borne in on me, Ada, in God knows how many hours of weariness and bitter disappointment, that our Penitential triumphs—achieved in what we are accustomed to call the good old days—are a heavy clog upon our advancement as a nation now,

and a cloud upon our eyes. They were not good old days, Ada, as windbaggy orators like to call them; they were bad old days, inhuman old days, cruel old days, when Napoleon Bonaparte possessed France upon a bridal bed of bloody corpses; and ragged, underfed, untaught, unsheltered soldiers upheld, in what neglect, what misery and suffering, you and I can barely realize, amidst Famine and Slaughter and Pestilence and Devastation hideous and indescribable, the traditional glory of the British nation, the strength and fire and power of British Arms. Let us have done with the pride of those days! Let us cease to boast of them! Let us prove our advancement in Civilization, Humanity, and Science by no longer treating these our fellow-creatures as human pawns in a devilish game of chess, or as thoughtless children treat toy-soldiers; to be moved hither and thither at will, swept off the board when necessary, and jostled promiscuously into dark and stuffy boxes until we are pleased to call for them again! Since Great Britain owes so much to her Army and her Navy, let her treat the men who serve her by land and sea with respect, and decent consideration. And in so far as Governments and Administrations of the old days ignored their rights to benevolent, humane, and Christian usage, let no have done with those damned old days for ever, and while the life is red in us, hurry on the new!"

"They cannot come too quickly!" she said, giving back his earnest look. "Surely by raising the moral tone, cultivating the mental faculties, and improving the social condition of the private soldier, he is nerve and tempered, not softened and unstrung."

"As it is we owe him honor," said Bertham, "that, with so many disadvantages as he labors under to-day, and in the face of the bad example too often set him as to moral conduct and neglect of duty by his superiors, he is what we know him to be!"

"Ah, that is true—most true!" she answered, breaking the silence in which she had sat listening to the silvery voice of which even Bertham's enemies admitted the singular charm. "May the

day soon dawn when we shall see him what we hope he will become!"

"There will be a dark night before its dawning," Bertham returned, and his smile had sadness in its very brilliancy. "For England must lose much to win that more, be assured."

He added as his look met hers, seeing the slight bewildered knitting of her eyebrows:

"There is a grand old white head nodding at the upper end of the green Council Board at the War Office, or soundly sleeping, in the inner sanctum at the covered passage-end that has always been known as the office of the Commander-in-Chief, — that Britain, in her gratitude and loyal regard and tender reverence for its great owner, — and God forbid that I should rob him of one jot or tittle of what has been so gloriously won!—has left there long years since the brain within it became incapable, by the natural and inevitable decay of its once splendid faculties, of planning and carrying out any wholesome, needful reform in our Army's organization — even of listening to those who have suggestions to offer, or plans to submit, with anything but an old man's testy impatience of what seems new. This is deplored by personages nominally subordinate, really wielding absolute power. 'Sad, sad,' they say, 'but the nation would have it so.' Yet little more than a year ago, when, as by a miracle, the strength and vigor of the old warrior's prime seemed, if only for an instant, to have returned to him — when the dim fires of the gray eagle-glance blazed out again, and the trembling hand, strung to vigor for the nonce, penned that most electrifying letter, — published a few weeks back by what the New England party regard as a wise stroke of policy, and Officialdom as an unpardonable indiscretion, — that letter declaring the country's defenses to be beggarly and inadequate, its naval arsenals neglected, its dockyards undermanned, its forts not half-garrisoned."

What sort of criticism did it evoke? Those who were openly antagonistic declared it to be preposterous; those who were loyal treated its utterance with contemptuous, galling indulgence. . .

To me it was as though a prophetic voice had spoken in warning from the tomb! And even before the graven stone sinks down over the weary old white head, Ada, and the laurel are withered that lie above, the country he loved and served so grandly may be doing penance in dust and ashes for that warning it despised!"

"And if the War-call sounded to-morrow," she said, with her intent look upon him, and her long white fingers knitted about her knee, "and the need arose—as it would arise—for a man of swift decision and vigorous action to lead us in the field—upon whom would we rely? Who would step into the breach, and wield the baton?"

"A man," returned Bertham, "sixty-six years old, who served on the Duke's staff and lost his left arm at Waterloo; who has never held any command or had any experience of directing troops in War, and whose life, for forty years or so, has been spent in the discharge of the duties, onerous but not active, devolving upon a Military Secretary. The whole question as to fitness or not fitness turns upon an 'if.'"

The speaker spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders slightly, and a whimsical spark of humor gleaned in the look he turned upon the listener, as a star might shine through the wild blue twilight of a day of gale and storm, as he resumed:

"If the possession of the Wellingtonian manner,—combined with an empty sleeve—all honor to the brave arm that used to be inside it!—a manner full of urbanity and courtesy — nicely graduated and calculated according to the rank and standing of the person addressed; an admirable command of two Continental languages, and a discreet but distinct appreciation of high company and good living, unite to make an ideal Commander-in-Chief, why, Dalton will be the man of men!"

"But surely we need something more," she said, meeting Bertham's glance with doubt and questioning.

"Something indeed!" he returned drily. "But be kind to me, and let me forget my bodies for a little in hearing of all the good that you have done and

mean to do. . . . Tell me of your experiences at Kaiserwerke amongst the Lutheran Deaconesses — tell me about your visit to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at the Hospital of the Charité, or your sojourn with the *damnes religieuses* of St. Augustine at the Hôtel Diez. Or tell me about your ancient, superannuated, used-up governesses. I should like to know something of them, poor old souls! . . ."

"They are not all old," she explained, "though many of them are used-up, and all, or nearly all, are incapable; and Bertham, with a very few exceptions, sensible and ladylike as most of them are, they are so grossly ignorant of the elementary principles of education that one wonders how the poor pretence of teaching was kept up at all? And how it was that common honesty did not lead them to take service as house-maids? and how the parents of their pupils — Heaven help them! — could have been blind enough to confide the training of their children to such feeble, incompetent hands?"

"It is a crying evil," said Bertham, "or, rather, a whimpering one, and needs to be dealt with. One day we will change all that. . . . As to these sick and sorrowful women, the generation that will rise up to take their places will be qualified, I hope, to teach, by having learned; and the quality of their teaching will, I hope, again, be guaranteed by a University diploma. And, superior knowledge having ceased to mean the temporary possession of the lesson-book, children will learn to trust their teachers with respect, and we shall hear fewer tales of the despised governess."

She returned, glancing at Bertham's handsome, resolute face, and noting the many fine lines beginning to draw themselves about the corners of the eyes and mouth, the worn hollows of the temples and cheekbones, and the deepening caves from which the brilliant eyes looked out in scorn, or irony, or appealing, ingratiating gentleness.

"All governesses are not despised or despicable. There are many instances, Robert, where the integrity and conscientiousness of the poor dependent

gentlewoman has held up a standard of conduct for the pupil, well or ill taught, to follow which has borne good fruit in after-years. We have a worthy lady here, a governess long resident in Paris, against whose exquisite French I polish up my own when I have time — a rather scarce commodity in this house! . . . Miss Caroline Smithwick has been cast on the mercy of the world in her old age, after many years of faithful service, because she dared to tell her wealthy employer that a claim he pursued and pressed was dishonest and base. The man's son thinks with her, and has chosen to be poor rather than profit by riches — and, I gather, rank — so gained. It is a wholesome story," she said, "and when he told me to-day of his intention to support the gentle old soul who was so true to him, out of his pay as an officer of the French Army, — I could have clapped my hands and cried aloud — but I did not, — for the Superintendent of a Governesses' Home must be, above all, discreet; — *Bravo, M. Hector Dunois!*"

"Dunoise, Dunoise!" He turned the name upon his tongue several times over, as though its flavor were in some measure familiar to him. "Dunoise. . . . Can it be a son of the dyed and painted and padded old lion, with false claws and teeth and a mane from the wig-makers, who was Bonaparte's side at Marengo and cut a dashing figure at the Tuilleries in 1804? The Emperor created him Field-Marshal after Austerlitz, and small blame to him! . . . He ran away with a Bavarian Princess after the Restoration — a Princess who happened to be a professed nun, and somewhere about 1828, when the son of their union may have been seven or eight years old, — when the Throne of St. Louis was rocking under that cumbersome old wooden puppet Charles X., — when the tricolor was on the point of breaking out at the top of every national flagstaff in France, — when you got a violet of violets from the buttonhole of every Imperialist who passed you in the street, — when the Catholic religion was about to be once more deprived of State protection and popular support, Marshal Dunoise,

swashbuckling old Bonapartist that he is, reclaimed the lady's large dowry from her convent, and with the aid of De Marignan, Head of the Ministry of that date, succeeded in getting it."

"It is the son of the very man you describe," she told him; "who visited his old governess here to-day."

Bertham shrugged his shoulders, and, leaning down silently stroked the sleek cat, white-pawed and whiskered, and coated in Quaker gray, that lay outstretched at ease upon the hearthrug. But his eyes were on the woman's face the while.

"So that was it!" she said, leaning back in the low fireside chair she had taken when Bertham wheeled it forwards. Her musing eyes were fixed upon the red coals glowing in the old-world grate of polished steel. Perhaps the vivid face with the black eyes burning under their level brows rose up before her; and it might have been that she heard Dunoise's voice saying, through the purring of the cat upon the hearthrug and the subdued noises of the street:

"*May the hour that sees me spend a sou of that accrued money be an hour of shame for me, and bitterness and humiliation! And should ever a day draw near that is to see me trick myself in dignities and honors stolen by a charlatan's device and assume a power to which I have no more moral right than the meanest peasant of the State it rules — before its dawning I pray that I may die! and that those who come seeking a clod of mud to throw in the face of a Catholic State may find it lying in a coffin.*"

XIX.

She must have remembered the words for she shivered a little, and when Bertham asked her: "Of what are you thinking?" she answered:

"Of young Mr. Dunoise, and the struggle that is before him. He is courageous. . . . He means so well. . . . He is so earnest and sincere and high-minded and generous. . . . But one cannot forget that he has not been tried, or that fiercer tests of his determination and

endurance will come as the years unfold, and —"

"He will! — supposing him a man of flesh and blood like other men!" said Bertham — "find his resolution — if it be one? — put, very shortly, very thoroughly to the proof. For — the Berlin papers of last Wednesday deal voluminously with the subject, and the Paris papers of a later date have even undecoded to dwell upon it at some length — his grandfather, the Hereditary Prince of Wladimir, who practically has been dead for years, is at last dead enough for burying; and the question of Succession having cropped up, it may occur to the Catholic subjects of the Principality that they would prefer a Catholic Prince — even with a bar sinister, badly sewed, upon his scutcheon — to being governed by a Lutheran Regent. And that is all I know at present."

"It is a curious, almost a romantic story," she said, with her grave eyes on the glowing fire, and a long, fine, slender hand propping her cheek, "that provokes one to wonder how it will end?"

"It will end, dear Ade," smiled Bertham, "in this young fellow's putting his Quixotic scruples in his pocket, taking the goods the gods have sent him — with the Hereditary diadem, when it is offered on a cushion! — marrying some blonde Princess-cousin, with the requisite number of armorial quarterings; and providing, — in the shortest possible time, the largest possible number of legitimate heirs to the throne. I lay no claim to the prophetic gift; but I do possess some knowledge of my fellow-men. And — if your prejudice against gaming does not preclude a bet, I will wager you a pair of gloves, or half a dozen pairs, against the daguerreotype of you that Mary and I are always begging for and never get! — that M. Dunoise's scruples and objections will be overcome in the long run, and that the whole thing will end as I have prophesied."

She listened with a little fold between her eyebrows and her thoughtful eyes upon the speaker's face.

"I fear you may be right. But I shall

be glad if you were wrong, Bertham. One thinks he so gravely he has borne the pinch of poverty, and the dearth of the pleasantness and luxuries that mean so much to young men of his age."

"Of his age? . . . You talk as though you were a mere and withered spinster, separated from the world of young men and young women by a veritable gulf of years!" cried Bertham, vexed.

She did not hear. She was looking at the fire, leaning forwards in her low chair with her beautiful head pensively bent, and her slender strong hands clasped about the knee that was a little lifted by the resting of one fine arched foot—as beautiful in its stocking of Quakerish gray and its plain, unbuckled leather slipper as though it had been covered with silk, and shod with embroidered kid or velvet—upon the high steel fender.

"One would like to be near him sometimes unseen—in one of those moments of temptation that will come to him—temptations to be false to his vow, and take the price of dishonor, for the devil will fight hard, Bertham, for that man's soul! Just to be able to give a pull here, or a push in that direction, according as circumstances seek to mould or sway him, to say, 'Do this!' or 'Do not do that!' at the crucial moment, would be worth while! . . ."

"Faith, my dear Ada," Bertham said lightly, "the role of guardian angel is one you are cut out for, and suits you very well. But be content, one begs of you, to play it nearer home! . . . I know a worthy young man, at present in a situation in a large business-house at Westminster, who would very much benefit by a push here and a pull there from a hand invisible or visible—visible preferred! And to be told 'Do this!' or 'Don't do that!' in a moment of doubt or at a crisis of indecision, would spare the Member for West Wexshire a great many sleepless nights."

"They laughed together; then she said, with the rose-flush fading out of her pale cheeks and the light of merriment in her blue-gray eyes subdued again to clear soft radiance:

"I do not like those sleepless nights. Can nothing be done for them?"

"They are my only chance," he answered, "of getting any acquaintance with the works of modern novelists."

"You do not take Sir Walter Scott, or Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Dickens, or the author of *Jane Eyre*, as sleeping-draughts?"

"No," returned Bertham, "for the credit of my good taste. But there are others whose works Cleopatra might have called for instead of mandragora. As regards the newspapers, if it be not exactly agreeable or encouraging to know exactly how far Misrepresentation can go without being absolute Mendacity—it is salutary and wholesome, I suppose, to be told when one has fallen short of winning even appreciation for one's honest endeavor to do one's duty—or what one conceives to be one's duty—tolerably well?"

He rose, pushing his chair aside, and took a turn in the room that carried him to the window.

"One has made mistakes," he said, keeping his face turned from her soft kind look; "but so have other fellows, without being pilloried and pelted for them! And two years back, when the office of Secretary At War seemed to have been created for the purpose of affording His Grace the Secretary For War and other high officials, unlimited opportunities of pulling down what the first-named built up and of building up what he, with hopes of doing good, had pulled down, the pelting bruised. But—Jove! if that part of my life were mine to live over again, with Experience added to my youthful enthusiasms, I might reasonably hope to achieve much! Happy you!"—he came and stood beside her chair, looking down at the calm profile and plainly-parted, faintly-rippling brown hair with a certain wistfulness—"most happy are you, dear Ada, who have so nobly fulfilled the high promise of your girlhood, and have no need to join in useless regrets with me!"

She smiled, and lifted her warm, womanly hand to him, and said, as he enclosed it for a second in his own:

"Wrong leads and false ideals are the

lot of all of us. And you were of so much use in your high office, Robert, and wielded your power so much for others' good; you strive so chivalrously now, in thankless, unpopular causes; you make your duty so paramount above your ambition in all things,—that I am tempted to paraphrase your words to me, and tell you that you have gloriously contradicted the promise of your Eton boyhood, when everything that was not Football, or Boating, or Cricket, was 'bad form.'"

"To my cousin de Moulvay's annoyance and disgust unpeachable," he returned, with a lighter tone and a lighter look, though he had gloved and kindled at the praise from her. "I did indulge—at three periods when he was staying at Wryke Abbey—in a good deal of that sort of bosh. But—quite wrongly, I dare say!—he seemed to me a high-falutin', pompous young French donkey; and it became a point of importance not to lose an opportunity of taking him down. By the way, I heard from him quite lately. He gave up the idea of entering the Roman Catholic priesthood after some clash or collision with the Rules of the Fathers Directors, and is now an Under-Secretary at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs."

"He should have a notable career before him," she commented.

"The Legitimist Party, at this present immature, presses not one feather-weight in the scale of popularity or influence. France is on the eve," said Bertham, "or so it seems to me, of shedding her skin, and whether the new one will be of one color or of Three. While it will not be: I'll bet my hat on that! So possibly it may be fortunate for de Moulvay that the harness he pulls in has an Imperial Crown upon it. I need hardly say a pretty hand is upon the rein."

Her lurch made soft music in the coo, homely parlor, and amusement danced on her sweet freckled eyes.

"Whose is the hand?"

"It appertains, physically, to a certain Comtesse de Roux, and legally to a purple-haired, fiercely-whiskered, liver-fueled Colonel Comte de Roux—by whose original creation Comte is a little

uncertain—but a brave and distinguished officer, commanding the 990th of the Line."

She said, with a memory stirring in her face:

"That is the regiment—according to his old governor, for he did not tell me—to which M. Hector Dunois is attached."

Bertham might not have heard. He said:

"I regret not having met Madame de Roux. One would like to see de Moulvay's reigning goddess."

"She is most beautiful in person and countenance. Your term of 'goddess' is not inappropriate. She walks as though on clouds."

Her ungrudging admiration of another woman's beauty was a trait in her that always pleased him.

"Where did you meet her?"

"I saw her in Paris a twelvemonth back, on the steps that lead to the vestibule of the Theatre Francaise, one night when Rachel was to play in 'Théâtre.'"

"I thought you had forsaken all public entertainments, theatres included?"

"If I had I should not have endangered my oath by seeing Madame de Roux pass from her carriage and walk up the steps leading to the vestibule."

"You were not in the streets of Paris alone, and on foot, at night?"

She answered simply, looking directly at him:

"I was in the Paris streets that evening, on foot, certainly, but not alone. Sister Saint Bernard was with me."

"Who is Sister Saint Bernard?"

"She is a nun of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. You know, the nursing-community. I stayed some time with them at their Convent at Paris, studying their good, wise, enlightened methods, visiting their hospitals with them, helping to tend their sick."

"We were returning with a patient that night I saw Madame de Roux. It was a case of brain-fever, a young girl, an attendant at one of the muddy, disreputable restaurants of the Palais-Royal, delirious and desperately ill. No one else could be got to take her to the Charité; the Sisters' van was otherwise engaged.

We hired a vegetable truck from a street fruiterer, on the understanding that it should be white-washed before being returned to him, wrapped the poor girl in blankets, and wheeled her to the Hospital ourselves."

"By—George!" said Bertham softly and distinctly. His forehead was thunderous, and his lips were compressed. She went on as though she had not heard:

"And so, as we went through the Rue de Richelieu, and Sister Saint Bernard and I, and the truck, were passing the Theatre Francaise, into which all fashionable Paris was crowding to see the great actress play 'Phedre,' a beautiful woman alighted from a carriage and went in, leaning on the arm of a stout short man in uniform, with some decorations. . . . I pointed his companion out to Sister Saint Bernard. 'Tiens,' she said, '*voilà Madame la Comtesse de Rosz*. And that is how I came to know M. de Moulay's enchantress by sight. . . . I wonder whether M. Dunois has met her?'"

"It is more than probable, seeing that the lady is his Colonel's wife. And," said Bertham, "if he has not yet had the honor of being presented, he will enjoy it very soon. An Hereditary Prince of Widinitz is a personage, even out of Bavaria. And whether the son of the Princess Marie Bathilde and old Nap's aide-de-camp likes his title, or whether he does not, it is his birthright, like the tail of the dog. He can't get away from that!"

"He does look," said Ada Merling, with a smile, "a little like what a school-girl's ideal of a Prince would be."

"Apropos of that, a Prince who is not in the least like a school-girl's ideal of the character dines with us at Wraye House on Tuesday. The Strachyffes are coming, and the French Ambassador, with Madame de Berry."

He added, naming the all-powerful Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with a lightness and indifference that were overdone:

"And Lord Walmerston."

"Lord Walmerston! . . ."

Her look was one of surprise, chang-

ing to doubtful comprehension. He did not meet it. He was saying:

"It was his wish to come. His friendship for Mary dates from her schoolroom-days, and she cherishes the old loyal affection for her father's friend in one of her heart's warmest corners. He is charming to her, always. . . . And I have hopes of his weight in the balance for my Improved Married Quarters; and he really sees the advantage of the Regimental Schools. . . . But it is not to bore you with shop that I propose you should make one of us at dinner!" His voice was coaxing. "Do! and give Mary and me a happy evening!"

She shook her head with decision, though regret was in her face.

"I cannot leave my post. Remember, this is not only a Home. . . . It is also a Hospital. And what it pleases me to call my Staff"—she smiled—"are not experienced. They are willing and earnest, but they must be constantly supervised. And their training for this, the noblest profession that is open to women—as noble as any, were women equally free to follow all—is not the least of my responsibilities. We have lectures and classes here for their instruction in elementary anatomy, surgical dressing and bandaging, sanitation, the proper use of the thermometer and temperature-chart, and so on, almost daily. Mr. Alwright and Professor Tailyour"—she named a famous surgeon and a celebrated physiologist—"are good enough to give their services, gratuitously; and I must be present at all times to assist them in their demonstrations. So you will understand, there is more to do here than you would have supposed."

"Good gracious!" rejoined Bertham; "I should say so! And your band of trained attendants who are to supersede—and may it be soon!—the gin-sodden haridards and smiling, civil incompetent who add to the discomfort and miseries of sickness, and lend to Death another terror—are they?" I suppose some of them are ladies?"

"The ideal nurse ought to be a lady," she answered him, "in the true sense of

the word. Many of these girls are well born and well bred, if that is—and of course it is—the meaning of your question. Some of them are frivolous and selfish and untrustworthy, and these must be weeded out. But the majority are earnest, honest, and sincere; and many of them are noble and high-minded, unselfish, devoted, and brave. . . ."

There was a stately print of the Sistine Madonna of Raffaello hanging above the fireplace. She lifted her face to the pure, spotless womanhood of the Face that looked out from the frame, and said:

"I try to keep up with these last-named ones, though often they put me to the blush."

"You put to the blush! Don't tell me that!" He spoke and looked incredulously.

"They have to learn to save their strength of mind and body, and not put out too much, even in the Christ-blessed service of the sick and suffering," she said, "lest they should find themselves hankers, with no power of giving more. And sometimes the more ardent among them rebel against my rules, which enforce regular exercise, observance of precautions for the preservation of their own health, even the relaxation and amusement which should break the monotony of routine; and then I long to kiss them, Robert, even when I am most severe!"

There were tears in the man's bright eyes as he looked at her. Her own eyes were on the Raffaello print; she had forgotten him.

"What I should like best would be to endure long enough to see them outstripping and outdoing the poor example of their humble fellow-student and teacher, developing nursing as a higher Art, and spreading the knowledge of the proper treatment of the sick, until not one of the poorest and the roughest women of what we are content to call the Lower Classes, shall be destitute of some smattering of the knowledge that will save the lives of those she loves best in bitter time of need."

Her face was rapt. She went on in a

clear, low, even tone: "I should like to live to be very old, so old that I was quite forgotten, and sit quietly in some pleasant corner of a peaceful English home seeing the movement grow. For it will grow, and spread and increase, Robert, until it reaches every corner of the world! And to that end every penny that I possess; every ounce of strength that is mine; every drop of blood in my veins, would be cheerfully spent and given. . . . Do I say would?"

Will he! if it please God!" Her eyes left the picture and went to Bertham's absorbed face. "I have been holding forth at needless length, have I not?" she said. "But you and I, with Mary, constitute a Mutual Society for the talking-over of plans; and, though I sometimes tax your patience, I am always ready to lend ear. As for your dinner, it is a delightful temptation which I must resist. Beg Mary to tell me all about it afterwards!"

"You would-be host and hostess will not be the only disappointed ones," Bertham said, and rose as though to take leave. "Lord Walmerston is one of your admirers, and"—there was a gleam of mischief in the hazel eyes—"Prince Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte was urgent for an opportunity of meeting you again."

"Indeed! I am very much honored," Her calm eyes and composed face told nothing. But her tone had a clear frosty ring of something colder than mere indifference, and the curve of her lips was a little ironical. Seeing that touch of scorn, the twinkle in Bertham's eyes became more mischievous. He said:

"The Prince's lucky star might shine on such a meeting, Ada. A beautiful, wealthy, and wise Princess would be the making of the man."

"That man!" she said, and a shudder rippled through her slight body, and her calm, untroubled forehead lost its smoothness in a frown of repulsion and disgust. She rose as though escaping from actual physical contact with some repellent personality suddenly presented before her, and stood beside Bertham on the hearthrug, as tall as he, and

with the same look of high-bred elegance and distinction that characterized and marked out her companion. The spark of mischief still danced in his bright eyes. His handsome mouth twitched with the laughter he repressed as he said:

"So you do not covet the Crown Imperial of France, and tame eagles do not please you? Yet the opportunities an Empress enjoys for doing good must be practically unrivaled."

Her blue-gray eyes were disdainful now. She said:

"The position of a plain gentlewoman is surely more enviable and honorable than would be hers who should share the throne of a crowned and sceptred adventurer."

Said Bertham:

"You do not call the First Napoleon that?"

"There was a terrible grandeur," she returned, "about that bloodstained, unrelenting, icy, ambitious despot; a halo of old, great martial deeds surrounds his name that blinds the eyes to his rapacity and meanness, his selfishness, sensuality, and greed. But this son of Horatius this nephew, if he be a nephew?—this charlatan trailing in the mire the sumptuous rags of the Imperial purple; this gentlemanly, silken-mannered creature, with phrases of ingratiating flattery upon his tongue, and hatred glimmering between the half-drawn blinds of those sick, bluish eyes."

God grant, for England's sake, that he may never mount the throne of St. Louis!"

"Ah! Ada—Ada!" Bertham said again, and laughed, awkwardly for one whose mirth was so melodious and graceful as a rule. For the little dinner at Wraye House, at which the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the French Ambassador were to meet the Pretender to the Imperial Throne of France, was really a diplomatic meeting of somewhat serious political importance, in view of certain changes and upheavals taking place in that restless country on the other side of the Channel, and divers signs and tokens, indicative to an experienced eye, that the White Flag,

for eighteen years displayed above the Central Pavilion of the palace of the Tuileries, might shortly be expected to come down.

XX.

However, being a skilful diplomat, Bertham gave no sign: though Lord Walmerston, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Pretender to the Throne-Imperial of France, were to spend in the Persian smoking-room over the ground-floor billiard-room of Wraye House—a half-hour that would change every card in the poor hand held by that last-named gambler to a trump.

"Who is good enough for you, Ada?" he said, with his husel glance softening as he turned it upon her, and sincerity in his sweet, courtly tones. "No one I ever met."

Her rare and lovely smile illuminated her.

"Has it never struck you, Robert, how curious it is that the demand for entire possession of a woman's hand, fortune and person, should invariably be prefaced by the candid statement that the suitor is not good enough to tie her shoes? As for being good for me, any man would be, provided he were honest, sincere, chivalrous in word and deed—"

"And not the present Head of the House of Bonaparte?" ended Bertham.

"You are right," she said quickly. "Were I compelled to make choice between them, I should infinitely prefer the butcher!"

"The butcher?" Bertham's face of utter consternation mingled with incredulity drew her laugh from her. And it was so round and sweet and mellow that the crystal lustres of the Sevres and ormolu candlesticks upon the mantel-shelf rang a little tinkling echo when it had stopped.

"The butcher who supplies us here," she explained.

Bertham said, speaking between his teeth and with the knuckles showing white in the strong slender hand he

clenched and shook as an imaginary vendor of chape and sicoins:

"What consummate and confounded insolence!"

"No, no!" she cried, for his tall, slight, athletic figure was striding up and down the little parlor, and the severe grind of his heel each time he turned within the limit of the hearthrug threatened the cat's repose. "You shall not fume, and say hard things of him! He knows nothing of me except that I am the matron here. And he thinks that I should be hotter off in the sitting-room behind his shop in Oxford Street, keeping his books of accounts and ordering any nice little delicate joint I happened to fancy for dinner. . . . And possibly I should be better off, from his point of view!"

Bertham's heel came sharply down upon the hearthrug. The outraged cat rent the air with a feline squall, and sought refuge under the sofa.

"Come out, Mr. Bright!" coaxed his mistress, kneeling by the injured one's retreat. "He is very sorry! He didn't mean it! He will never do it again!" She added, rising, with Mr. Bright, already soothed and purring in her arms, "And he is going away now, regretful as we are to have to send him. For it is my night on duty, Bertham, and I must rest."

"You will always send me sorry," said he, "when you choose. And I shall always come back again, until you show me that I am not wanted."

"That will be never, dear friend!"

She gave him her true, pure hand, and he stooped and left a reverent kiss upon it, and said, as he lifted a brighter face:

"Do you remember three years ago, before you went to Kaiserwerke—when you sent me away, and forbade me to come back until I had sought and found my Fate in Mary?"

"A beautiful and loving Fate, dear Robert."

"She is, God bless her!" he answered, with a warm flush upon his face and a thrill of tenderness in the charming voice that so many men and women loved him for.

She went with him into the hall then, and said as he threw on his long dark cloak lined with Russian sable:

"Those Berlin and Paris papers of Wednesday last. . . . It would interest me to glance through them in a spare moment, if you did not object to lend!"

"One of my 'livered menials with buttons on his crests,' as a denunciatory Chartist orator put it the other day—shall bring them to you within an hour. I wish you had asked me for something less easy to give you, Ada!"

She answered with her gentle eyes on his, as her hand drew back the latch of the hall door:

"Give me assurance you will never help to forge the link that shall unite Great Britain's interests with her enemy's."

"Why, that of course!" He answered without hesitancy, and his eyes did not meet hers. "I am not the master blacksmith, dear Ada. There are other hands more cunning in the welding-craft than mine!"

He bent his handsome head to her and threw on his hat and passed out into the rimy February fog. But he walked slowly, pondering as he went, and Lord Walmerston's influence and weight upon that pressing question, separate accommodation for married soldiers, and Military Schools for the men and their wives and children, was not to be had for nothing, he well knew.

She shut the door, and then the tea-bell rang, and she passed on to the dining-room, and took her place before the capacious tray at the matron's end of the long, plainly-appointed, wholesomely-furnished table.

She had declined to dine in the society of a Prince because she doubted his motives and disapproved of his character. She played the hostess now to her staff of nurses and probationers, dispensing the household tea from the stout family teapot with a liberal hand, and leading the conversation with a gentle grace and an infectious gaiety that drew sparks from the homeliest

minds about the board and made bright white shine brighter.

The Berlin and Paris papers came by Bertham's servant as she went to her room to prepare, by some hours of rest, for the night-watch by a dying patient. She gave half-an-hour of the time to reading the articles and paragraphs Bertham had considerably marked in red ink for her.

When she set about preparing for repose came a gentle knock at her door, and in answer to her soft "Come in!" the gray-haired, olive-skinned, pleasant-faced woman, who had admitted Dunwoise and shown him out again, appeared, saying:

"You never rang, Miss Ada, love, but I made bold to come." . . . She added in tones of dismay, "And to find you brushing your beautiful hair yourself when your old Hunsnuggle's in the house and asking nothing better than to do it for you! . . ."

"Thank you, dear!" She surrendered the brush, and sat down and submitted to the deft hands that set about their accustomed task, as though it were soothing to be so ministered to. Even as she said: "For this once, kind Hunsnuggle, but you must not do it again!"

"Don't say that, Miss Ada! When night's the only time of all the live-long day that I get my Wraye Rest talk with you."

Entreated thus, she reached up a hand and patted the plump unattractively cheek of the good soul, and said, with soft, considerate gentleness:

"Let it be so, since it will make you happy. But those who have chosen for their life's task the duty of serving others should do without service themselves. Try to understand!"

The woman kissed the hand with a fervor contrasting inconspicuously with her staid demeanor and homely simple face, as she answered:

"I'll try, my dear. Though to see you in this bare, plainly-furnished room, with scarce a bit of comfort in it beyond the fire in the grate, and not a stick of furniture beyond the bed and the wardrobe, and washstand and bath, and the chintz-covered armchair you're

sitting in, and a bookshelf of grave books, scalds my heart—that it do! And your sitting-room nigh as skimping. When either at Wraye Rest or at Oakenside, or at the house in Park Lane, you have everything beautiful about you, as you ought; with paintings and statues and music, and carpets like velvet for you to tread upon, and flowers everywhere for you that love them so to take pleasure in them, and your dogs and horses, and cats and birds! . . . Eh! deary me! But I promised I'd never breathe a murmur, not if you let me come, and here I am forgetting! . . ."

"We will overlook it this time. And I will help you to understand why I am happier here, and more at peace than at Wraye or Oakenside, or at the Park Lane house, dear to me as all three are. It is because, wherever I am, and whether I am walking or sleeping, I seem to hear voices that call to me for help. Chiefly the voices of women, weak, and faint, and imploring. . . . And they appeal to me, not because I am any wiser, or better, or stronger than others of my sex, but because I am able, through circumstances—and have the wish and the will to aid them. I humbly believe, from God! And if I stayed at home and yielded to the desire for pleasant, easy, delightful ways of living, and bathed my eyes and ears in lovely sights and sounds, I should hear those voices over all, and see with the eyes of my mind the pale, wan, wistful faces that belong to them. And I should know no peace! . . . But here, even if the work I do be insignificant and ineffective, I am working for and with my poor sisters, sick and well. And on the day when I turn back and leave my plough in the furrow, then those voices will have a right to cry to me without ceasing: 'Oh, women! why have you deserted us?—You who might have done so much!'"

She ceased, but the rush and thrill of the words as they had come pouring from her, vibrated yet on the quiet atmosphere of the room.

"You had a pleasant talk, Miss Ada, with Master Robert?" the woman asked

her, turning down the snowy sheet from the pillows, and preparing to leave the room.

"A long, grave talk, Hunsnuggle, even a little sad in places, but pleasant nevertheless. Now go down to supper, for it is eight o'clock."

Hunsnuggle went, having bound up the wealth of her hair into a great silk-en twist, and her mistress knelt at a prie-Dieu beneath an ebony and olive-wood crucifix that hung upon the wall, and said her prayers, and sought her rest. When she slept, less easily and less soundly than usual, she dreamed; and the figure and face of the slight, ruddy-skinned, black-eyed man who had visited the Hospice that day, moved with others across the stage of her vision, and his voice echoed with other voices in the chambers of her sleeping brain.

The Havre packet had not sailed that evening, by reason of a boisterous gale and a great sea, and Dunwoise was spending the evening dismally enough at the T. R. Southampton, where "As you Like It" was being given for the benefit of Miss Arabella Smallsopp, advertised as the "principal London theatres," upon the last night of a Stock Season which had been "a supreme artistic success."

Mr. Hawington Bulph and a Full Company—which collectively and individually looked anything but that—supported the star; and to the fatal sprightliness of the hapless Smallsopp, disguised as the immortal page in a lace collar, drop-earrings, and a short green cotton-velvet ulster, dachsh with ruskin, and adorned down the front with rows of brass buttons not dissimilarly resembling coffin-nails (worn in combination with a Spanish hair-comb and yellow leather top-boots), must be ascribed the violent distaste which one member of the audience did then and there conceive for England's immortal Bard. But ere long his attention strayed from the dingy ill-lit Forest Scene, with a cork-and-quill nightingale warbling away in the flies, as Miss Smallsopp interpolated the pleasing little, "O Sing Again, Sweet Bird of Eve!" and he

ceased to see the dirty boards, where underpiled, underfed, and illiterate actors gesticulated and struttled, and he went back in thought to Ada Merling, and her pure earnest face rose up before his mental vision, and the very sound of her crystal voice was in his ears.

Even as in her troubled dreams, she saw Hector Dunwoise standing before her, with that swift play of his emotions vividly passing in his face; and heard him passionately saying that the hour that saw him broach those tainted stored-up thousands should be for him an hour of branding shame; and that he prayed the dawning of the day that should break upon his completed career of Honor for Wealth, and Rank and Power, might find him lying in his coffin.

And then he yielded—or so it seemed to her, and took the shining money, and the princely diadem offered him by smooth strangers with persuasive courtly voices, and she saw the fateful gold scattered from his reckless hands like yellow dust of pollen from the ripe mimosa-bloom when the thorny trees are bowed and shaken by the gusty winds of Spring.

And then she saw him going to his Coronation, and no nobler or more stately figure moved onwards in the solemn procession of Powers and Dignities, accompanying him through laurel-arched and flower-wreathed and flag-bedecked streets to the Cathedral, where vested and coped and mitred prelates waited to anoint and crown him Prince. And where, amidst the solemn strains of the great organ, the chanting of many voices, and the pealing of silver trumpets, the ceremony had nearly reached its stately close, when the jewelled circlet that should have crowned his temples slipped from the aged Archbishop's venerable, trembling hands and rolled upon the inlaid pavement, shedding diamonds and pearls like dewdrops or tears. . . . And then she saw him lying, amidst wreaths of flowers and tall burning tapers, in a black-draped coffin in the black-hung nave. And a tall man and a beautiful

woman leaned over the death-white face with the sealed, sunk eyes, smiling lustfully in each other's. And she awakened at the chime of her silver clock in her quiet room; and it was dark, and the lamp-lighter was kindling the street-lamps, and she must rise and prepare for her night's vigil.

It taxed her, for her dream-fraught sleep had not refreshed. But she ministered to her fevered, pain-racked patient with gentle unwearied patience and swift, noiseless tenderness, through the hours that moved in slow procession on to the throning of another day.

Her patient slept at last, and woke as the dawn was breaking, and the watcher refreshed the parched lips with tea, and stirred the banked-up fire to a bright flame, and went to the window and drew up the blinds.

Drab London was mantled white with snow that had fallen in the night-time. And above her roofs and chimneys, wrapped in swandown mantles, glittering with icicles, the dawn came up all Edder and wild and bloody, with tattered banners streaming through the shining lances of a blizzard from the East that shook the window-panes like a desperate charge of cavalry, and screamed as wounded horses do, frenzied with pain and terror amidst the sounds and sights of dreadful War.

XXI.

BETWEEN Dullingsstoke Junction and the village town of Market Drowning in Sloughshire, lay some ten miles of hard, level highway, engineered and made in the stark days of old by stalwart Romans who, ignorant of steam-rollers and road-engines as they were, knew as little of the meaning of the word Impossibility.

One of those ancient road-making warriors might have approved the fine height and shapely form of a soldier who marched at ease along the highway, wearing, with a smart and gallant air, the blue, white-faced full-dress uniform of a trooper in Her Majesty's Hundredth Regiment of Lancers, without the sword

and the plumed head-dress of blue cloth and shiny black leather, which a forage-cap—of the mullin pattern more recently approved by Government—replaced.

He walked at a brisk marching pace, and, in spite of the tightness of his clothes, broke into a run at times to quicken his circulation. For, though greatcoats were supplied at the public expense to Great Britain's martial sons; so many penalties, pains, and stoppages attended on the slightest damage to the sacred garment, that in nine cases out of ten the soldier of the era preferred to go without. Therefore, the short, tight coat of blue cloth, with the white collar and facings, being inadequate to keep out the piercing cold of the frosty February day, this soldier bent his elbows against his sides, as he ran, and thumped his arms upon a broad chest needing no padding. But even as he did this he whistled a cheery tune, and his bright eyes looked ahead as though something pleasant lay waiting at the end of the bleak, cold journey from the military depot town of Spurham, thirty miles away; and the handsome mouth under the soldierly moustache, that was, like its owner's abundant curly hair, of strong, dark red, and curled up on either side towards such a pair of side-whiskers as few women, at that hirsute period, could look upon unmoved—wore a smile that was very pleasant.

"It's not a pretty view!" he said aloud, breaking off in the middle of "Vilkins and his Dinah" to criticize the landscape. "A man would need have queer taste to call it even cheerful, particularly in the winter-time! and yet I wouldn't swap it for the Bay o' Naples, with a volcano spouting fire, and dancing villagers a-banging tambourines—or anything else you could offer me out of a Pandora. For why, damme if I know!"

Perhaps the simple reason was that this homely spread of wood and field and fallow stretching away into the hazy distance, its trees still leafy in the sheltered hollows, bare where the fierce winds of winter had wreaked their bitter will, had been familiar to the soldier

from his earliest years. Upon his left hand, uplands whereon the plough-teams were already moving, climbed to a cold sky of speedwell-blue; and couch-grasses burned before the fanning wind, their slanting columns of pungent-smelling smoke clinging to the brown furrows before they rose and thinned and vanished in the upper atmosphere. Sparrows, starlings, jackdaws, finches and rooks followed the travelling plough-share, settled in flocks or rose in beaks, their shrill cries mingling with the jingle of the harness or the crack of the ploughman's whip. And upon the right hand of the man to whom these sights and sounds were dear and welcome, rolled the Drowse; often unseen; returning into vision through recurring gaps in hedges; glimpsed between breasting slopes of park-land, silently flowing through its deep muddy channel between immemorial woods where England's Alfred hunted the boar, speared the wolf, and slew the red deer.

Silvery-blue in summer, turbidly brown in autumn, in winter leaden-grey, in spring jade-green, as now when, although the floods of February had in some degree abated, wide, shallow, ice-bordered pools remained upon the low-lying river-meadows, and rows of knee-deep willows, marking the course of unseen banks, lifted bristling hands to the chilly skies, while corn-ribs on the upper levels were so honey-combed with holes of rats that had abandoned their submerged dwellings, that in contemplation of them the tramping soldier ceased to whistle, and pushed along in silence for at least a quarter of a mile before his whistle. "Vilkins and his Dinah," got the upper hand, and broke out again.

The popular melody was in full blast when the piercing wailing of a distant train, accompanied by a clatter that grew upon the ear, stopped short, began again after a pause, and thinned

out into silence; told the wayfarer that the London down-train had entered the junction he had left behind him, disembarked its load of passengers, and gone upon its way.

And presently, with a rattle and clatter of iron-shod hoofs, and a jingle of silver-mounted harness, a scarlet mail-coach of the most expensive and showy description, attached to a pair of high-stepping showy blacks, overtook the military pedestrian, bowed past; and suddenly pulled up at the roadside, at an order from a burly, red-faced, turn-up nosed, grey-haired and whiskered elderly man, topped with a low-crowned, curly-brimmed, shiny beaver, and enveloped in a vast and shaggy green coat, who sat beside the snuff-faced, liveried groom who drove, and whom you are to recognize as Thompson Jowell.

"Now then, Josh Horrobin, my fine fellow!" The great Contractor, being in a genial mood, was pleased to bend from his high pedestal and condescend, with this mere being of common clay, even to jesting. "How goes the world with you? And how far have you got, young man, on the road that ends in a crimson silk sack and a pair o' gold-lace epaulettes?"

"Whv, not yet so far, Mr. Jowell, sir," returned the cavalryman with cheerful equanimity. "that I can show you even a Corporal's stripe upon my sleeve."

"And damme! young Josh, you take it uncommonly coolly?" said Thompson Jowell, puffing out his large cheeks over the untanned collar of the shaggy coat, and frowning imperially.

"Where's your proper pride, hev? Where's your ambition? What's become of your enthusiasm, and earnestness, and ardor for a British soldier's glorious career? I'm ashamed of you, Horrobin! What the devil do you mean?"

"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the May

issue of MacLean's Magazine.



The Last Patrol

In March MacLean's we published "Pilots of the Night" a vivid sketch of a night railway journey, by Alan Sullivan. Herewith is presented another article by the same author. It is a true record compiled from the reports of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. No more heroic deeds exist than those which are narrated actually in these records. We are indebted to Harper's Weekly for permission to republish the narrative.

By Alan Sullivan

FITZGERALD'S patrol was due in Dawson on February the 1st. After three weeks of storm and cold the Indian Esau arrived, saying that he had left Fitzgerald on January the 1st, at Mountain Creek, twenty days' easy traveling from Dawson.

Thereupon Snyder, commanding B division of the Yukon, thought hard, and telegraphed to Perry, Commissioner at Regina, via Eagle, Valdes, and wireless.

Perry's answer halted, for the wires went down under the weight of winter winds. But, when it did arrive, Dempster's patrol pulled out for Fort McPherson on the very same day. With him were Constable Fyfe, ex-Constable Turner, Indian Charles Stewart, and three teams of five dogs each.

Three weeks later Dempster, having tramped four hundred and fifty miles,

was swinging down the Peel River. His eyes, roving restlessly, picked up an old snowshoe trail. Turning sharply, he followed it up the steep bank and pushed his way into a clump of ground willows. There he stopped, stared hard and long, and stooped over something that broke the smooth curves of drifting snow.

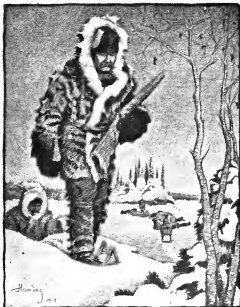
From Fort McPherson south-west to Dawson as the crow flies is three hundred and fifty miles. As man walks it is five hundred. As water runs it is a good deal more. Inspector Fitzgerald told Corporal Somers that it was just about thirty-five days, and, as you will see, Somers had reason to remember that just three months later.

Fitzgerald's orders were very brief. He was to patrol to Dawson in the winter of 1910-11. Thus wrote the Commissioner in Regina to the Comptroller

in Ottawa, the summer before. There was nothing unusual about it. The Mounted Police were threading the wilderness everywhere.

So Fitzgerald gathered in Constables

pounds of fish for the fifteen train-dogs. In other words, he allowed two and one-quarter pounds of food per man per day, which is less than the sub-arctic standard ration. It was to be a record



He stopped and stooped over something that broke the smooth curves of drifting snow.

Kinney and Taylor, and Special Constable Carter, who had made the trip once, from the other end, four years before. Also he requisitioned, to be exact, twelve hundred and fifty-six pounds of supplies. These included nine hundred

patrol. Every pound of weight was a handicap.

Now the recognized route is up the Peel a hundred miles, across the big bend eighty more, hit the Peel again, then turn up through the Big Wind in-

to the Little Wind River, till you strike Forrest Creek. This takes you by way of Mountain Creek to the gunt backbone of the big divide. Here the waters on your left hand flow into Bering Sea and on your right into the Arctic. Once over the big divide you strike Wolf Creek, then down hill, across the glaciers, the Little Hart River and Christmas Creek and the Blaine ketone. These are Yukon waters. All of this sounds geographic. In winter-time in the North, it is something more, for here geography is vital and insistent.

On December the 21st, which was a Wednesday, a pygmy caravan swung out on the broad expanse of the Peel. Three men, three dogs teams one man—that was the order of going. The wind was strong and the cold was bitter. Fifty-one below on the tenth day—you have the figures in Fitzgerald's diary for it. Half-way over the eighty-mile portage is Caribou Born Mountain. Eighteen hundred feet above the stark wilderness its shoulders, mantled with great drifts, plas-

tered with ice, searched and harried by every wind that lifts across these speechless wastes. The trail clings to its bleak flanks; and over the trail toiled Fitzgerald's patrol.

What shall be said of the trail to you who know it not? The air is tense and sharp, it almost rings. The nights are luminous with ghostly fires that palpitate through the sparkling zenith. The days are full of aching destroying, indomitable effort, when the body summons all its powers to live under the weight of arctic frosts. And through the body run the pain and torture of burning sinews and scorched night, till the innermost essence of courage and fortitude and contempt of death rise up to laugh out in these silences. Here the soul of a man shouts aloud, for life is terrible and fierce.

On January the 8th, on Little Wind River, it was sixty-four below, with a strong head wind. A day or two before the temperature was the same, and Fitzgerald records some slight frost-bites. What eloquence of brevity!



The Indian Esau Arrived

Then began the search for Forrest Creek, that led to the big divide. It will be remembered that Carter had come from Dawson once, but he had come north. There was a vast difference. In between times he had been roaming the sub-arctic, and, with the exception of a few gaunt landmarks, the great ridges and plains of the Yukon district are like brothers all. There was also the map that Darrel drew the summer before. But Darrel was on his way in a canoe from La Pierre House, near the Alaskan frontier, to the Red River, south of Winnipeg. This was a matter of some three thousand miles. So he was in a hurry and did not spend much time when he stopped at the Fort, and Fitzgerald was not there to see him draw it and ask questions.

A few days later the inspector pulled up. The Dawson trail was lost. The tributaries of the Little Wind River, among which somewhere lay Forrest Creek, had yielded no clue. Precious days were spent in which dauntless humanity had braved the double rigor of cold and a gradually increasing hunger. In these latitudes the body cries out for food. Its demand is primordial and relentless, and what the body receives it almost instantly transmutes into strength and bodily warmth, into an inward glow to fortify it against the death that otherwise is sure. In the north to be hungry is to be cold, and to be cold is to invite the end.

All this Fitzgerald knew, and yet, when his lean brigade faced backward on the trail, there was left of the provisions only ten pounds of bacon, eight pounds of flour, and some dried fish, the latter for the dogs. The delay was the price of his contempt for hardship and danger. But you must know that hunger and cold were no strangers to the police. They met and grappled yearly with no quarter asked.

On the seventeenth of January began the retreat of beaten men. Who shall say what thoughts animated them, moving like specks, infinitesimally small, over a blank and measureless

expanse? With nightfall came the first tragedy. The first train-dog was killed.

Now the dog of the north is cousin to the wolf and kindred to the fox. He is very wise and his teeth are very sharp. But here, more than in all the world, he is the friend and servant of man. By the trail you will know him, when his shoulders jam tight into the collar and his lanky sides break into ripples with the play of tireless muscles underneath. Man may at times kill man, but not, save in the last extremity, may man kill dog.

Fitzgerald's ax fell. There was a quick twitching of sinews and a snarling from the fourteen comrades of the trace. Then something older than man himself rose in them and they drew back from the gory fragments of their brother. Their bellies were empty, their eyes glanced shifty and winking at their masters. Insensate hunger was assailing their entrails, but dog would not eat dog.

Thus continued the agonizing march. Their bodies lacking natural food, began slowly to capitulate their outposts to the frost. Gray patches appeared on faces and arms and there was no rush of warm blood to repel the invader. Day by day with dwindling strength these indomitable souls fought on, giving of themselves to the fight, but day by day having less to give. That is the great drama of the North. It demands, it seizes, it usurps; but, for itself, it does nothing but wait. It clozes in little by little, by day and night, always waiting and always taking, till, after a little moment of its eternal silence, it has taken everything.

By February the 5th many things had happened. The dauntless four had travelled about two hundred miles on dog-meat. The river ice was weighed down with its burden of snow, and both Carter and Taylor had plunged through into numbing waters while the temperature was fifty-five below. The human organism shrank from its savage portion of canine flesh. The skin began to split and peel and

blacken. The tissues of their bodies shrank and contracted closer and closer round hearts that still beat defiantly. Feet and hands began to freeze, and ominous gray patches mottled their high cheek-bones that stood out sharply from hollow faces.

When and where Taylor and Kinney dropped behind is the secret of the North. But soon after the fifth a morning came when they did not break camp with the others, and the fort was only thirty-five miles away. The parting must have been brief. Then, in the gray of the arctic morning, Fitzgerald and Carter summoned their last reserves of fulling strength and staggered on for help.

The day waxed and waned in the little camp and all around closed in the stark and stinging wilderness. Food there was none. By now the organs of the body, lacking sustenance, had turned upon each other to destroy. Hunger had changed from a dull pain to a fierce gnawing and snatching at the vitals. With cracked fingers they chopped at a moose hide and boiled the fragments. But their stomachs, which recoiled to the backbone, refused to harbor it. So beneath the Alaska robes they lay and waited.

Taylor spoke. There came no answer. He looked into Kinney's face. It stared up blankly and the hardening body did not yield to his touch. The comrade of the trail had changed places with Death—with a new bed-fellow from whose chill embrace he he struggled weakly to escape.

Strange visions came in to his mind; thoughts of running water and warm weather and bronzed men sitting round big camp-fires telling stories of patrols. And the most interesting of all was about the Dawson patrol that broke the record from Fort McPherson under Fitzgerald. Just as he was setting a light from the next man his elbow touched something, and, turning, he saw a corpse that looked like Kinney. He thrust out a hand and it encountered something cold. So his eyes traveled slowly till they saw Kinney's face, and it was gray with frost. The fire

went out. The men stopped talking. All at once he heard something coming through the underbrush. It was strangely difficult to move, for he was still very sleepy, but he did manage to get hold of his carbine. Then something lurched toward him, lumbering and dreadful, and he pointed the carbine straight at its crimson, dripping mouth, and crooked his finger.

A shot rang out, sudden and sharp. It rolled from the little camp, through the scant timber fringing the river-bank, up into the motionless atmosphere and toward the diamond-pointed stars. There was no one left to hear it. But Christ is wise and merciful, and He understood how it was that Taylor lay with the top of his head blown off, beside his comrade of the trail.

The price was not yet paid; the North demanded full tribute. Ten miles nearer home, twenty-five miles from the cheer and warmth of Fort McPherson, it was paid in full. Ex-Constable Carter lay on his back, with folded hands and a handkerchief over his face. Beside him crouched Fitzgerald, battling for life. His stiffening fingers wrote laboriously with a charred stick on a scrap of paper. His stricken eyes moved from it to the still figure, then back to his writing. "All money in despatch-bag and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my beloved mother." It was all very clear and plain. Then, as the ultimate distress seized him, he added, "God bless all."

He was now conscious that it was left for him to balance the account. The physical struggle was ended. There remained only the mental anguish. So Fitzgerald must have summoned to his aid all the heroic traditions, all the magnificent discipline of the service. He faced the end like a soldier and an officer, without rancor, fear, or complaint. He gave himself, all of himself, to that baptism of mortality with which the vast spaces of this silent country are being redeemed.

Winds blew. Snow fell. The hollow caverns of the North emptied themselves of storm and blizzard. And after weeks of silence came Dempster.

He had searched Forest Creek, but found no sign. Little Wind River did not speak of the vanished brigade. The Big Wind had no word of them save deserted camps and the black heaves of dead fires. Caribou Born Mountain held its peace, for they were not there, but the sign came when the Peel began to broaden to the Arctic.

First, a despatch-bag in Old Collin's lonely cabin; then a tent and a stove; then dog-harness from which had been cut all hair, and hide that might retain anything of nourishment. Thus grew the tokens that tightened the cords round Dempster's breast and chilled the hot blood pumping through his heart.

And, at the end of it all, two rigid forms beneath their sleeping-bags. The face of one blue and blighted, painted with all the fearful coloring of frozen death. The other no longer the face of a man.

A few miles farther on, their brothers of the trail, the hands of one cross-

ed, his eyes decently closed and covered. Beside him the lost leader, the last to die.

Race now with Dempster to Fort McPherson, only twenty-five miles away. Call Corporal Somers and make with him the last short journey that brought Fitzgerald's patrol back home again. Stand and watch the three Indians dig a great grave in the iron earth. Listen to Whitaker, English Church missionary, speaking trembling words over the four rough coffins. Guard your ears while the red flames leap and the echoes crash from the rifles of the firing party. And, when you have done all this, do one thing more: Remember that while the wilderness endures there will also endure those to whom its terrors are but an invitation; those who will meet its last demands with the calm cognizance that mocks at danger.

Brothers of the pack-strap and the saddle—well-tried comrades of the trail—sojourners in silent places—honor to the Service and to you all!

In The Garret

Cold, is it? Maybe so. I'm used to it.
(But chillier still the notice—"Please remit")
Why do I do it? Why do birds sing?
And night stars shine and flowers fling
Their fragrance to a quiet world at night?—
Ah, if you knew one thought of the delight
Pulsing the veins, when one's whole being throbs
With ecstasy, like laughter amid sobs!

Joys? There are many. Sorrows? Maybe, too.—
She dwells not here—and I am glad, 'tis true—
But oft she comes with violets in her hair,
And lingers lovingly about my chair,
And her warm fingers flit o'er mine, so cold!
And, then, ah, then—my life holds wealth untold!

—Amy E. Campbell.

The Escape

This story might be said to carry a moral. Opinion may differ on the question; it is largely a matter of viewpoint. But be that as it may, the story is a wholesome one, touching ordinary home life, and the reading of it cannot but prove helpful and stimulating. And in most instances the result should make for more rational living and real contentment.

By Annie Steger Winston

THE substantial form of Mrs. Mike disappeared through the door of the small dining-room, and the master of the house looked at his wife, facing him at the table.

"As the countryman said when he saw the giraffe," he remarked with impressive slowness, "there ain't no sich critter!"

Yet Mrs. Mike, reappearing with a plate of irreproachable griddlecakes, was, to outward view, ordinary enough; a rather more than middle-aged woman, with flat bands of hair about a face carved with honest wrinkles, and a broad wedding ring upon a large, servicable hand. Only, perhaps, the way she paused—palms comfortably planted upon her hips—and watched with benevolent patronage their enjoyment of the fruits of her skill, was not strictly the way of a first-class servant.

But first-class servants—"servants" of any sort in fact—were not to be found in Steel City, except, of course, in "Millionaire Row." There was only help—so-called. Until now, the undeniable witfulness with which young Mrs. White would look toward the magnificent region around the corner from their own modest street was not alone because of her husband's so far futile hope of finding scope there for his art, but because there was no "help" there—no naive blonde casually requesting, in broken English, the loan of her employer's tooth-brush; no breezy, red-armed young commotriot whom one must address as "Miss," and admit to a share

in the conversation, as she waits around the table.

"I hate the very name of 'help'!" she confessed once to her husband, in a moment of unwonted irritation.

"Blind Southern prejudice!" he assured her, with his unfeeling cheerfulness. It was in Norfolk, Virginia, that they had married, the winter before, upon the strength of his prospects. Had he not studied mural painting, with conspicuous success, under the best masters at home and abroad. And what mattered a little poverty—together?

"Help," he went on, "is a beautiful word for a beautiful idea—service without servility, community of effort and interest upon the part of employer and employee."

"It is," she agreed—"a beautiful idea!"

She was more than half ashamed of the cynicism of her own tone. But how could he know the effort required to have things tolerably comfortable? Dear as it was to him, if he only would not be so absurdly obstinate in not letting her do her own work!

That was before Mrs. Mike came.

He pushed his chair back from the table.

"There's simply no end to the poetry of American life, if you have eyes to see it. Take the careers of half the magnates around the corner there—"

"Or supposed to be," she said. "They seem to be true birds of paradise in keeping continually on the wing. Have

you heard when Thomas M. Kennedy will be back?"

Nobody ever gave that great, much less than the full name which was so mighty a power in the business world.

"No," he answered, and swept on.

"Take him, for example. It hasn't been a dozen years, all told, since he was in the 'poor but honest' class; and now—! Take the titanic youth of this place, itself. Look at that street of palaces, risen in a night, as it were—like an exhalation," as old Milton says. He smiled a little ruefully.

"Painting and all complete, I suppose, from the hands of the geni." "

"Places like those," she said, with the practicality she was learning at Steel City, "never are complete, to people who don't know what to do with their money. And 'Thomas M. Kennedy's' certainly isn't, stupendously splendid as it is. I saw in the paper yesterday that his object in going abroad was to buy old tapestry and pictures and cathedral glass and fifteenth-century Venetian furniture and staircases. But one thing he can't buy and bring home with him, and that is the painting of his walls to harmonize with it all. And so it is with the rest of them. If there was just any way in the world of getting in with those people enough to show what you can do!"

But how was that possible? One palace was divided from another palace by a great gulf of strangeness, and how much more from the little jig-saw cottages around the corner? The cottages might echo the boast current in Steel City that Elm Avenue was the most magnificent avenue in America, but how could the palaces be expected to do more than to forgive—and forget—the proximity of the cottages?

Not that they were not nice cottages enough, in a modest way. Mrs. Mike, when she applied for the place of help, in answer to their advertisement, fairly gloated with approval as she scanned the premises.

"'Twas just such a snug little place I went to housekeeping in when I was married," she said—"out in Iowa. You couldn't swing a cat around in a room in the house, no more than this. And

as for furniture—how much of it was made of packing-boxes, at first, you wouldn't believe!" Her frankly scrutinizing glance passed to Mrs. White—who could well stand scrutiny.

"Why don't you do your own work?" she asked.

"My husband won't let me," the mistress of the house replied with meekness. There was small fear now that she would not be as proprietress as the haughty help could demand, if there was any sign of competence. And competence, with Mrs. Mike, was stamped upon every lineament.

"Work never hurt anybody yet!" said Mrs. Mike stoutly. "But I know house-bands!"

A profundity of problematical meaning was in her tone.

"You are slender built, but you don't look sickly," she resumed. "Still, I don't suppose you was brought up to work, and that makes a difference. But, let me! If I had a nice little cottage like this to fuss over—"

It was not until she had gone, with the understanding that she would return in the morning, with her box, that it occurred to Mrs. White that she herself had asked no questions whatever, except, rather tremulously, what wages would be expected.

"I guess I can be satisfied with what you have been paying," Mrs. Mike responded. And so it proved.

"She actually seems to like us!" Mrs. White joyously confided to her husband. (1)

About a perfect treasure, it behooves one to step carefully. What if she still knew nothing whatever of Mrs. Mike, except through her own singularly fragmentary bursts of confidence?

"Save your soap-wrappers," she advised Mrs. White. "You can get lots of tins and things for them. Once I got a chiny tea-set, with gold bands and moss roses. I've got a piece or two put away now at the house."

"At the house?" Mrs. White interrogated.

Mrs. White took up her broom. "Where I was before I came here," she said, in a tone which invited no further question.

"I wonder where she could have come from?" Mrs. White mused afterwards. "It doesn't matter in the least," stoutly affirmed her husband, "so long as she is here!"

She came, she stayed, and was to all appearance satisfied. Nay, even unmistakably pleased and eager to please.

"It's been hard for her to get a place—or to keep it," Mrs. White shrewdly divined. "But whatever the objection to her is, I don't want to know it!"

Yet the inevitable happened. She could not help watching Mrs. Mike with more or less—not of suspicion ("I know she's good," she would say), but of uncertainty.

"Doesn't she strike you sometimes as a little curious?" she asked her husband.

"Tolerably curious about us, in a friendly way, if you mean that," he admitted. "She stands over me, broom in hand, when I'm at work, and catechises me about myself and my plans."

"She's made me tell her every secret of my soul!" Mrs. White exclaimed. "But I don't mean that. Isn't there something about her just a little—singular? I suppose, out here, it's nothing for her to speak of us as her 'young people,' and join in conversation at the table; I'm just eating for anything like that; but—"

"She is singular only in her perfections, so far as I can see," he maintained. "In fact, I think she is remarkably commonplace—if the commonplace can be remarkable. She is normal to the point of abnormality—a walking type—"

"But the way she glows!"

"Glow?" he questioned.

"And over the strangest things! Over the pots and pans of the kitchen—a dish towel, a gingham apron, a feather duster! But the really touching thing is the way she admires our living-room furniture. Of course, dear, you know I'm not complaining. Anything will do now, when we are just starting out. It won't make a particle of difference, after we get our old mahogany, that we had to put up first with cheap, shiny things, reeking with newness. Only, it is funny and pathetic to see her stand before

them, lost in wistful admiration. 'They look so nice and new!' she was saying this morning. 'I can't abide old things. Out in Iowa—' and then she stopped and sighed. It's perfectly evident that she's seen better days."

No enlightenment as to her past came from Mrs. Mike. But her present, at any rate, was all that could be desired, unless perhaps

"She doesn't do the smallest thing in a perfunctory way," Mrs. White said to her husband.

He replied to a note in her voice. "You don't want her to be perfunctory, do you?"

"No," she said; "but still—"

"Out with it!" he commanded.

"When it comes to kissing a broom—"

He looked at her stupidly, though he was not a stupid man.

"Kissing a—?"

"Broom." The handle of the one she sweeps with every day. I saw her do it, though she didn't know I did. Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think," he said dryly, "that it was an act wholly consonant with decency and morality."

Yet he too was plainly puzzled—to say the least of it.

"I can't help wondering if she's exactly safe," she said, another day.

He lowered his newspaper, which he was reading by the lighted lamp, and looked across the shiny centre table so admired by Mrs. Mike.

"Don't borrow trouble, little woman," he said, more scantly than was his wont. "We'll have some, without borrowing, if things keep on this way. And I don't see what's going to change them."

She dropped her sewing into her lap. "George," she said, "there's no use talking. I'm going to do my own work!"

"And right you are!" approved Mrs. Mike from the doorway, so unexpectedly that they started. "Right you are—if you are able. That's not for me to say. All I know is that when you take me and coop me up with nothing to do, it's next door to killing me. If I hadn't

taken my chance, and escaped when I did!"

"(You see?" said Mrs. White's eyes.)—"I don't know what would have become of me! But I've had a real good rest this month and a half, and now I'm ready to go back. Any way, I've got to—and I was that I was coming to tell you. But you needn't think you've seen the last of me."

"We don't want to lose sight of you," Mrs. White hastened to assure her. "You've been so good, and such a comfort! And if there's ever anything we can do for you—"

A vague intention was forming in her mind of gladdening the simple heart of Mrs. Mike with the furniture she admired, when they should be able to discard it. Though, of course, in an institution—

"Whatever I can do for you and him," responded Mrs. Mike heartily, "you can count on, sure. And I haven't got any idea in the world of letting you lose sight of me. I haven't got too many friends. Seemed like I'd die of loneliness, almost, after my husband left me!"

Poor Mrs. Mike! "Your husband left you?" said Mrs. White gently. "Was it that that preyed on your mind?"

"I made him do it," replied Mrs. Mike, with disappointing coolness.

The Eyesight and Waning Efficiency

A large percentage of the workmen whose efficiency decreases with middle age owe their declining earning powers to their eyes. Most persons experience a change in vision after they pass their fortieth birthday, the common trouble being an increasing tendency toward farsightedness. In not a few manufacturing plants there is an organized inspection of eyes. In the best developed systems the eyes of all employees are examined by a skilled specialist. The more common practice, and an effective one, is to insist upon an examination when a superintendent or foreman finds reason to suspect that something is wrong with the eyes. It is not uncommon to see a workman holding a blueprint or a piece of work far from him in order to see it better. Such a condition naturally slows up the man. Clear vision is a large asset, especially where work requiring precision is involved.

"What preyed on my mind, if you choose to put it that way, was that house, with everything going on in it like clockwork, and me sitting there with my hands folded in my lap and pins and needles in my very soul! Many's the day I've felt that nothing would save my reason but a broom and a dust-ran. I was like something hanging up with all its roots out of the ground, just fainting and furnishing. Let them have waiting on that like it. Give me a chance to get my blood up with good honest work, and I ask no better! But there's Mike," she said, and sighed.

Then she smiled a little. "Think of anybody's trying to please me by building a palace fit for a queen, and expecting me to live in it like a wax dummy, not lifting a finger! And I'll do it; too—for Mike. When he gets back, next week, he's got to find me there."

"Is he—?" said they together, recovering voice.

But Mrs. Mike was absorbed in her own reflections.

"I'll stay there, if it kills me—with a French maid to button my shoes for me! I won't say a word against it if he buys Egyptian mummies to put in it! A better man don't walk this earth than Thomas Michael Kennedy!"



A motor party snapped "on the road."

What the Motor Shows are Doing for Canada

This article is not merely descriptive of Canadian motor shows. It strikes a deeper and more significant phase of the motor situation. In the larger sense, what are motor shows doing for Canada? That is the underlying thought. And more than that even, how are Canadians being benefited? The question in all its interesting aspects is herein discussed by a leading writer on motor subjects.

By Main Johnson

When nearly 90,000 people visit the Toronto Automobile Show during its nine days run, and when attendances equally good in comparison are recorded at the other Canadian motor shows in such places as Montreal, Ottawa, London, Winnipeg and Vancouver, it seems scarcely necessary to ask whether exhibitions of this kind are worth while. Some sceptics, however, still survive, and still "want to be shown." Moreover, the very success of the automobile show idea increases the importance of the subject and makes it advisable to attempt an analysis of the benefits coming from the institution.

The evidence, if carefully sifted, bears out the contention that motor shows are good both for the seller of a car, and for the buyer or prospective purchaser. The trade, for example, gets the benefit of the tremendous amount of advertising generated by the show. To say nothing of the outside publicity, the chief advertising asset is the show itself. The automobile is one of the leading, modern, up-to-the-minute features of life to-day, and the automobile show has taken upon itself the responsibility of living up to the reputation of the product it exhibits. It is the embodiment of the modern spirit,

activity and initiative. It is made attractive enough to provide an amusement Maccs for the whole community, and to place the motor car in the most alluring light. Money is not stinted for decorations. A giant waterfall is built, and real water tumbles down genuine, moss-covered rocks. Steep, grassy slopes are crowned with young apple trees in the full charm of the time of blossoming; canaries sing songs except when their voices are drowned out by a regimental brass band, and by an orchestra of stylish young ladies especially imported from Boston Town. Electric lights beyond competition make the scene as gay and bright as an out-door fête in Italy, and flowers are as common as at a Mardi Gras festival.

Brilliant as is the spectacle, it does not overshadow the real centre of interest in the show, the automobile itself. The visitor is amazed at the multitude and variety of the cars displayed. He sees tens and tens of models in the one line of gasoline passenger vehicles: he

sees the increased number and attractiveness of the electric. He examines at close range, the commercial end of the business, represented by a light American parcel-post delivery wagon, and, at the other extreme, by a ten-ton truck with its heavy, efficient mechanism and its divided wheels. He sees the number of accessories and side lines that have accompanied the growth of the automobile industry, the tires, the oils, the oil-storage systems, the chains, the trimmings, the lighting and ignition specialties, the autometers and speedometers, the tire fillers, the carpets and the magazines. He sees all this, and, if he is a normal man, he will be astounded at the display, and will say in his heart, "This automobile business is far more wonderful even than I thought it was. I am out of touch with things if I haven't a car of some sort." Such a man (and the auto shows are developing the type all the time), besides thinking what is very sensible, is in a state of mind which is a decided asset to the



Scene at the recent Motor Show at Toronto.

dealer who, during the evening, suggests that he should buy a car.

Special lines of cars are greatly benefited by the shows. Take the electric, for example. For some reason or other, the electric vehicle has not had the sale in Canada that it deserves. Not that there are only a few in use; the aggregate sales have been considerable, but compared with the business done in American cities, the record for the electric in this country is too low. In this, as in most cases, it is largely a matter of education, and the automobile show, as an educational institution, is gradually building up a large body of opinion in favor of electric. Results are already apparent. Prospects in the big Canadian cities are much better this spring than ever before, and the electric, as a town car, has begun to come into its own. It isn't as if the growth of the trade in electric was going to hurt the business in the gasoline lines. There is an ever-growing field which is large enough for both, and the prosperity of one branch will, fundamentally, help the other.

Motor cycles were prominent at the exhibitions. In fact, the changes in these models were more pronounced and striking than those in the "legitimate" field of four-wheeled cars. The cycles are becoming neater and neater, and in appearance, more closely approximate the graceful lines of the bicycle. Improvements in the side-car are almost spectacular. Instead of the bare, open, uninviting basket, there are now models with a steel, enclosed compartment, with soft leather seat and back, and with the general picturesque appearance of a closed-in sleigh. The public crowded about these exhibits, and the effect on the business can hardly be over-estimated.

Manufacturers of automobiles are one of the widest awake classes in the business world, but even these modern wizards of making and selling, require stimulus to keep them up to their best work. The motor show is the effective stimulating force that keeps the firms at high speed continuously. Every little while, they know well enough, they have to make a "show-down." They

have to exhibit their product in open market to the public in competition with all their rivals. The full glare of publicity is upon them; defects in their car will be spotted by a foe if not by a friend. Such a period of testing is a blessing to seller and buyer alike.

There is one real drawback to the automobile show, and that is the immobility of the cars. An automobile, in its very essence, is something that moves, and moves well. As far as the shows are concerned, the machines might as well be cripples. At the Toronto Show, one electric firm overcame this difficulty by using part of its space as a runway where they exercised their cars. Of course, they could only drive them slowly, but they at least gave the public an ocular proof that the automobiles could go. It also gave an opportunity to demonstrate the methods of starting, controlling and driving better than with an hour's talking.

Other firms would have done the same thing probably if they had had room. Automobile shows are always crowded for space, but this overcrowding was less at the recent Toronto Show than at any previous year. Next season there is talk of using four buildings at the Exhibition Grounds instead of the two this year. Let us suggest that each firm be allotted enough space to provide even a small runway. Not only would it improve the general space ensemble of the exhibition by adding the attraction of motion, but it would help the public to understand the actual working of a motor-car, and would assist the dealers in making interesting demonstration. It would be harder to do this with a gasoline car than with an electric, or rather it would have been very much harder a couple of years ago. With the modern self-starters, however, and the greater facilities for grading speeds, the difficulties should be lessened. Even if the scheme proved impracticable for gasoline automobiles, its use could certainly be extended to all the electric models.

For the person who wants to buy a car or who has the intention of getting one the moment he is able (and who hasn't such an intention?) it is of the

greatest value to attend the motor shows. He can see all the makes at once. He can go from one car to another, and compare the various features and see the points of each make that appeal to him personally. The ladies in-

gling luxury in the present type of automobile, of the attractive furnishings and of the soft, deep Turkish upholstery. All these qualities they can examine at close range on car after car, and decide which they like best. The men can lift



Decorative features of the Motor Show at Toronto.

interest in the purchase can also go and examine the cars in the most pleasant surroundings. They can examine the details of interest to them. They will have read, for example, of the prevail-

ing the hood and examine the works. They can investigate the electric or other system of self-starters on the gasoline cars; they can see the prevalent types of electric lighting. They and their wives

can compare, one by one, the different body models, and can figure out what color of all those displayed would please them best, the standard black, or the gray, the frolicsome red, or the fashionable yellow shades, or, perhaps the distinguished-looking white car. All this they can settle with the complete evidence before them.

That the public does take a keen interest in the mechanism of a car, besides its mere outward lines, can easily be seen at the shows. A stripped chassis or a working engine invariably attract interested and intelligent spectators. The demonstrator makes a neat, forceful speech, in which he emphasises the unparalleled merits of his particular machine. After the talk is finished, the crowd moves on to another spot, hears a similar lecture, and after one or two more experiences of this sort, really becomes conversant with the mechanical features of the machine, and can adopt a more or less critical attitude toward those they may see in the future.

The people at motor shows all want to own an automobile, and why shouldn't they? The motor car, in its short history, has been growing useful for more and more purposes. The passenger car, used at first exclusively for pleasure, is now a business asset for hundreds of men. They can make more appointments with business associates, and can keep these appointments with greater facility and accuracy than ever before. If they are connected with a manufacturing or wholesale firm, they can run from one branch to another with no delay and with none of the fatigue involved in a street car journey under modern overcrowded conditions. If they are city

travellers, they can double their territory and their sales if they fly from customer to customer in a light runabout. Suburban travellers can adopt the same methods of covering more territory.

As a pleasure car, quite divorced from business, the auto is a valuable boon. The delights of extended tours, of visits to distant friends in your own car, at a speed and at times to suit your own convenience and not that of a railway corporation, have to be experienced to be appreciated. The healthfulness of being in the open country and in the fresh air is also a benefit which will never pass away. A motorist, also, with his facility of transportation, feels the broadening influence of change of scene, and loses the last touch of narrow provincialism. The miracle-auto accomplishes all this.

As for the motor truck, it is a vehicle which challenges the imagination. If its development in the next five years is as rapid as in the last five, the whole system of transportation of goods will be revolutionized. Firms that never thought of a truck five years ago, are enthusiastic users to-day, and as business men study the question more and more thoroughly they come to the confirmed opinion that in most lines of trade, the motor truck is bound to supplant the horse. Before a man makes the change let him estimate every feature of cost, efficiency, time. He can get statistics from other firms in his own line, who will tell what their experience has been. Let him not install trucks blindly, but after convincing demonstration. Proof is easy to obtain, and in most cases it would be proof in favor of the motor truck.



Canadian Public Affairs

In the following contribution Mr. E. W. Thomson argues that the Ottawa Ministry illegally withheld a Redistribution of Representation Act; that this is a necessary preliminary to a general election; that it cannot be proper or wise to persist in attempting to establish the Premier's "Naval Aid" Bill without submitting it to the electorate; that such submission is the more desirable inasmuch as the Bill itself is largely good; and that prompt agreement of both parties on measures to provide coast defence for both Canadian shores is urgently required by those dangers which Canada, as a Realm of the King, plainly incurs through the alarming nature of the European international situation.

By E. W. Thomson

HIS Royal Highness the Governor-General possesses constitutional authority to untangle the "snarl" at Ottawa. It has happened because his Ministers have ignored and therefore violated the British North America Act, Canada's fundamental law. Clause 8 ordains a general census in every tenth year. Clause 5 declares that "on the completion of the census" the Representation of the Provinces shall be readjusted in a specified way. The census of June, 1911, was officially completed on April 30, 1912. Strict regard for our fundamental law required passage of Redistribution Act last year. It is now long overdue. That the Premier would delay the Law was properly assumed by the present writer in "MacLean's" of April, 1912, and again in November last. Mr. Borden did not appear determined in October to prolong defiance of the B. N. A. Act in this important matter. Since then he has intimated that he does not mean to obey it this session. He is free to change his mind, and so put himself right. Persistent disobedience of plain Law is not to be fairly expected of a Prime Minister so honorable, respectable, and respected. Mr. Borden's incessant labors, his much travelling last year, his pre-occupation with his Navy scheme and with his connected design to ascertain clearly whether "Imperial Federation" be feasible in his time—these items may account

for and somewhat excuse his seeming obliviousness to the gravity of his infringement of the B. N. A. Act. Our Royal and most admirable constitutional, unmeddlesome, wise, tactful Governor-General has not been burdened and distracted by immense and confusing labors. His mind is clear from party passions. He cannot but be aware that ruin of Constitutions and Institutions; prevalence of public disorders; usurpation by Dictators, Oligarchies, Aristocracies, Nobles, Autocrats, have commonly begun, not in Mexico and the Latin American countries only, but in Europe ancient and modern, with arbitrary breaches of Law analogous to that of Mr. Borden. This Dominion, like Great Britain, exists under what a great authority defines as "parliamentary government with an hereditary regulative agency"—the Monarch—whose Deputy is here the Governor-General. If King George V. perceived his London Cabinet to be clearly ignoring Law, surely his duty would be to exercise his regulative agency by requiring his Premier to conform to Law or resign. It seems most unfair of Mr. Borden to put H. R. H. in the dilemma of having to share responsibility for a plain breach of the B. N. A. Act, or else dismiss his Premier. It must be presumed that our Governor-General will not shrink from the right constitutional course, in case his patient waiting for the Premier to comply with Law be interpreted by that

gentleman as warranting or approving incessant continuance of its violation.

If such flagrant breach of the Constitution would not accrue to that breach by consideration of the restiveness of the West, and of how that restiveness cannot but be festered by plain, illegal, special injustice to that region. Its heterogeneous population consists largely of immigrants less patient than born-Canadians and other Britons. Their cup of exasperation is full already. In recent debate at Ottawa Western representatives have testified that their constituents cannot sell their grain profitably for lack of that free admission to the U. S. market which they hopefully craved in 1911. It was related that an begonia of proved-up seeders to the Republic is imminent; that farms are generally heavily mortgaged; that agricultural implement dealers cannot collect one-tenth of their dues; that a proper bank-restriction of credit has almost wholly shattered the long boom in town lots and farm lands. Some of us have long familiarly known the West. We remember how great and dangerous political troubles sprang formerly from Hard Times on the prairies. We remember that every item of grievance originating at Ottawa was then urged as reason for disturbance and secession. We who continue to read the Western press see now precisely the former alarming symptoms. They should deeply concern Ontario, because Ontario's prosperity depends largely on tranquility of the huge Western market for Ontario manufactures and other products, and on such Western immigration as has been invariably checked when Western turbulence occurred. To provoke the people there by illegal refusal of a long overdue Redistribution is surely a wanton wickedness likely to engage the whole Dominion in gravest risks.

Let our readers in Ontario calmly consider whether the West, while denied Redistribution, is treated in a way that Ontarians could, were the wrong theirs, calmly endure. Alberta, having now 7 representatives, is entitled to 12 by the census of June, 1911. If Ontar-

io, having now 86, were illegally deprived in like ratio, this Province would be short her just representation by 36 members. Saskatchewan, having now 10 M. P.'s at Ottawa, lacks 6 of her right. Ontario, similarly deprived, would lack 32. The Provinces west of Ontario, having now 35 federal representatives, are entitled to 57, almost 63 per cent. more. If Ontario and the Provinces to her eastward, now collectively having 186 M. P.'s, were similarly shorn, their representation would be 117 short of the due—their M. P.'s would number but 69 at Ottawa. This would be more intolerable to the East if the West were at the same time illegally over-represented, as the East now is by 9 M. P.'s, or a little more than one-twentieth of the legal quota. In illegally refusing Redistribution the Premier entrenches a House in which the East has one M. P. for each 29,340 inhabitants, and the West one for each 49,739. Fair play is here a missing jewel. To allege that Ontarians wish to prolong their illegal advantage would be to credit them with the political arrogance of Mr. Birdfreedom Sawin's, "We air bigger and therefore our rights air bigger'n their'n." If wise Queen Victoria's wise son put up much longer with that sort of thing in his Ministry the lieges may well wonder.

Some Ministerialists say,—“O, but the West could not get its due representation by a Redistribution Act. The B. N. A. Act does not require a general election to follow Redistribution closely. This House of Commons may legally hold on till 1916.” True. But the legal may not be always the moral or practical or constitutional. John S. Ewart, K. C., in “Kingdom Paper No. 11,” quotes Anson's “Law and Custom of the Constitution.” — “When any large change is made in electoral conditions, as in 1852, in 1867-8, and in 1885, it is proper that those new conditions should be put to the test, and the newly enfranchised enjoy their rights at the earliest opportunity.” Upon which Mr. Ewart comments,—“The change effected by the increased population in the West, while not comparable, in one respect, to the changes worked by the

statutes referred to by Mr. Anson, is, in another, more important; for while those statutes added many thousands to the polling list, they did not materially affect the proportionate voting of the various parts of the United Kingdom. The greater significance of our case is that it is precisely the proportions (between East and West) that are affected.” The reasons why the Premier should hasten to Redistribution are two,—(1) the Law requires it; (2) the West cannot get its due representation without Redistribution. A general election, if soon forced, as it may be, on the basis of the census of 1901, would necessarily be followed by Redistribution according to the census of 1911, and then, immediately, by another general election, no matter which party were “in.” To avoid this cursing the country by two elections, with a period of something like business anarchy between them, would surely be the moral duty of the Premier, even if immediate Redistribution were not his plain legal duty. It does not appear conceivable that Mr. Borden, so honorable and so respected by all Canada, so fair as he has shown himself this session on points of order in debate, could be capable of so mean a design as to withhold Redistribution for the very reason that the West cannot get due representation without it, and because, if he were beaten at an early forced election, he might soon have another chance! Would he illegally withhold Redistribution by way of entrenching himself in office through Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reluctance to put the public to the trouble of two elections? Would not such reliance on an adversary be too shabby? I have such respect for the Premier as to believe that he will put himself right soon. It cannot be for that gallant gentleman to imitate the dead-beat tenant who won't pay overdues because he feels that a merciful owner probably won't distress the whole street by forcing Mr. D. B. and his children out into the open!

If the Law did not require immediate Redistribution surely the “Naval Aid Bill” would, in order that this may be submitted as solely as possible for approval or rejection by the electorates. If

it be largely a good measure, as the present writer still inclines to believe it, why risk it at a forced election in which it could not be everywhere the main object of discussion—why? Because at such early forced election, one brought on by Opposition tenacity, the main discussion in the West would probably turn on the impropriety and illegality of the Ministry's refusal to redistribute representation. This would infallibly be regarded by the West as requiring rebuke. Quebec, being ostensibly unaffected by Redistribution, since her representation stands constant at 65, would be, as in last election, free to whack the Borden Navy harder than her majority whacked the Borden proposals of 1911. British Columbia is certainly very susceptible to attraction by Sir Wilfrid's proposal to build and maintain a fleet unit on that Coast. Nova Scotia, and the other eastern Maritime provinces, together with their formidable iron and steel and coal producers, are equally susceptible to his scheme for spending many millions to construct and maintain a similar Unit there. Everywhere those very numerous timid electors who dislike “militarism,” who regard both navy plans as obnoxious, who shun declaring their “anti” sentiments for fear of being reproached or would be enabled to proclaim themselves overloading with horror at Mr. Borden's illegal arbitrary refusal of Redistribution. Hence his Navy Aid Bill might be heavily defeated by “side winds.” Did he lay it aside, hasten to Redistribution, thus put himself right, and himself then promptly call an election on his Naval project, it might be approved on its merits, particularly if he disclosed details of his plan for building cruisers, etc., in Canada. His scheme, once so approved, would be safe from reversal, as it could not possibly be made by forcing it through an unrepresentative House, with a general election sure to come next year. There could be no need for any such forcing had the Ministry accepted the various Opposition tenders for conference intended to harmonize the Laurier and the Borden Navy projects, which could well be fitted togeth-

er. The Premier's three battleships, and Sir Wilfrid's two coast-and-commerce-defence Units could be all alike forwarded under the Laurier Navy Act. As for the alleged profound difference of the two schemes in point of "Imperialism," "Centralisation," "Decentralisation," "Autonomy," "Tribute," and all the rest of that contrary hallelujah, let him that difference excite who can perceive immensity between Tweedledum and Tweedledee! Mr. Borden proposes that Canadian warships shall be continually at the disposal and under the command of the London Government. Sir Wilfrid virtually proposes that they shall be under Ottawa when they are in Canadian waters, and under London whenever they sail the deep, or visit a foreign port, war or no war. This reminds me of a footman's grandiose profession that he is his own master when the Master isn't ordering him. Lord Roseberry, as quoted by Mr. Borden, declared that the Dominions adhere to "a fool's bargain" while they remain liable to be dragged into the United Kingdom's wars. The Premier and Sir Wilfrid alike declare that Canadians will remain ready to lavish their "last man and last drop of blood" in U. K. wars, which is oratorical both.

Mr. John Ewart, K. C., and many other native Canadians, including the present writer, wish to see this country freed from liability to be "dragged" into any war, which wish is entirely consistent with desire to see Canada speedily provided with defensive armaments proportionate to her existing liability to be "dragged" into war, or her possible inclination to engage in war voluntarily. It is not because the Premier proposes to build three battleships in England for Great Britain's defence, but because reinforcement of that defence implies speedy lessening of Canada's liability to be invaded, that the present writer has incurred reproach from some Liberals by contending that the Premier's scheme is, so far as exposed, not bad but good. Mr. Borden indicated, in his introductory speech, that the Admiralty will detach squadrons capable of defending both Canadian coasts, and will maintain them with bases in Brit-

ish Columbia and Nova Scotia, when or soon after Canada shall have placed in England an order for Mr. Borden's three dreadnoughts. Those squadrons would, of course, be supplied with the torpedo and floating-mines apparatus by which the channels of approach to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, St. Lawrence, and British Columbia coast cities, coal mines, settlements, etc., could be promptly closed, did any enemy of Great Britain threaten them. As a military scheme this has the immense merit of supplying a sufficient defence for Canada far more speedily than such defence can be obtained by Sir Wilfrid's proposal that we go undefended until Canada can build and outfit floating armaments. The debate at Ottawa has revealed, with some other valuable information, that the Admiralty maintains constantly, in good order though out of commission, a great many strong ships entirely capable of Canada's defence. Did the Premier reveal an arrangement that a sufficient number of these ships should be immediately stationed for Canada's defence, then his project would seem suitable and sufficient to the needs of the hour. With our coasts so insured Mr. Borden could, if backed by Parliament, hasten to construction of those cruisers, etc., which he designs to build in Canada. Upon their completion Canadian crews and officers, trained in the meantime, could be put in charge, whereupon the King's Old Country squadrons could be relieved from Canadian defence. This military plan would involve no infringement of Canada's real independence. It would consist perfectly with our existing political relation to Great Britain, which the Opposition incessantly declares they wish to preserve intact, which Ministerials allege they wish to conserve pending that "Imperial Federation" for which they long, and which appears to some of us impracticable and undesirable. A Voluntary Union of British self-governing countries exists now. It has become firmer with every increase of independence in the Dominions. The clear inference is that complete independence under the common Crown would imply a Voluntary Union

quite unbreakable, the most perfect kind, such as exists between loving independent brethren of any sound family.

Oppositionists have been coming angrily at the present writer, because of these "Maclean's" articles, with accusations that he affects to believe an emergency existent, one that may produce invasion of Canada, now almost absolutely defenceless alongshore. His reply is that he believes an emergency perfectly evident, and believes that far more emphatically than the Premier appears to, since he does not hasten to direct defence for Nova Scotia and British Columbia. All signs in Europe conjoin to indicate the early outbreak of war, the most tremendous ever waged, primarily between the Germanic and Slavonic peoples, secondarily involving France, Italy, and Great Britain. This situation comes of the downfall of Turkey in Europe before a most valorous union of Slavonic and Greek races. The Balkan Confederation may not immediately insist on possession of Constantinople, but that its leaders do not aim at gaining that immemorably most important strategic place, is perfectly incredible. Closing of the present war will but give them rest to prepare for the inevitable struggle for Constantinople. Russia is at the back of the Balkanians. Germans cannot, or believe they cannot, afford to permit such an extension of Slavonic powers as these plainly design. France is in close alliance with Russia and Great Britain, whose possessions in the Mediterranean and whose route to India would be dangerously flanked did Constantinople and the sea of Marmora fall into virtual control of Slavonic statesmen bent on acquiring naval strength. Germany's great fleet for North Sea service was planned and built while the Turks were supposed capable of holding what they had in Europe. Probably Berlin's strategic purpose in establishing that fleet was to keep England under a sense that it would be hazardous or impossible to send a great fleet by agreement with the Porte such as put England in Egypt, to occupy either Constantinople or strong masking places in the Medi-

terranean or Sea of Marmora. Berlin sought for years to establish firm friendship with the Porte, the Turks were armed with German weapons and trained on the German systems by German instructors; the great Emperor William was as if continually telling the Sultan "Codrin is your friend, not Shoch." His whole game seemingly was to establish German influence in Constantinople, and gradually get such a hold there as England began with in Egypt—a game perfectly consistent with expectation that Turkey would long gradually decay, meantime serving Germany's design. Now the Balkanians have proved that Berlin bet on the wrong horse. Germany, feeling newly insecure against the Slavonic countries, hastens to enormous increase of her land forces, calling on her wealthy classes to prepare kindly for enormous taxation. Because this implies or synchronizes with a "let up" of increase to her Navy, and some seeming rapprochement with England, Liberals at Ottawa contend that Great Britain's and therefore Canada's emergency, has vanished! It has but shifted somewhat. The danger, which essentially resides in the apparent imminence of immense European war, has lately and plainly increased. New European commitments appear probable, with severance of existing ententes or alliances. Diplomatic confusion prevails. There is no telling where ambitious Japan may turn up. All these huge, vague dangers may pass slowly away, but they are now present. Hence it surely is stark madness for Canada's Government to delay provision of sufficient defence for Canadian coasts against raiders from any quarter.

Necessary ships and outfits can be speedily obtained from England's sound reserves of uncommissioned cruisers, etc. Men are said to be lacking. That is only because pay ample to entice men, including many of the trained and discharged, is not offered. By tendering wages appropriate to the service and to the risk of life, Canada can swiftly obtain good crews and officers for all vessels and plant necessary to her coast defence—this without trenching at all on

the human supplies attractable by each pay as the Admiralty offers.

If all this be correct, what a spectacle for Gods and Men do our Ottawa politicians afford! Asleep to imminent danger, risking their country, talking in their sleep about the dream that our political independence may or may not be impaired more by one dilatory scheme than by another! Do our Jingoists never reflect that the electors, in bewildered disgust at incessant blither about "The Empire," may rally overwhelmingly to some statesman who

shall find sense and pluck to invite them to get out of it and all the perils pertaining? Do our half-hearted "Autonomists" never reflect that the electors may, as Mr. Bourassa says, prefer real Jingos to imitation ones? To me it seems that Canadians in general say mentally to the Parties: "A plague on both your houses." Give us defence quickly for Canada as she is. We and our posterity may be trusted to follow our Fathers in taking care that the essentials of Independence shall here be preserved and enhanced."



A MEMORY

A boyish face I met to-day,
Seemed strangely to remind me
Of school-days—over long ago—
And the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

For, through the strain and stress of
years,
Still links of mem'ry bind me
To school-days—scattered far and wide
And the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

In class and fun, with other girls
And boyish friends, you'd find me;
But one had won the favored place—
'Twas the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

And, when I failed to answer right,
His whisper would remind me:
He did my sums; he wrote me notes—
The Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

The snowflake drifts against the pane,
Its chilling breath reminds me
The snow rests on his quiet bed—
My Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

A friendship innocent, unspoiled,
And yet—and yet! I mind me,
A hand found mine beneath the desk—
'Twas the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

And, strolling home one summer eve,
When stars beamed on us kindly,
I found my Boy had grown a Man,
My Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

Brown eyes met blue; with trembling
voice,
He said he would not bind me,
But work for me and wait for me—
Brave Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

And many a lad I've met since then,
But never could I find me,
A knight like my young Galahad,
Like the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

—Freda Ernst.

The Career of "Ralph Connor"

"Is a recent keen passing reference was made in a book review of "Corporal Cameron" to the career of the author "Ralph Connor." The review of the book, however, was in no wise a sketch of the writer. The career of Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon begins with so many points of interest that we have thought it well to present a more extended character sketch in this number. It is written by an intimate friend of Dr. Gordon and contains considerable new matter which will be read with satisfaction by his Canadian admirers.

By Harris L. Adams

A COMPETENT critic, when discussing the writings of Ralph Connor, stated that he had been quite misguided as to the game of poker, and that his description of its mysteries indicated that he had not been to the manner born, and had not succeeded in getting in touch with expert players. The critic, however, added that when our author came to describe a fight he could write both forcibly and accurately—none better. The advocates of heredity would account for this by the traditions of his ancestors, indicated by the possession of his family of the famous Gordon bagpipes, presented to one of his forebears for deeds of prowess on the field of war.

Ralph Connor, the nom de plume of Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D.D., of Winnipeg, is a Presbyterian minister as his father and grandfather were before him, but in his veins runs the blood of a long line of fighting ancestors. A very distant relative of the family was the illustrious General Gordon, popularly known as Chinese Gordon.

The author was born at Indian Lands in the County of Glengarry, which he has made famous by two of his books, "The Man from Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days." When he was a lad the family moved to Harrington, in the County of Oxford, which contains the famous township of Zorra. The name, however, is of Spanish origin,

not Gaelic, as is often supposed. It was presumably one of his father's congregation who, when the Fenian Invasion from the United States was threatened, made the remark: "They may capture Toronto, but they'll no tak Zorra."

After studying at the St. Mary's College Institute and teaching himself for a short time, Gordon came to the University of Toronto. Among his college experiences, probably the one to which Ralph Connor owes most, was the fine classical scholarship of Principal Maurice Hutton from whom he acquired his literary tastes and his philosophical outlook on life and its problems. No one could come in contact as young Gordon did, with George Paxton Young, who has been described as the Prince of Teachers, without deriving great and lasting benefit from his wholesome idealism. To Sir Daniel Wilson may be ascribed his keen historical sense. Though Gordon never was a mathematician yet to the teaching of such master minds as Professor Loudon, afterward President of the University, and Professor Baker, now Dean of the Faculty of Arts, is largely due the habit of clear thinking and close reasoning, which has made him a leader in Church and State. At the University of Toronto, as he was then called, took a leading share in the various College activities, such, for instance, as the Glee Club and Football, and played a distinguished

part in the successful presentation of Antigone.

The constant companion of his student days was his brother, Dr. Gilbert Gordon, a very distinguished physician, and one of the Professors of Trinity University and afterwards of the University of Toronto. The early and lamented death of his brother Gilbert illustrates the old saying, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. In the Gordon family circle, there was many an anxiety over the delicate health of Charlie, whereas Gilbert was the very type of stalwart robustness. Gilbert, the strong one, died in the very prime of life, just as his ambitions were coming into his grasp, a victim of over-zealous devotion to professional duty and overwork.

Charlie, the delicate one, now in addition to his literary work, undertakes the arduous duties of an important metropolitan pastorate, takes charge of the work of several large committees of the church, and performs, in a strenuous Western fashion, his duties as a citizen. In addition he finds time and energy to supervise (as he does very shrewdly) the investment of the immense profits resulting from the sale of his books; and it is alleged, to act as Critic-in-Chief of the Roblin Government and of the methods of Hon. Robert Rogers.

After graduation Dr. Gordon studied at Knox College, then presided over by Principal Caven, and subsequently at Edinburgh. Space will not permit any detailed account of his tour of Europe, and of his visits to every part of Scotland. How accurately he observed, and how vivid his impressions were, his readers well know.

All these formed part in his equipment for his life's work, but more than to any of these, or to all combined, the author owes his literary greatness to the refining influence of a cultured home. His father was a Highland Gentleman, that is not merely a gentleman in the outward manner, but a gentleman by tradition, breeding and instinct. Ralph Connor has left a noble monument of his mother in the Man from Glengarry, and therefore one need not attempt a description of her indescribable beauty of character.

"Happy be
With such a Mother, Faith in woman-kind,
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high.
Comes easy to him."

Next in importance to the part of his mother in the moulding of his character was that of an only sister of cultivated tastes and singular charm. Dr. Gordon was devoted to his sister, who accompanied him during his first visit to Edinburgh. The two often enjoyed together the precious treasures of English literature, especially their Browning, Tennyson and Stevenson, and frequently had many a keen well matched debate on literary themes. Truly her sweet influence often swayed him to her orbit and certainly affected his life and thought.

The untimely death of his lovely sister, Greta, in 1894, during his second visit to Scotland, was a severe blow to Ralph Connor, so keenly felt that the sense of loss and of the awful tragedy of life, gave a tinge to some of his writings.

Such then was the preparation of the man for his life work — a home of unique culture and exceptional refinement, where plain living and high thinking was the rule—excellent educational advantages, the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute in the famous days of William Tytler and his successors, the University of Toronto in the glorious days of McCall and Maurice Hutton, Sir Daniel Wilson, Paxton Young, Leeson and Baker; Knox College under the wise Dr. Caven; Edinburgh, Scotland, and the Continental tour; then the contact with the mountains and the men of the West and with Dr. Robertson, the Missionary Statesman whose Biography is one of his best books, followed by a second visit to Scotland during which Ralph Connor discussed the problems of the Canadian West with the most sagacious statesmen, the ripest scholars and the most successful business men of Scotland.

Shortly after Gordon returned from Scotland he accepted the call of St. Stephens Church, Winnipeg, and threw himself with great energy and vigor into his pastoral work. This church,

which is situated on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, has become one of the most influential in Western Canada. It is characteristic of the man, that he ex-

A few years after going to Winnipeg he married the only daughter of the late Rev. J. M. King, formerly Principal of Manitoba College, who before going to



REV. CHARLES W. GORDON (RALPH CONNOR).

pects the congregation to pay his salary regularly in a business way, but it is well-known that he hands it all back with large additions, to be devoted to the work of the church.

Winnipeg was for many years the honored minister of St. James Square Church, Toronto, to whose services his erudite scholarship attracted many of the more thoughtful of the University

students, including Gordon himself. His love of nature is intense and being an accomplished canoeist, he has seen many of the beautiful rivers and lakes of Canada, which are quite unknown to the ordinary tourist. "Beyond the Marshes" describes a thrilling personal experience of his own in Lake Winnipeg.

His keen interest in athletics, kept up since his college days, helps to make Dr. Gordon a great favorite, especially among the young people of Winnipeg and the West.

Not only does he discharge the work connected with his own congregation, faithfully and efficiently, but he also takes an increasingly important and prominent part in the work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He is Convener of several important committees; and on questions of church policy and statesmanship no voice is more prevailing than that of Dr. Gordon of Winnipeg.

When, for instance, difficulties arose in regard to the Chair of Colonial History at Queen's University, Kingston, endowed by the generosity of one of her most distinguished graduates, Dr. James Douglas, Dr. Gordon was Chairman of the Committee appointed to find a solution, and the matter has been settled along the lines recommended by him. The chair is now ably filled by Professor W. L. Grant, who left a more lucrative position at Oxford to carry on the great work to which his eminent father, Principal Grant, had devoted his life.

Notwithstanding the heavy demands of his pastoral, ecclesiastical, and literary work, Dr. Gordon keeps thoroughly posted on all the great public questions of the time. He has made a special study of the relations of capital and labor. When appointed Chairman of the Board of Conciliation under the Lemieux Act, to deal with the bitter strike in Winnipeg of the Street Railway employees, he succeeded in bringing the warring parties together, and in effecting a settlement along the lines which he himself worked out.

Many of the leading thinkers of Great Britain, who in increasing numbers now visit Canada, make a point of

discussing Imperial problems and Canadian conditions with Dr. Gordon and find that few others have so accurate a knowledge of Canada and its needs, or have thought more profoundly on the problems with which Canada is faced and must solve.

His Alma Mater, Knox College, recognized his work by conferring on him the Doctor's Degree and he was similarly honored by Queen's University. Some years ago Dr. Gordon was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

It is a curious reflection upon the supposed shrewdness of our cousins to the South, that Ralph Connor's first book, which was highly valued in England, was rejected by the United States Publishers, though when his fame became established the sales of pirated editions mounted up to the millions, and publishers eagerly competed for the privilege of printing his next book, "Sky Pilot," in the following year of 1899. Only two years elapsed before the publication of his next book, "The Man from Glenarry," which was followed the next year by "Glenarry School Days." Two years later (1904) appeared "The Prospector," to be followed in 1906 by "The Doctor"; in 1908 by his Biography of Dr. James Robertson and a booklet "The Angel and the Star." Four years ago appeared "The Forecaster" and in 1912 "Corporal Cameron," which contains an adequate tribute to the patriotic work of that splendid body of The North-West Mounted Police, and was discussed in a recent issue of MacLean's as the best seller of the month.

Space will not permit a detailed analysis of his literary work or an estimate of its value. A close study, however, of his productions to date forces the conclusions upon one, that in Ralph Connor we have the promise and potency of a great literary work, which will truly and nobly interpret the voice of the Canadian West, a work which will finely combine the force and robust vigor of "The Man from Glenarry" with the exquisite polish of "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," and do for this present

generation what was so splendidly done for the last, by Charles Mair.

The task is a worthy one, for the time is at hand when the voice of the West will be the voice of Canada and when the voice of Canada will dominate that Great Empire of which we may now, more truly than even in the mighty days of Cromwell, say with Milton in his "Aeropagitica":—

"For as in the body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the sweetest, and the perfect operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the sublimest points of controversy, and new invention, it betoken's us not degenerated, nor dropping

to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of Truth and prosperous virtue, destin'd to become great and honorable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle mousing her mighty mouth, and kindling her undaunted eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."



DISILLUSIONMENT

It has gone!
Out of thine eyes that everless look.
That gave thyself, in love, to me,
—Gave until all my spirit shook
At its poor insufficiency—
Awed—as some little novice pale,
Breathing to Christ her child-white vows
By a new altar's rail.

It has gone. . . I know—dear God—
And having gone, I know—dear God—
It cannot come again. We meet
And smile with rigid lips, or nod.
The wound has dried, but incomplete,
Stealthily changed is life. Alone,
With eyes awe-starved, I crouch beside
My broken altar-stone.

Mary Linda Bradley.

In Safe Hands

There are a number of pivotal points in this story around which the action turns. The general conception, construction and elaboration are excellent, as well befits the work of a leading writer. No small interest is lent to the narrative by the illustrations, also the work of a leading artist.

By Owen Oliver

There was nothing lacking in Ralph Trevor's manner to his sister when he met her at Woodbury Station. Her manner lacked cordiality. She did not speak to him until they had walked through the High Street and come to a little country lane.

"How is he?" she asked then.

"Going on all right," Trevor said.

"What is the injury?"

"Broken arm—concussion of brain."

"How did it happen?"

"Steering-gear went wrong. Car ran into a brick wall. Lane hit the wall. I pitched over it into a heap of mud, and came out safe, but dirty."

"That's how you generally come out of things," Mrs. Hunt observed.

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"You'd better oil your tongue before you talk to Lana. You aren't married to him yet, you know?"

"I presume your telegram means that he intends to ask me?"

Trevor twirled his long mustache, and watched his sister out of the corner of his eyes.

"He thinks that he has asked you already," he said.

Mrs. Hunt stopped walking.

"What do you mean?"

"He has lost all memory of the last three weeks. The doctor says they often do in these cases. They don't recover it, as a rule."

"What do you mean?" his sister asked again.

Her voice was as quiet as before, but her big black eyes had quickened.

"I have supplied him with a mem-

ory." Mrs. Hunt breathed audibly, and her color heightened; but she did not speak. "It includes an engagement to a charming lady. It was made two days before he went for a motor ride—with his future brother-in-law."

"You think I'll be a party to that?" she cried fiercely.

"Yes," said Trevor, quite calmly. "I think so."

"What a scoundrel you are!"

"Generally, yes," he agreed. "Specially, no. I feel that I am benefiting everybody concerned in this particular transaction."

"This particular transaction will never take place," she asserted. "I am going back to the station."

"There's no train for an hour and a half," he remarked suavely; "and I should follow you and make my narration on the platform. You may just as well listen to me here. Allow me to offer you a seat."

He waved to a tree-trunk by the roadside. She sat down; and he leaned against a tree, smoking a cigarette.

"There are three people to benefit," he stated. "Lady first. You've been setting your cap at Lane ever since you left off widow's weeds; so I presume you wish to marry him."

"I must marry someone. I can't starve!"

"There were candidates more eager to supply your daily bread. You appeared to prefer him."

"We will say that the benefit to me is obvious. How about him?"

"How modest we are! I should have thought that his gain was still more



"Unless he gets three thousand pounds within a fortnight he goes to — perdition."

self-evident. You are no doubt aware that you are a particularly good-looking young woman."

"Not so young."

"Twenty-eight last month; and you don't look it. Looks apart, he'd find you a very decent partner. I am convinced, after a long experience, that you are a much nicer person than most people believe."

"After an experience of the same length," said Mrs. Hunt, "I take the opposite view of you."

"Exactly," he agreed, waving the cigarette. "We come to the wicked brother. He is a real bad lot. Unless he gets three thousand pounds within a fortnight, he goes to — perdition!"

"Prison!" Mrs. Hunt almost hissed.

"Perdition is a much nicer word; but

we'll say prison, if you prefer. You can't let me go."

"If I keep you, it will be for our mother's sake, not for yours."

"But a little for your own, as well," suggested Trevor. "Your position in society is none too secure as it is. With your brother gone to — perdition—"

"I wouldn't do this vile thing for my own sake," she cried passionately.

"You may choose your own reasons. I gather that they are sufficient."

"She sat in silence for a time, biting her lips."

"They may be sufficient," she said at length, "if I find that he really wants to marry me; not unless. How did he come to send for me?"

"I took him to the inn after the accident, and got a doctor and a nurse. He

was unconscious for hours. When he came round his memory had stopped at three weeks ago; Saturday afternoon, four forty-five. He had just met you in the park. You were a black-and-white hat. Love notes these little details. You shook hands; and there his memory halts, till he finds himself in bed in the inn. Everything between has gone.

"It may come back."
"The doctor thinks not. Anyhow, he will only know what comes back, and not what doesn't. He can't possibly be sure that there aren't other things which he doesn't recall; tender love-passages, for example."

"You beast!"
"You—beauty! Shall I go on?"
"You may as well, since you've gone so far."

"I relieved the nurse for an hour, and improved my shining hour by asking if I should send for you. You'd be crying your eyes out, I told him. He stared at me, and fairly gasped. 'You mean—?' he said. 'Is that one of the things I don't remember?' I pretended—"

"Stop!" Mrs. Hunt seized her brother's arm fiercely. "Do you mean that he was distressed at the idea?"

"Not a bit," said Trevor coolly. "He was distressed at forgetting the engagement, that's all. He seemed rather—well, rather pleasantly curious about it. He remembered admiring you for a long time, he said, and the idea of proposing to you had been in his mind. I gather that his sister had done her best to put it out. Do you know her?"

"Yes. She looks like a doll; but she has the brains of half a dozen people. She's clever, I warn you!"

"She'll be clever if she stops him now. He quite fancies your coming and fussing over him. Upon my word, a blush becomes you, Edie."

"If I were a man," said Mrs. Hunt, "I think I should horsewhip you! I am going to do this in my own way. I shall tell him plainly that I know that he doesn't remember—"

"Don't be a fool!" Trevor dropped his cigarette.

"And that he must begin again — if he wants to — and not unless."

"Oh!" Trevor laughed. "That's all

right. He'll like you all the better for your coyness, and begin again at once. Upon my word, Edie, I believe you're a fancy for the chap. Well, you'll make a pretty good wife. He'll have something to thank you for."

"Yes," said the woman firmly. "He will. If you have this three thousand from him, you shall never touch another penny of his money through me. I swear it by our dead mother! Not if it is to save you from hanging; and I expect it will come to that. Look at me, and see if I mean it."

Trevor lit a fresh cigarette and smiled.

"Already I see you the haughty wife of the rich squire, and myself the outcast relative," he said with mock plainness. "Well, you're not a bad sort, Edie. I've never done much harm to you, if you remember, old girl. I won't blackmail you. That's a straight promise."

"And you'll never give him any idea of this? But you're not quite so bad as that."

"I really don't know how bad I am," Trevor owned candidly. "But I don't think I'm bad enough to sound on you, Edie."

He put his hand on her shoulder; but she shook it away.

"Don't touch me!" she cried fiercely; and they walked on.

She went straight up to the injured man's room when they reached the inn. The nurse eyed her, and went out quickly.

"My word!" she told the landlady. "She's a beauty! And mighty fond of him, if I'm a judge."

Mrs. Hunt sat down beside the couch. "Ralph has told me that you have forgotten," she said. Her voice trembled.

"Of course you are free."

The sick man smiled at her faintly. "How beautiful you are," he said. "I have been thinking of you; and I don't want to be free. Won't you kiss me?"

"Not now," she cried. "I — when you are well — if you want me then —"

"But if I want you now?" he asked.

"Now that I am ill? Your name is Edith, isn't it, dear? I suppose I called

you that when — when we became engaged? I may, mayn't I?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I — If you want me, I am glad; very truly glad."

II.

Two days later another lady alighted at Woodbury Station — Lane's sister, Mrs. Newcombe. Trevor met her also.



She found Trevor and Mrs. Hunt alone in the inn parlor.

She was little and very fair. She had baby-blue eyes, the most innocent childish smile. Her husband habitually addressed her as "you pretty little humbug," and her brother called her "big sister." When she asked questions, her way was delightfully artless.

Trevor did not like her artless questions; and he liked the questions that she did not ask still less. She made no

allusion to the "engagement," or to Mrs. Hunt. When she met that lady, her manner was that of a very polite child to a perfect stranger with whom it does not propose to make friends.

"We shall have trouble with her," Trevor predicted when she had gone up to the sick-room. Those soft little swindles are the dangerous sort. Well, I

reckon you've got him pretty tight now."

Mrs. Hunt walked over to the window without answering. Her hands clasped and unclasped, as if she alternately grasped something and let go.

Mrs. Newcombe fluttered to the sick man's couch — she always moved like a butterfly flitting — dropped on her knees, and gave him several butterfly kisses.

"Well, baby brother!" she said with a soft laugh. She always called him that, though she was twelve years the younger. "You've got into a mess, as usual, when your big sister isn't looking after you! How did it happen?"

"Trevor says that the steering-gear went wrong, and —"

She put her hand over his mouth, and laughed again.

"Never mind the steering-gear. How did you go wrong?"

They looked at each other.

"I suppose you mean —"

She held up a warning finger.

"Don't try deceiving me, Jack."

"I was engaged to her two days before the accident," he said, like some one who is sticking to a story.

"According to Mr. Trevor — in the days that you don't remember! What a baby you are, Jack! Now, really?"

"I don't remember," she owned. "I was a little surprised, because, after our conversation, I had almost made up my mind to give up the fancy. I did have a liking for her, you know, May."

"No doubt they knew that?"

He sighed.

"I see what you mean, of course. I'll be honest, and own that I didn't quite believe him at first; but after she came, I did—I mean, I do. I'm sure she's a good woman, May."

"You weren't so sure a few weeks ago. Perhaps you remember that."

"Yes, I remember. She seems changed, May. She isn't a bit cold and reserved, as she was then. She's awfully kind to me — you've no idea how kind! I look forward to her coming in, and — I'm ashamed of myself for having any doubts, only —" He paused.

"Only," said his sister, "a little of your memory has come back, eh, baby brother?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"I didn't guess; I made sure. I came down by an early train, got out at the junction, and went to see the doctor. I cross-examined him, like a lawyer's wife. I'd talked it over with Tom, of course, and he made some inquiries. He found out a good deal about Trevor. No, nothing very bad about her. She was a governess, and married for a

home. Her husband was a bad lot; but there's no proof that she assisted him in his villainies. We can trust the doctor. He inclines to my view of the case. He has a very poor opinion of Trevor. I have a poorer."

"You can't think much less of him than I do. But I won't think badly of Edith, whatever the doctor says."

Mrs. Newcombe shrugged herself like a teased child.

"He doesn't say anything against her. She's much too nice-looking to be ill thought of by a man! But I am a woman, baby brother!"

"Do you think so badly of her, May?" he asked wistfully.

Mrs. Newcombe's face grew older, and she sighed a sigh.

"I'll be candid too, Jack. I think she is a bit of an adventuress — driven to it by necessity, and by that villain of a brother; but I don't think she's really bad. She isn't quite our class, Jack, and — well, you wouldn't let yourself fall in love with her if you could help it, would you?"

"I don't know that I can."

"If you knew that she had entered into this infamous plot—it is infamous, Jack—you wouldn't marry her then, I suppose?"

"It is infamous to suspect it!"

"Ah! But you do! If I bring it home to her? You wouldn't marry her then?"

"No, no! I'd shoot myself first! I hope you won't, May; I like her a good bit."

"Poor old baby brother!" She kissed him softly. "I'm sorry; but it's best to know, dear. I will find out. You can trust me not to be unnecessarily horrid."

"Yes, dear. You're never that; and you're sensible."

"I'm sensible!" She nodded gravely. "You place yourself in my safe hands?"

"Yes," he agreed; "but if you can't bring it home to her, I'm to have the benefit of the doubt and marry her. I want to! You'll remember that?"

"Yes, dear, I'll remember that."

She kissed him once more, wiped her eyes, and flitted down-stairs. Finding Trevor and Mrs. Hunt alone in the inn parlor, she closed the door, and took a chair.

"Now," she said, smiling her childish smile, "we'll have a talk. I'll put my cards on the table. I'm going to fight. You say that my brother is engaged to this lady. Prove it!"

"Are you your brother's keeper?" Trevor asked.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Newcombe emphatically. She smiled the innocent smile

than they look, Mr. Trevor. But it isn't you who have to settle the business, Mrs. Hunt, you say that you are engaged to my brother. I say that it is—choose any polite word that you like. I mean a lie!"

"Your suggestion is an insult!" said Mrs. Hunt.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Newcombe resolute-



"You are in safe hands: bring home and faithful!"

again. "My brother is returning home with me this afternoon. My husband is coming to fetch us. He is my brother's lawyer."

"Your brother is not an infant," Trevor remarked.

"Neither am I! My brother has placed himself in my hands." She held them out daintily. "They are stronger

ly. Her babyish way had gone, and she spoke and looked like steel. "I shall put the case to my brother like this: 'If they are genuine, they will not ask you for money. Give me your word that you will not let them have any from you for six months. If you believe in them, you must agree to that.' What do you think he will answer? Do you think

you will get—shall we say three thousand pounds in a fortnight, Mr. Trevor?"

Trevor paled slightly, but he did not flinch.

"You are clever, Mrs. Newcombe," he said steadily; "but you are not clever enough. You can stop the money; but that only hurts me. Well, I must put up with it. My sister has only to go up to your brother—she can go now, with you—and give him her word that he was engaged to her, and he will marry her. Now you see our cards."

"Yes; but you haven't seen all mine. Your sister won't go and say it. If she does, she can marry my brother—I admit it. But you won't get the three thousand pounds; and you'll go to prison. I know all about the affair. My husband has investigated it. If your sister admits that she is not engaged to my brother, you'll get the money. I'll see to that! Now you see all my hand."

There was a deadly silence. Mrs. Hunt broke it.

"I will acknowledge in writing that I was not engaged to your brother," she offered.

Trevor started up.

"She is doing it to keep me out of prison," he declared. "It isn't true. She is in love with him—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunt.

"And engaged to him."

"No," said Mrs. Hunt. "No!"

"She only says that because she —"

Trevor began.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Newcombe. "Hush!" She walked over to Mrs. Hunt and put her hand on her shoulder. "There is more in this than money," she said. "Let us put that aside. We are two women who love my brother very much in our ways. You can't marry him by a trick like that; and now that you have done it, you can't marry him at all. He would never forgive it; though perhaps, if he would—well, it wouldn't have been a very suitable marriage for him in any case. You know that as well as I do; and we are thinking of him, because we both care so much for him, and—it is a hard world to us women! You can't marry him, my dear."

Mrs. Hunt howled silently. Then she rose. Her brother gave her his arm, and they went. Mrs. Newcombe put her husband's card in Trevor's hand as he passed her.

"Call there," she said, "and he will do what I have promised."

Then she went up-stairs to her brother. She hurried her face on his shoulder and cried.

III.

ONE morning, a month after Lane's accident, Mrs. Newcombe called upon Mrs. Hunt. Mrs. Newcombe's face had lost its smiles; and she noticed that Mrs. Hunt looked ill.

"You have worried over him too," she said.

"Of course," Mrs. Hunt answered. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. Do you distrust me, or only dislike me, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Neither, Mrs. Newcombe."

"I am glad! You will be surprised, perhaps, to know that I am inclined to like you; and certainly I trust you. A month ago my brother put himself in my hands. He is slipping through them," she gave a little sob. "No, dear; I don't mean to you. He is slipping away from us both."

Mrs. Hunt threw out her hands desperately. Mrs. Newcombe took both of them in hers.

"I believe that these could hold him," she said, "if — but I can't talk to you as 'Mrs. Hunt.' Your name is Edith, isn't it? Edith — please forgive me—is there any reason why he shouldn't marry you?"

"I am — my father's daughter," said Edith Hunt, "and my brother's sister."

"Never mind them! Yourself, Edith, — yourself!"

"How dare you?" Mrs. Hunt drew herself up. "How dare you? As if I would dream of marrying him, if there were any reason of that kind against it! Please go."

Mrs. Newcombe rose and put her arm round Mrs. Hunt and kissed her.

"I didn't think so," she said, "but he put himself in my hands, you see, dear. I had to be sure."

"You aren't sure," Mrs. Hunt said haughtily. "You have only my word."

"That is enough, Edith."

The tall woman dropped her head on the shoulder of the little one. They were silent for a long while.

"Now," Mrs. Newcombe said, "I will put him in your hands, if I can. I have always been able to do anything with Jack. I call him my 'baby brother.' But now—I don't know. You see, it isn't the — the deceit that stands in the way. If he thought that you did it because you loved him, he would forgive it easily enough. I'm not at all sure that he wouldn't regard it as rather a virtue! But he thinks that you only wanted him for his money, and that you sold him for three thousand pounds. That is his absurd way of putting it. He's quite beyond argu-

ment. It never is any use arguing with a man! And meanwhile he's just dying for the want of you, Edith; slipping away from life, because he can't find enough interest to hold to. Will you sink your pride, and come and make him believe that you love him?"

"I will try," Mrs. Hunt said.

Lane was lying upon a couch in his sister's drawing-room, blinking listlessly at the wall, when they went in. He did not turn round. His sister took both of his hands and gently placed them in those of Edith Hunt.

"Baby brother," she said, "you are in safe hands now—in loving hands and faithful!"

He turned and saw the face of the woman he loved; and she caught his hands to her, and drew him back to life and love.



LOVE'S LAST FAREWELL

Farewell, my own beloved, long farewell,
Since dawn the hour when we must ever part.
My prayers shall be that with you e'er may dwell
The pure and perfect peace of God, dear heart.

Farewell, dear love, farewell through all the years,
The yawning years that drift us far away;
I'll plead that angels guard you; through my tears
One earnest prayer for you I'll always say.

Farewell, beloved! While with throbbing breast,
I watch alone the even skies above,
Oft to my heart this pleading prayer I'll press,
That you may have sweet dreams, sweet dreams of love.
—Mabel Allen Ward.

Canada's Chances in the Money Market

The department of MacLean's is handled monthly by the associate editor of The Financial Post of Canada, the leading financial newspaper of the Dominion. The articles which Mr. Appleton will contribute will deal with the business and financial situation, and will be of particular interest to business and professional men who desire to keep closely in touch with conditions and developments throughout the country. In this article the money situation is considered. While there may be some stringency this year the writer, on the whole, takes an optimistic outlook.

By John Appleton

AN EMINENT Toronto banker on several occasions recently stated to the writer that during the present year money would be tight. He did not mean that the present acute stringency would be of long duration, but that money would be much harder to get during the whole of the ensuing ten months than it has been during the past year or so. This view is held also by leading bankers in Montreal. There is, of course, some difference of opinion amongst bankers as to the exact nature of the causes which affect conditions in Canada. Some of them take an optimistic view. In making enquiries with a view to eliciting the opinion of the men who have charge of the purse strings, the writer remarked to one manager that his colleague took an optimistic view of the immediate future. "Yes," he said, "he has a little money to lend at call to-day and that is making him feel better." The banker, optimistic in his views, his good authorities from which he can quote in support of his way of looking on business and money conditions. To some of these authorities reference will be made later.

It speaks well for the Canadian banking system, and for the credit of Canada as a whole, that so critical a period has practically passed without serious disturbance. When cities like Toronto

have to sell securities on a basis that permits of their being retailed to investors so as to yield 5 per cent., it indicates that a very severe stringency exists. "Present tightness of money is quite as pronounced as it was in 1907 with the difference that the stringency at that time was accompanied by a somewhat dramatic situation in New York," is a statement made to the writer by one of the leading bankers of the continent.

To realize how stringent is the money market it is only necessary to examine the rates in force by the leading state banks of Europe, and the average rate in New York. London's bank rate is the one of most concern to Canada. Averaging the February rate there for ten years, it is found to be 8.56 as compared with one at the present time of 5.00. From November to the following July the tendency is downward and from July onward to December the trend is upward. A ten-year period is in review. Exceptional conditions have arisen occasionally which interrupted this normal trend.

In Germany the easy money period of the year, as determined by a ten-year average, is in April and in New York in May. The German rate is at present six per cent. and in New York the rate is high compared with the average of a few months ago. At these higher rates

the supply of money is not plentiful. In the New York clearing house bank deposits are over \$100,000,000 less than they were a year ago and the surplus reserve on February 21 was \$7,747,000 as compared with \$28,700,000 a year ago, and \$40,359,000 two years ago. The Bank of England's proportion of reserve to liabilities during February averaged 46 per cent. as compared with an average during the past five years of approximately 52. General decreases in cash reserve, when they should be increases, is a condition properly giving rise to some uneasiness.

Canadians, realizing that so much capital is drawn from abroad to develop their country, have cause to keep their eye on these fundamental considerations in determining the trend of the local money market. Their bankers have a good grip of the situation and are carrying out a policy that as far as possible eliminates speculation. Call loans show but slight change from month to month and at present and during the closing months of 1912 were gradually reduced. At most they are not considerable in Canada. Those abroad are not held for speculation as is popularly, but erroneously supposed. What money is out on call in Canada at the present moment is not more than the legitimate requirements of brokers. "My instructions to branches," said one superintendent, "is not to lend to other borrowers than producers."

This is the policy being generally followed at the beginning of March and undoubtedly will be adhered to until such time as more cash flows into the banks. In pursuing this policy the country will not suffer. Wealth is not created by speculation. To keep moving the forces that produce wealth is the greatest service the banks can do for the country. Though from all financial centres there come many reports as to severe stringency there are no load complaints from the producers. Local troubles are to be found due to special causes and these are not essentially dissimilar to those prevalent when money conditions are normal. Speculative business, however, is depressed—in fact

reduced to a minimum. To Canada this is a great change. For some years the public mind has been obsessed with a moving panorama of development which afforded ample scope for the speculator. To be dropped from this exciting plane down to the humdrum daily grind of production is decidedly depressing. Tight money means fewer real estate transactions out of which huge profits are netted; it means a limited market for the disposal of unexploited mining claims; it means a public disposition to ignore all offerings of a speculative character. But a few months ago doubtful real estate offerings were readily absorbed in Canada as well as in the United Kingdom. All kinds of wild-cat stock offerings were imposed upon the public. To such an extent did this kind of thing obtain as to cause the enactment in Manitoba of a "blue sky" law. This kind of speculation was fostered successfully by the wonderful array of progress figures manipulators were able to place before the public. Statistical presentation of Canada's progress during the present decade appeals very strongly to the imagination. Enthusiasm as to the country's future waxes warmer as accurate knowledge of its growth, as shown by actual and unquestioned figures, enlarges. Canadians have every right to be proud of this progress, but to over-speculate with it as a basis is dangerous. It is exciting to do so and has been exciting. But the limit for the time being has been reached. Though the tendency to speculate may be as great as ever the means, or credit, wherewith to do so are not available. On the other hand for the purposes of production, of business not regarded as speculative, the supply of credit is not limited to the extent of provoking serious complaint.

Reference has been made to local complaints and of these perhaps the majority emanate from the West. That can be readily understood. That vast new territory has been the seat of much speculation and exploitation and to a greater extent than the eastern portion of the Dominion, depends upon a supply of credit. Take away the real estate business, the excitement incident to the

fortunes made and those anxiously expected, there is still left the great asset—perhaps the greatest the Dominion has—the productive capacity of the West. But to produce—grow grain or sell the trees—is mundane and dull compared with the excitement of laying out a paltry first payment to-day and to-morrow selling at a huge profit as by gambling in real estate. But it is the mundane and the dull, so-called, that tells in the upbuilding of the country. If the banks take care of the producers, those who hew and till, the country will continue to progress as substantially as ever.

If there is trouble in Canada at the present time it is largely psychological. The public is conscious of the absence of the excitement of speculation of which there has been too much. To settle down to normal is depressing and too often the discomfort of having to do so is credited to "tight" money. The reality is that the unproductive effervescence of speculation has been dissipated but the substantial agencies of production are strengthening and expanding. Clear heads and discrimination is all that is needed to keep Canada moving forward during the present and immediately succeeding years. Cessation of speculation will help in a large measure and the abundance of production will stimulate exploration for which the field is greater than ever.

In March it was pointed out that the great railroad undertakings had their operations for the present year financed. Their operations on a larger scale than last will continue throughout the present year. That part, and it is an important part, of Canada's needs are provided for in so far as new capital is concerned. There are however other needs. Building operations cannot continue on as large a scale in the West as they have been doing. Last year's record was exceptional. But money is needed for a very large amount of necessary building. This has not reference only to cities but to the farmstead as well. It is more necessary to the growth of the country as a whole that the farm home should be made desirable than that the cities should be provided with magnificent buildings, spacious boulevards and

monuments. Money is needed also to build up our industries and to develop our mines. These are reproductive undertakings. Take for instance the mining industry of British Columbia, which during 1912 turned out \$9,108,928 in value more than in the preceding year. In 1890 the output was only \$2,608,808. Compare this with the record of the last two years:

| | 1912 | 1911 |
|------------------|------------|------------|
| | \$ | \$ |
| Gold | 5,461,000 | 5,151,518 |
| Silver | 1,676,000 | 958,293 |
| Copper | 8,339,000 | 4,571,644 |
| Lead | 1,520,000 | 1,068,521 |
| Zinc | 501,000 | 129,092 |
| Coal | 9,275,000 | 7,675,717 |
| Coke | 1,584,000 | 396,030 |
| Miscellaneous .. | 4,250,000 | 3,547,262 |
| Total .. | 32,606,000 | 23,499,072 |

In 1912 the mineral output of Ontario was \$47,471,990 an increase over 1911 of \$5,485,193.

From other provinces similar figures indicating expansion of productive resources could be quoted but the foregoing are sufficient. Quite recently the census figures showed to what a large extent our industrial products had increased, as well as those from agricultural industry. It is superfluous to enlarge upon this point. Capital being invested in Canada is augmenting her productive capacity, which is not being handicapped at the present time by the lack of bank credit. Canadians have nothing to fear in regard to the money outlook in the immediate future so long as the banks take care of the productive agencies of the Dominion and this they are doing at the present time.

Already it has been indicated that reserves of banks are very low. Those of Canada abroad are unusually light. This is not a condition that augurs well, the cause of the lower balances of Canadian banks in London and elsewhere is the reticence of Canadians to sell securities at the prices offered. Market conditions were certainly not favorable nor have they up to the time of writing changed. But now through the pressure of Canadian banks there has been selling in London on terms

demanding there. Interest rates are higher, no doubt, but even at the present level, Canadians are in a more fortunate position than countries not blessed by being included in the empire. Proceeds from the sale of these securities will strengthen the position of the Canadian banks and enable them to cope with the commercial demands that will be made upon them during the spring months. Wholesalers are already negotiating for accommodation during the shipping season of 1913 and drafts are coming to hand from exporters to Canada. This class of business is not in much danger of being exposed to lack of credit. But as to the supply of money for the loan company, for the extensive building operations in the Canadian West and for the farm loans the outlook at the present time is not so hopeful. This class of money is now obtained from the continent of Europe to a very large extent. Last year a million or two was invested in cities of the Canadian West by the larger of the life insurance companies of New York but those organizations have not as yet been convinced of the soundness of the western farm mortgage. It may be that higher rates may attract money from across Canada's southern border for farm loans as higher rates for municipal loans have attracted United States buyers. But for some years yet the farm loan money supply will have to be drawn from across the Atlantic and from the European mainland at that. Britishers have been making money out of their own industries and they find that they can get higher rates from borrowers abroad by holding out for them. Either the supply of money for the farm loan will be less or the rate will be higher. It is not likely that the companies operating will pay more to the lenders from abroad unless they can get more from the borrower. The present margin for operating expenses is none too large. It is possible, however, that the atmosphere in Europe may clear.

Already we have referred to authorities that take a very hopeful view of the future. Some of the best of the Canadian bankers are in this category. It will not be necessary here to refer to

more than one or two, and these from the larger centres of capital supply.

In the middle of February, Sir George Paish, writing from Paris, stated that conditions there were in a state of "masterly inactivity." But he added: "Everything is in shape for an active year, but the public and bankers are just waiting on events. They are not pessimistic. They are, indeed, of good courage, but they think the time to make a movement will come when peace is restored in the Balkans. They believe peace to be near, and that it will bring renewed peace confidence and activity. No great importance is now attached to the hoarding of cash which has been going on in France as well as in Germany and Austria since the war began."

It is recognized that hoarding has been fairly general, and that a good deal of cash has been put into safe deposits, strong boxes, and even into stockings as a precaution against possible developments in the Balkans. Nevertheless, the very fact that a large amount of cash is hoarded is now one of the causes of optimism, bankers anticipating that the conclusion of peace will bring all this cash back to the banks in subscriptions to new loans, and that money-market money will thus become abundant and relatively cheap."

More cheerful still is the assurance of Sir George Paish that France and Britain will still have each year £200,000,000 for investment and as soon as these countries are satisfied that peace is established on a secure basis the inducements to lend their money will be better than they have hitherto been. Canada can offer the best of inducements to lenders and a year's, or two or three years' freedom from excessive speculation, will give the productive resources of the country more opportunity to impress themselves upon the investing public of the world.

Lord Faber, another Englishman, referred to by one of London's leading journals as the greatest provincial banker, stated that the profits from manufacturing industry in Britain were of an exceedingly satisfactory character. This means an accumulation of savings that

will in due course be available for investment. If Canada maintains her credit in England's market, these profits will, in a measure, be available. But Lord Fahre points to one cloud on the industrial horizon of Britain that may present its silver lining to Canada. His Lordship, while fully realizing the temporary advantage that will occur to the factories of Bradford by a reduction in the tariff on textiles imported into the United States, says that if a radical reduction is made the result will be an industrial development in the States that will make the British manufacturers "look about." An industrial development in the United States would create a demand for the raw materials of the Dominion. Canada stands to profit no matter which way the pendulum swings in the United States. When England's industries flourish we are assured of a supply of new capital and if those of the United States by tariff re-adjustment are placed on a basis that enables them

to enter the world's markets, the exploitation of the resources of Canada will follow. Meanwhile England's thriftiness is such as to afford the Dominion every hope that our new capital needs will be met. There is an additional assurance in the fact that the higher interest rates have widened our market. We can with confidence, look to the United States for more money than hitherto has been received from that source. Big purses on that side of the line are far more accessible to us as the owners realize that our annual production is reaching such a volume as to affect prices of the leading commodities on which the great wealth of the United States rests. With an acute stringency passing away, war clouds dissipating and the assurances of the highest authorities as to the soundness of fundamental conditions, there does not appear to be any reason for over-anxiety for the business health of the Dominion.



WHAT THINK I!

Have you sinned, what think I?
Should I ever pass you by?
Loving once and loving free,
I love to eternity.

Did you wound me, what think I?
Shall I always bitter sigh?
Anything, each and mistake,
I can pass for your dear sake.

Will you kill me, what think I?
I'll be happy where I lie,
If I meet your lips once more,
In a kiss like those of yore.
—Aileen Beaufort.

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

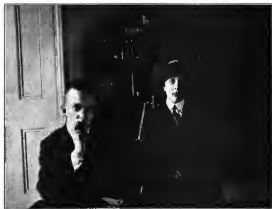
AGAIN it becomes necessary to devote attention to the novels coming second in the list of six best sellers, Ralph Connor's "Corporal Cameron" maintaining its lead for another month. But the appearance of "The Happy Warrior" is none the less sensational as an event in the book trade. This novel, in the general enthusiasm marking its reception by the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic, recalls the big success scored several seasons ago by Jeffery Farnol with his "Broad Highway." The "Happy Warrior" is the vehicle which carries another young English author into high fame. His name is A. S. M. Hutchinson. "The Happy Warrior" is not his first novel, having been preceded by "Once Aboard the Lugger." But it is a significant fact that "Once Aboard the Lugger" was published in Canada only after the coming of "The Happy Warrior."

The first novel was not so ambitious an undertaking as the author's second effort, being a humorous tale somewhat "chaotic and discursive" as one reviewer put it, but remarkable for its "amazing variety and originality." "Once Aboard the Lugger" at times suggests Fielding, but in it Hutchinson cannot be said to have followed any known model and the book stamped him as being a man of rare imaginative powers, possessed of a

fund of delicate humor expressed in a most refined manner.

Now he has given us a genuinely big novel. It is one of those wholesome tales written for the pure delight of unfolding a story with characters of strength and sincerity, making it stand out in bold relief against books written simply as a means of introducing discussions of sex or psychological problems emphasizing unhealthy conditions of life and having a pessimistic influence. "The Happy Warrior", in fact, may be taken as a protest against such literary muck-raking. It lifts one into a better atmosphere and after following the career of the magnificent central character of Hutchinson's fine new story, the reader cannot but have the impression that this old world is, after all, not such a bad place in which to live.

Canadian readers will be interested in learning something about the author of "The Happy Warrior." A. S. M. Hutchinson is to-day the editor of "The Daily Graphic" of London, England, and the remarkable success he has scored with his novel, has not induced him to leave the active newspaper field. He is a native of India, his father having been a general in the British Army. The family shares the military instincts. Two brothers are in the army and the author himself would have joined but



A. S. M. Hutchinson and his sister. He regards his sister as the best judge of fiction he knows, and has read to her, "The Happy Warrior," bit by bit as it was written.

for being prevented from doing so by reason of defective eyesight. He has expressed the opinion that soldiering is the only career for a man. When unable to enter the army he essayed to a military medical career but found that he could not be satisfied with the shadow in place of the substance. It was while a medical student eight years ago, that he began writing and after having a couple of poems and a short sketch or two accepted by London Weeklies, he deliberately adopted literature as his means of livelihood. For three months he wrote something every day and some of his writings attracted such attention with Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson's, Ltd., that he became assistant editor of the "Royal" Magazine and co-editor of the "Rapid Review." After four years with Pearson's he entered daily journalism, beginning as a leader-note writer and recently he became editor-in-chief of The Daily Graphic, though still on the sunny side of thirty.

His first novel appeared in 1908, having been written in his spare time dur-

ing a period in which he was engaged on two London dailies, beginning his writing for one at 9 o'clock in the morning and the other at ten o'clock at night!

"The Happy Warrior" was started four years ago and what manner of man the author is may be judged by the fact that although the tale was completed, except for final revision, in September 1911, owing to slight discrepancies of time and place, which might easily have been passed over, as they frequently are by successful authors, he decided that the whole story would have to be written over again. This conscientious decision meant another year of the closest application, for by nature he is a slow and painstaking writer. Some of the scenes had to be written over and over again many times in order to remove obstacles in the nature of slight improbabilities which the writer's scrupulous conscience could not allow to pass.

Mr. Hutchinson is a great walker and spends hours at a time roaming over the stretches of Hampstead Heath, on

Fig. 4

the edge of which he lives with his mother and sister. Unlike many other writers, however, the thinking which enters into his books is not done during

his sister, whom he considers the best judge of fiction he knows and to her he reads his novels in the making.

The author of "The Happy Warrior"



A. S. M. Hutchinson, in his best clothes, taken in his garden when starting out.

his walks. That he can only do, he says, when he is seated at his desk pen in hand.

In one of the accompanying illustrations the author is shown along with

attributes his success to "luck." "When I look back," he said recently, "at the ease with which—absolutely without influence—I got a footing in Fleet Street, I know, contrasting myself with infin-

itely better men, that I have been extraordinarily lucky." The reason for his success, considering his inborn ability as a story-teller, is easy to account for when combined with his extraordinary capacity for application and hard work.

The reading of "The Happy Warrior" is a source of pleasure and exhilaration. The plot holds the interest of the reader, but the first consideration of the author is always the evolution of the character of the hero. The story introduces a remarkable number of clearly limned characters who seem to develop into real acquaintances with the reader. Conspicuous and most lovable characters are an old gipsy philosopher, Japhra, with his daughter Imi and their

peregrinations with a travelling circus troupe being joined by Percival. "The Happy Warrior" affords the author an opportunity of introducing a romantic glamor and the description of a pugilistic encounter between Percival and Foxey Pincent, an antagonist who evolves naturally, which for sheer descriptive skill is credited with being as good as anything of the kind ever written. The same may apply to the faction fight with the sticks, in which the smoldering enmity of rival followings in the circus troupe broke with fury after the encounter in the ring. But upon a greater fight and the manner in which it was won, hinges the greatness of "The Happy Warrior."

CANADIAN BEST SELLERS.

1. Corporal Cameron (Ralph Connor).
2. The Happy Warrior (A. R. M. Hitchcock).
3. Master of the Oaks (Caroline Abbott Stanley).
4. Haystack of a Hoosier Stone (Robert W. Service).
5. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town (Stephen Leacock).
6. Japhra Headstrong (Payne Erskine).

UNITED STATES BEST SELLERS.

1. My Little Sister (Elizabeth Robson).
2. The Happy Warrior (A. R. M. Hitchcock).
3. The Forsythe (Robert B. Martin).
4. Andrew the Glad (Morris Thompson Davies).
5. Those Yesterdays (Harold Bell Wright).
6. Banker Reno (Henry Leck Wilson).



Review of Reviews

In this department Maclean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to make the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable references is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

Lord Morley as a Man of Letters

IT is only lately that America has seen the entry of literary men into the political arena. In England it is an old story. But in both countries the trend is in one direction only—we do not find retired politicians going in for literature. Few rise to eminence in both fields; such a one, we are reminded, is often "known only as a man of letters among politicians, and as a mere politician among men of letters," but this is not the way to describe Lord Morley, who as a man of letters, chiefly figures as plain John Morley. "No statesman has held higher rank in the realm of literature," declares Alexander Mackintosh in the English Bookman, "no writer of books, except Disraeli, has risen higher in the service of the State." Lord Morley seems to have seen both sides of such a career with almost equal force, for he is found saying of Burke that, like some others, he "showed that books are a better preparation for statesmanship than early training in the subordinate posts and among the permanent officials of a public department." On the other hand, in his essay on *Vauvenargues*, he writes that "for sober, healthy, and robust judgment on human nature and life, active and sympathetic contact with men in the transaction of the noisy affairs of their daily life is a better preparation than any amount of wholly meditative seclusion." The author here analyzing Lord Morley presents another quotation that seems to indicate that the literary life is the lesser in its appeal to him. In writing of Turgot he said:

"Most literature, nearly all literature, is distinctly subordinate and secondary; it only serves to pass the time of the learned or cultured class, without making any definite mark either on the mental habits of

men and women, or on the institutions under which they live. Compared with such literature as this, the work of an administrator who makes life materially easier and more helpful to the half-million of persons living in the Generality of Limoges or elsewhere must be pronounced emphatically the worthier and more justly satisfactory."

For all that, it seems probable mere actual years of Lord Morley's life have been given to letters than to affairs. The "two men who made me," as he said, were John Stuart Mill and Gladstone—men of the pen as well as the forum. "Burke and Wordsworth, Goethe and Emerson were among the teachers who influenced him through the printed word; for a time he felt the spell, also, of Carlyle, and he owed much in his walk through life to the companionship of George Meredith." He began editorial work as soon as he left Oxford, and in the early sixties was writing for *The Saturday Review*. Some of the pearls he was sprinkling then are here strung together:

"In an essay on 'False Steps,' the young man remarks that 'probably about the most fatal blunder that anybody can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest.' Again, in 'Clever Men's Wives,' he declares: 'No wife is perfect who cannot be a severe critic upon occasion.' Discussing 'Minor Tribulations,' he says: 'If a man tells you that he likes the favor of Gladstone's elixir as well as that of Lettice, or Cape as well as Port, or a bad dinner as well as a good one, you know at once that he is talking only for the sake of some imaginary effect, and you not only scent his execrable philosophy but entirely disbelieve in his sincerity.'"

erity.' On 'Philosophers and Politicians,' he gives a hint of his own ambition by saying: 'Some men would rather have been the author of "Hamlet" or the Principia, than have held the highest authority in the State, but they are very often just the men of the smallest intellectual caliber and least likely to erect one of these intellectual monuments more lasting than brass.' Perhaps he was thinking of himself when he saw 'no good reason why the hopes of a political career should stand in the way of what might be an extremely useful literary career.'

Lord Morley's literary and political power really dates, we are assured, from the time when he assumed the control of *The Fortnightly Review*. As contributors he drew such men as Bagehot and Freeman, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Swinburne, William Morris and Rossetti. Besides his biography of Gladstone he books deals with the leaders of French and English public life in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He has made excursions

also into the realm of pure letters, writing about Emerson, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold among others.

'Lord Morley told Matthew Arnold that whenever I travel I carry a volume of your writings with me. Before making a speech I read it for inspiration and afterwards I read it again for consolation.' There are politicians and journalists who frequently turn for stimulus and also for solace to his own essays, finding therein a store of suggestive ideas expressed in a style which is both easy and dignified. Take, at random, that literary gem, the sketch of W. R. Greg. The personal touches are graphic, as when we read that 'he liked pleasant gardens; not a high value on leisure and even verities; did not disdain novels; and had the sense to prefer good wine to bad.' One thinks several times of the writer himself when reading what he says of Greg. For instance, 'the vice of small talk and the sin of posing he was equally free from; and if he did not happen to be interested he had a great gift of silence.'

From Ape to Man

JUST as man's brain is enormously larger than that of the ordinary monkey, although his general make and anatomy is closely similar to theirs, so we find that the rhinoceros has an enormous brain as compared with extinct rhinoceros-like animals, the predecessors and ancestors of those now living, says Sir Ray Lankester, K.C.B., F.R.S., in an article under the above heading in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Descartes and other philosophers have held that there is a great difference in the mental processes of animals as compared with those of man in this, namely, that man is "conscious," that is to say, conscious of himself as "I," and, as it were, looks on at himself acting on and being acted on by surrounding existences, whilst (so it is assumed) animals have not this consciousness, but are "automata," going through all the processes of life, and even behaving more or less as man does in similar circumstances, yet without being "conscious." This difference between man and animals is certainly not so absolute as it is sometimes asserted to be. It is, no doubt, true that many of the complicated actions of insects are carried on without consciousness of what they are doing. Such

is the storing by certain wasps of smaller insects in carefully-cut chambers, to serve as food for the wasp's young, to be hatched from an egg to be laid in the "cold-storage chamber." The mother wasp will go on doing this when she has had the hind part of her body removed and has no eggs to lay. The "precession-caterpillars," which migrate from tree to tree, crawling in a long row of forty or more individuals, one behind the other, the head of each touching the tail of the one in front (as one often sees in the South of France), can be gradually turned in their course, so that the head of the first, or leader, the only one unencumbered, shall touch the tail of the last. They then continue moving round and round in a circle for many hours, even days, according to M. Fabre, who remarks of them and of other insects which carry out most elaborate operations which look like the acts of conscious reason: "Ils ne savent rien de rien" ("They know nothing about anything"). They are, in fact, unconscious "automata." This is the conclusion of the greatest student of insect life who has lived in my time.

At the same time, there is no reason to doubt that something like consciousness—

a beginning of it—exists in such animals as dogs and monkeys.

The insects of which Fabre says: "They know nothing about anything," inherit a nervous mechanism—a brain and elongated mass of nerve-cells and fibres, like our spinal cord—which works sharply and definitely like a top-automaton.

On the other hand, there are in higher animals, and especially in man, a vast number of actions performed which are not the outcome of an inherent pre-set nervous mechanism. On the contrary, these actions are determined by a mechanism built up in the animal during its individual existence—a mechanism which is formed by its individual experience acting on its nerve-cells, and is the outcome of observation, comparison and more or less of processes which we call judgment and reasoning. The persistence of this mechanism built up by the individual, as well as its continuous elaboration and development, is what we call "memory," a brain-mechanism which we call "consciousness." It is misleading to speak of "inherited memory" or "race memory"; the word should be reserved for its ordinary limitation to an individual's record. This new and superior apparatus appears to require a much larger bulk of brain-substance for its elaboration than that which is sufficient for the inherited mechanisms of instinct. In proportion as the brain increases in volume, the animal to which that brain belongs loses, yet adds, of inherited mechanisms or instincts, and becomes "educable," that is to say, forms for itself new individual brain mechanisms based on memorized experience.

"Educability" is the quality which distinguishes the brain of increased size. Dogs are more "educable" than rabbits; monkeys more so than dogs; and men more so—very much more so—than monkeys and apes. The human infant is born with a few inherited "instincts." The ancestors of man are singularly free from any large number of inherited "instincts," and, to its own great advantage, has, during the many years in which it is protected by its parents, to learn everything and to construct new brain mechanisms—the results of "education" of the individual, using the word "education" in its proper and widest sense.

Thus we get an indication of "the reason why" the modern rhinoceros has a brain eight times as big as the titanotherium's. It is more "educable." The ancestors of our modern orang-outang friend have been surviving and bending their less "educable" brothers and sisters and crossing through a vast geological lapse of time; and the brains

of the survivors have always been bigger, and more they become more educable and more educated until the race has culminated in those models of "sweet reasonableness," the modern rhinoceroses! The same signification—"educability"—"attaches to the large brain of the higher apes; and man's still larger brain means still greater educability and resulting reasonableness."

It is found—so far as observation and experiment have been carried—that savages belonging to races showing very low mental capacities, even in their native surroundings, are yet capable of being "educated" to a far higher level of mental performance, when removed in early youth from their natural conditions and subjected to the same conditions as the better-cared-for children of a civilized race, than any of them ever reach in their own communities.

Very few really satisfactory experiments have been made in this direction, but the history of the negroes in America shows that even the most "uneducated" are capable of showing high mathematical, geometrical gifts of the best, and moral and philosophical activities equal to those of the best, or all but the exceptionally gifted individuals of European race. It seems that the large educable brain gained by man in a relatively early period of his development from the ape has now entered on a new phase of importance. The pressure of natural selection no longer favours of increased educability (and therefore size) of brain, but the later progress of man has depended on the actual administration by each generation to its successors of an increasingly systematized exercise of that brain; in short, it has depended on education itself, and on the gigantic new possibilities of education, which have followed from the development, first, of language, then of writing, and lastly of printing, together with the accompanying growth and development of social organization, the inter-communication of all races, and the carrying on, by means of the Great Record—the written and printed documents of humanity—of the experience or knowledge of each passing generation of men to those of the present time.

A great difference between man and apes is the greater power of expression of various feelings or emotions by the face, and also the greater variety and significance in man of the gestures both of the upper and the lower limbs. Man seems to have developed in an ever-increasing degree the habit of watching and interpreting the face and of giving by its expression to his emotions and states of mind, thus establishing

a ready means of producing common feeling and interest in a group of associated individuals.

What I have written on the differences and likenesses between apes and man and the probable steps of the transition from ape to man, may assist the reader to form a judgment as to the importance of such remains of extinct races of men as the skeleton of the Sainte Chapelle, the Heidelberg jaw, and the Pittdown jaw and cranium lately dug up in Sussex, in helping us to further knowledge of those steps. It should be definitely noted that we have not yet any extinct ape-like animals which come nearer to man than the chimpanzee

and gorilla, although we are led to infer that such creatures existed, and that their fossil remains will probably some day be discovered. As I have already stated, we do not suppose that these forms will prove to be actually intermediate between the existing higher apes and man, but that they will indicate a separate branch from the Simian stock coming off at any earlier date and independently of these existing higher apes. The fossil remains mentioned above as well as the skull-top and thigh-bone from Java indicate creatures well on "the man side" of the transition. They are vastly more man-like than ape-like. We do not yet know of fossil apes more man-like than existing apes.

Pantry Secrets of a Great Hotel

HOME cooking is likely to suit the individual palate so much better than the fare of the average hotel or restaurant that the phrase in the ears of the homeless man means positive luxury, writes L. Lamprey in the *Delicater*. Yet there are points in first-class hotel service which are worth knowing and keeping in reserve for those occasions on which the house-wife wavers between thought of the expense of a caterer and fear of not achieving perfect service.

A few minutes spent in the serving department of a really first-class hotel is instructive. In a business in which minutes, even seconds, count and there is no time for "fussing," system becomes an art, and executive ability is worth much fine silver.

The difference between having those qualities and not having them spells success or failure in the hotel business. They are peculiar possessions of the hotel man which, as a rule, the boarding mistress can not boast, and yet there is not a device used in the hotel "pantry" that can not be duplicated in the home or the boarding-house.

The "pantry" is the technical name for the room in which the serving is done and the dishes washed and dried and put away. The first thing encountered in this room is the huge plate-warmer heated by steam or gas, in which every dish and plate and platter needed for hot food is kept at a temperature just short of being too hot to handle.

This is the first and most important difference between home service and good hotel service—hot dishes. It is easy to

keep the platter, bowl and plate hot, either in a pan of hot water, a plate-warmer or a tin oven, and care in this respect makes the difference between the well-served maid and the one that comes on haplessly. Things that are hot should be piping-hot; cold things should be ice-cold. This is the first law of gastronomy and is the rule in good hotel service.

The roasts in the hotel are kept hot in a specially constructed serving-table built like a huge oblong tub, with the trays containing the meats on top, set into water kept hot by steam-coals or some other appliance. The fact that a roasting-pan set into dimmering water will keep the roast, closely covered, in far better condition than a hot oven, is one of those truths which hotels have grasped and boarding-houses have not. The same rule applies to vegetable which have to be kept hot for several hours. These are kept covered when the serving is not actually going on, so that the flavor may be retained.

Many of the large hotels now cook by gas or electricity, and the huge gas-ranges made for their use, instead of having a certain number of burners, have the whole top gridironed so that pots can be moved about and crowded more closely than would otherwise be possible. This extra cooking room can be obtained on a home gas-range by the use of one of the sheet-iron tops sold for the purpose.

The hotel waiter, passing from one table to another, receives his portions and vanishes behind the swinging doors into the dining-room. The secret of his art is to

have everything within reach without wasting a motion. It should be said for the much-abused fraternity that, in nine cases out of ten, slow service in a hotel is the fault, not of the waiter, but of the kitchen furnishings.

In some hotels which pass as the best there is not enough silver of any kind, and an order has to wait until a tray comes out of the dining-room with silver on it which can be washed hurriedly for use again. These conditions, however, do not apply in the really first-class hotel. It is not often, nowadays, that the waiter has to give half of his tips to the cook to secure precedence. Hotel men have learned by losses that time is money.

The way in which a hotel cook makes an omelet is an object-lesson in dexterity. There is at least one man on duty at breakfast-time who does nothing but cook eggs. He has a small griddle just the right size for an omelet. Flip! the eggs drop into a bowl! Swish! they are beaten into a froth! Sizz! they drop on the hot griddle! One turn of the wrist and the eggs are folded once then—flap! the omelet is finished and slides off on to the hot platter.

A lesson taught by the hotel is that to make a successful omelet it must be cooked quickly on a hot iron griddle and served on a hot platter with a cover over it. Metal covers last forever and cost less than fine china, yet they are seldom found in the house-keeper's kitchen.

Home and boarding-house service is particularly prone to failure in cases where food must be kept warm, or cooked at an

undefined hour. The average woman will delay clearing her table or washing her dishes for an hour or two rather than make fresh coffee or serve a separate meal. She will set a plate of food in the oven where it dries to a crisp, when it could as easily be kept hot or much more satisfactorily reheated in hot water.

The hotel-keeper can not depend on regular attendance at meal-times. The letter has hotel, the more likely are guests to drop in at unhour-of hours. He is accustomed to provide for such contingencies, and he does.

There is many a woman asking out a difficult life keeping boarders who might make a comfortable living with a well-lit lunch room or restaurant if she would take the trouble to master the few points in which good hotel service excels—hot food, hot dishes, clean linen (easily achieved in these days of washing-machines and mangles) and flavoring.

The hotel chef understands that there are other seasonings besides salt and pepper. He flavors with parsley, chives, tarragon and a half dozen other things perfectly easy of access to anybody who can grow a kitchen window-boxful of green herbs, the use of which gives variety and delicacy of flavor.

The sprig of parsley or watercress around the chops, the leaf of lettuce under the vegetable salad—these are the things which we pay for at the rate of a dollar or two a night, when they would cost us in our own homes a fraction of that sum if we chose to study the art of serving.

Painting the Wonders Under the Sea

MR. Z. H. PRITCHARD, an artist now working in California, devotes his life to painting pictures under water. He holds that it is impossible to catch the colors and what might be called the atmosphere of submarine scenery by any method of observation from the surface. Even when the disturbing effect of the broken surface of the water is eliminated by using a glass-bottomed boat or tube, everything appears unnatural and distorted to the beholder. Mr. Pritchard goes down to the bottom of the ocean wearing a diver's helmet, and makes sketches on waterproof paper with waterproof crayons. The paintings are then completed in his studio. The wonderful work of this artist is described by

Charles H. Carroll in an article in the *Scientific American*.

Mr. Pritchard is an Englishman by birth. When still a boy he made for himself a pair of water-tight goggles, similar to those worn by the famous pearl divers of the South Seas. These goggles are merely bits of cow horn cut and shaped to fit the eyes. They allow a small space of air between the eyes and the water so that one can see very well. With these goggles the young man studied the "landscapes" under water with a clear vision. His imagination had been fired by Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," but he speedily discovered that it was impossible to shoot birds from the sea bottom, as

Verné asserted, as the sky is rarely glimpsed by the diver, and then only by looking directly upward, for at a moderate angle the surface becomes a gigantic silver mirror, reflecting the silent cities of coral and the lone, grotesque figure of the diver. Mr. Pritchard became a decorator in England, and a very successful one. He had preserved a few sketches made from memory of the scenes under water, and showed them to some critics; but when his fellow artists ridiculed his work, he became discouraged.

About this time his health failed, and his doctors ordered him to go to Egypt. Instead, he went to Tahiti, one of the South Sea Islands, where he learned the most wonderful coral formations in the world were to be found. Arrived there, he decided to take up actively the work of painting the under-water world.

His process at first was comparatively crude. He would go out in his boat with his helpers, find his country with a glass-bottomed boat and descend by means of weights hooked to his waist. Then he would make mental notes of the rock or coral formations, ascend, and paint them. But this method proved unsatisfactory. He wanted to make actual sketches under the water. He eventually succeeded in this by discovering a way of making waterproof paper by soaking extra heavy drawing paper in coconut oil and draining off the surplus. This, after drying, proved to be a good working surface. Mr. Pritchard fastened it to plastic glass, which served as his drawing board, by means of surgeon's tape, in order that the water might not cause the paper and wrinkle it. He used Raffard crayons and semi-oil paints, which are especially adapted to submarine painting.

After putting on his diving dress and goggles, he would take a good breath and lower himself down in the water, using a heavy lump of coral attached to his belt by means of a hook to keep him down. Arrived at the bottom, he would sketch from 30 to 45 seconds, then unfasten the piece of coral and ascend for breath. The coral was then drawn up by means of a rope for another descent. In this way he was able to complete his sketch after a number of descents. Nowadays he uses a diver's helmet, and is able to complete his sketch in one descent.

Thus he works, clad in his clumsy diving suit, sitting on a rock and surrounded by

the wonderful tropical fish. Of these fish Mr. Pritchard is enthusiastic. He tells of many varieties, from some so tiny that many of them together can be carried on his thumb nail, to huge monsters that drift silently and anxiously past. There are the bizarre coral-eating chaetodonts, that resemble nothing so much as huge butterflies on the wing. Exquisite little fish, noted for their curiosity of this strange creature in their world, and also for their almost unbelievably perfect and brilliant markings, crowd around him and swim between his fingers. The parrot fish are more dangerous, for their beaks, like those of our parrots, are sharp and strong, and if the fish is one of the larger species it can easily take a nip out of one's hand.

Under the water, says Mr. Pritchard, one seems to see rivers, lakes and waterfalls just as one does above the water. The gleaming sand, swept down by the action of the tides, furnishes this illusion. One of Mr. Pritchard's paintings of coral rocks gives the impression of a raging torrent, forcing its way between cliffs and dashing its spray up the sides of the rocks.

From sharks, octopi and swordfish there is, of course, danger. But Mr. Pritchard takes care never to descend in a spot where there is a notable absence of small fish, for that is a sure sign of danger. The most beautiful and bewildering sight of all, says the artist, is a school of fish darting by in a mass of reflected light, making the water quiver and scintillate and thrilling the slightest watcher.

Mr. Pritchard's finest work has been done at Tahiti, but he has secured excellent subjects off Santa Barbara. According to the artist, the coloring beneath the ocean is all in the lowest keys, merging from deep indigo and purple into the lighter, delicate tints of pale greens, greys and yellows. Every point, every sharp edge, shimmers like silver in the upper regions. Rocks and cliffs in the dim light assume an appearance of iridescent sea. On land we see the foundations of every object, no matter how large or small its bulk, but when one looks down into the depths of the huge coral formations under water they seem to be resting upon deep, blue air.

Although he can work at any reasonable depth, Mr. Pritchard prefers about thirty feet, for there the light is clearer and at its best. He can remain under water, when wearing a diving helmet, over half an hour with perfect comfort.

Canada's Literary Dependence

THE Canadian, as revealed by Mr. Frank Wise, the president of the Macmillan Company of Canada, seems to suffer from a two-fold sensitiveness. First, because the English criticize him as un-English; second, because he finds that the propensity of an overbearing neighbor really forces him to be what he doesn't choose to be of his own free will. "The great pity is," observes Mr. Wise in the London Daily News, "that the English can not realize that Canada is not just across the Channel, and think, because it is British, it must therefore be English." On the other hand, he confesses with some reluctance, "it is our continuity to our neighbors that makes us what we are in our customs, manners, and habits, even while our hearts and souls are British."

Mr. Wise speculates that he is not bent on eulogizing Canada's neighbors, but "to show the perils of propinquity." "In their hundred millions of people in the United States there are many more interesting writers than at present we can boast of. In their many excellently produced weekly and monthly magazines are stories, well told, of conditions of life wholly analogous to our own. They write of a climate we recognize, the same kinds of food we eat, clothes we look upon as like our own, and people who live, amuse themselves very much as we do, and die as we do from the same kind of overwork or the same kind of accidents.

"Let us for a moment consider our own attitude toward the British press. How many Canadian magazines ever use an English daily newspaper? Not one in five thousand. It is doubtful if there is a single hotel newspaper stall where one can obtain a copy of a current English daily or weekly or monthly (except, perhaps, one), or quarterly. In Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and hundreds of smaller places, it is possible to buy the latest issue of one or two Boston and several New York dailies, while the farther west you go the greater grows the variety. Yet the amazing thing is that we hang together as Canadians, and draw the lines of nationalism tighter and tighter, and seem to develop more and more our affection for the mother country, and a pride in the Empire of which we realize we become daily a more important factor.

"The Englishman at home, who has not been here to see for himself, can not understand why we should not be just as content as he to be 'English'; why we fail to take a great interest in his sports, why we de-

originally intended for a people who are not British, who never intend to be, and who imagine that Canada will some day be an 'adjutant' to the United States.

"And for bright, snappy reading, whether shall we turn? Surely not to English popular magazines. There is nothing in them to attract the general Canadian reader. The dramatic personae of the stories are not comprehended by anyone who has not mingled with the English in England, and even then one does not care to read so much about commonplace people and their hopelessly commonplace daily life. Many English magazines are made for 'below-stairs' and the suburbs, and do not appeal to the average Canadian reader, who is as critical in his reading as is an American."

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china to buy the clothing, both under and upper, he sends to us; why we prefer, apparently, to read papers and books written by Americans, why we drive American motor-cars rather than those of English make? Of course, we know that we have no leisure class for fox-hunting, for instance, and even then, were in place of hawthorn would make it impossible, even if the Canadian farmer would stand for the damage. We know that we are uncomfortable in most of the clothing made for the Englishman, with his damp climate and unheated houses and offices. We know we can find in yesterday's New York paper, omitting consideration of our own, news a week or ten days fresher than in the latest London paper. And some of us have been ridden in motors of English build, made for English roads, not Canadian, although probably in respects

other than the springs the better value is in the English car!"

The end of the matter is that members of the same family should refrain from unjust criticism of one another, or—

"If there is to be discussion one of the other, let us be fair. The occasional, unthinking Canadian, to be sure, careless of his great heritage, talked carelessly of the advantage of commercial union with the States. He was more or less ready to walk into the trap set for us a year or more ago. He says he knows more of the American than he does of the Englishman. It is not his fault, it is his contiguity.

"It is England who must make the effort. It is she who must look into Canada and learn the ways of Canadians, not give way to cynicism or allow sheep railly to pass as honest criticism."

Amundsen on Polar Risks

THE question whether polar results are worth the risks, raised by the tragedy of the Scott expedition, is answered by Roald Amundsen in an article entitled "My North and South Poles: The Steam Boilers of the Earth," contributed to *The American-Scandinavian Review*, the official organ of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. In this article, the distinguished explorer tells also for the first time his plans for the coming expedition to the North Pole. Captain Amundsen writes:

"Is it worth while? Is the question I am often asked. Are the results such as to justify the enormous expenditure of human energy and wealth concerned in polar expeditions? Your resources may interest a few learned scientists, but of what practical benefit can they be to the men who plod in the common ways of life? No doubt this old question will lift its head again, now that my companions and I are preparing to start on our long-projected voyage to the arctic regions. Although the North Pole has been reached since I formulated 'my plan,' I expect to carry them out precisely as I first stated them before the Norwegian Geographic Society in October, 1908. The experience we have gained on the antarctic continent can be of little or no service to us, as the conditions we expect to encounter are entirely different, and we face now an expedition compared to which our trip to the South Pole was a mere pleasure-jamb.

We shall probably be gone five years, but are prepared to spend seven years in the arctic regions, if necessary, to complete our plan, which includes a drifting across the polar basin from the Behring Sea, across the vicinity of the North Pole, and out again on the Atlantic side of the continent. We know well that the undertaking is hazardous and that much suffering awaits us. Is it worth while?

"My answer is that to extend human knowledge is always worth while. The time has surely come when we human beings can no longer be content without knowing even the little played on which we live. We must realize that all that we have and are we owe to the scientists, the patient searchers after knowledge. Without them we should probably still be killing our meat with stone knives and crunching it raw. Knowledge must first come to the scientist before it can be applied to the practical every-day concerns of the world and become of benefit to all humanity.

"The importance of the polar regions in the household economy of nature is little realized. The North Pole and the South Pole have been aptly called the two steam boilers of the earth. If the power they generate were suddenly to cease, all activity on the earth would come to an end. It is a new thought to most of us that life and power come out of the frozen fastness of the Poles, and yet it is true. We have all

learned in our schooldays how the heavier water of the arctic regions passes in to the lighter, because heated, water of the equatorial regions, and as these ocean currents, just as the same process in the air causes the trade-winds, but it is only recently that the science of oceanography has revealed to us the stimulating, rejuvenating effect of these frigid currents on the plant and vegetable life in the ocean. The teeming fish life in the Atlantic Ocean depends for its existence on the food brought in on the currents from the virgin ice fields of the north. With the mastery of the northward flowing warm current and the southward flowing cold waters from the polar basin fish life is waked to activity: the fishes begin to spawn and become, as it were, reactivated. If any polar expedition brought no other result beyond an exact study of the polar currents in question, their course, velocity and direction, as well as the animal and vegetable life they contain—their expedition would richly have paid for itself."

Meteorological observations, Captain Amundsen goes on to say, will constitute another important phase of the expedition. In this he is working in conjunction with Professor Hergesell, Count Zepplin's partner, who is thoroughly in sympathy with the project. Amundsen proposes to take a

wireless apparatus with him, and Professor Hergesell hopes, through the generosity of German friends, to encompass the polar basin with four or more meteorological stations—one probably in Alaska, one in Siberia, one in Spitzbergen, and one in Labrador. The Fram will thus be in constant wireless communication with these stations; and in this way a much larger area will be covered for a longer period and much more exhaustively than would otherwise have been possible. What has been said of the polar currents in the water holds good, the wider source us, of the currents in the air; they give the key to weather conditions the world over. Of the magnetic observations he says:

"Our work in this field will dovetail with that of the Carnegie Institute, which has at its service the good ship *Carnegie*, ably directed by Prof. L. A. Bruce. His vessel is constructed of wood and copper, with a special view to taking magnetic observations, and has already done much excellent work in this field in all quarters of the globe. If it is possible for me to work in conjunction with the Carnegie, adding my observations to those of Professor Bruce, both being worked out simultaneously, then the scientific world will at least have a complete magnetic record from which to make deductions."

The Man's Room

MEN in this country are often too greatly engrossed in their own particular affairs to assert themselves in the matter of the furnishing and decorating of their rooms. So, with the indulgence that is characteristic of the fathers and husbands of this land, they allow their wives or daughters to carry out their own ideas as to what a man's surroundings should be. But, unfortunately, the woman's idea as to the furnishings and decoration of a man's room does not often coincide with the masculine point of view. It is characteristic of women to have certain fixed notions as to the requirements and tastes of the opposite sex—to feel, in fact, that she knows better than the man himself what he really wants.

Women are convinced, of course, that this knowledge of man's real needs is a matter of intuition—an innate insight into masculinity. This intuitive knowledge takes no account of particular tastes or temperaments, but places all men conveniently in

one like-minded group. For instance, there is a tradition among women that all men like red, hence the multitudinous red rooms all over the country.

Vague points out: "If the woman who holds to this tradition could but make a tour of inspection through a dozen or so well-furnished bachelor apartments, where men have been left free to carry out their own decorative schemes, this theory of men's fondness for red would be exploded. These women would find that there are as many differences in color schemes in these apartments as there are to be found in the rooms occupied by their own sex, and certainly as great a diversity in the manner of furnishing. Assuredly there is as much originality in men as in women, and originality when left to itself must make its impress on the abode of the person who possesses it.

Many decorators, too, have arbitrary and unimaginative opinions on this particular

subject, and in some instances have only one stock plan which they can use when called upon to fit out a man's room. Certain department stores show one, or at most two, examples of men's rooms that they propose to fit to the measure of any man as they would a ready-made suit.

Of the stereotypes of the "den" as interpreted by cheaper department stores it is not necessary to speak to anyone who has ever had even the slightest acquaintance with one of these ready-made apartments. It is difficult to see how rooms approaching these hideous abortions could be tolerated by enlightened people. But throughout the land, in many houses otherwise tastefully furnished, we are confronted by these monstrosities of affectation and bad taste. With an expressive gesture of pride, the householder who possesses one of these rooms, bids the visitor glance at the "oriental nook," filled with cheap Turkish hangings and rugs, papier-mâché armor, and other gimcracks from which any true son of Allah would flee.

Yet this is the type of room in which every male is supposed to revel. Rooms of this kind are seldom used, for it is generally found the men of the house prefer to remain in the living-room or even in the dining-room—anywhere except in "that den." And this preference naturally manifests the feminine consistency of the family.

Almost as bad as the Turkish den are the rooms decorated in the Western-American style, with its cheap display of sham Indian rugs, pottery, baskets and tenebrowls. Happily, however, there are some exceptions to this rule. In the middle and far west where the people are familiar enough with genuine Indian products to refuse the imitations, there are to be found many beautiful rooms decorated in a combination of the Indian and the Spanish colonial. Usually these rooms are to be found in homes that have been built in the mission style, and the furnishings of the interior are carried out to some degree under the same influence. Here the man's room, that in his sitting-room or "den," is furnished with good, comfortable mission furniture built on symmetrical lines. On the floor and lining the walls, there are genuine Navajo rugs, and the only ornaments are good examples of Indian pottery and basketry. This kind of decoration especially adapts itself to billiard-rooms, for some of the Indian rugs and pottery combine harmoniously with the

green of the billiard-table. The cheaply carried-out, American-Indian room, however, is quite as atrocious as the tawdry, oriental one; it is hearseable only when the heat of furnishings are used. As genuine Indian examples of arts and crafts are scarce nowadays, only a few men are able to possess a room of this order.

As a man's needs are fewer than a woman's, the furnishing of his room should be carried out with great simplicity. It is certainly not the place for ruffles and furbelows. Even women's rooms—though at the moment they show a tendency toward the recess—have little place for mere pretensions which have no reason for being. The present-day woman has no love for the pointless necessities that delighted women of a generation ago, so she should be quite willing to omit the pointless and useless additions with which she is usually tempted to adorn the man's room. After all, here is the place where men "renew their strength and courage," quite as much as over it was, and so comfort should be the guiding principle of all attempts at decoration where they are concerned. Chairs that have not only the appearance of being comfortable, but really are so, substantial tables of generous size with legs that allow one to sit close to them while reading under a lamp, desks that provide elbow room and that do not shake with every movement of the writer's hand, chairs that are easily adjusted for admitting and shutting out the light—these are a few of the necessities that stand for comfort in a man's room.

The woman who really wants to enter to man's taste in these matters will do well to select furnishings that are honest in workmanship, and harmonious, not only as to pattern, but also in relation to the other furnishings of the room in which they are to be placed. With these essentials provided, the man should be allowed—may, forced if necessary—to select for himself any embellishments in the way of pictures and ornaments.

Too often men's rooms are made the depository of odds and ends of furniture that should only have been relegated to the storeroom. "Quaint effects," such as door-harps, fairy lanterns, Chinese mandarin figures with nodding heads, queer receptacles for holding cigars and tobacco, curious chairs that were never made to sit in, will be suffered by only the most good-natured or the most fatuous of men.

What Makes Us Hungry?

THE ultimate cause of hunger is, of course, the need of food. But how does this need act to produce the familiar sensation? Until recently it has been generally believed that hunger is a general sensation—that it is the whole body that feels the lack of food. Hunger would thus be merely the nerve-calls "suffering from the shortage of provisions," as one writer puts it. But this view has been vigorously opposed, and now that Professor Carlson of Chicago University has had access to "a man with a lid on his stomach," it seems to have been definitely disproved. Subjects whose stomachs are accessible through a healed wound, so that they can be used for direct observation and experiment on digestion, have been in demand ever since Dr. Beaumont of St. Louis made his celebrated experiments on Alexis St. Martin half a century or so ago. These useful gentlemen are not numerous, however. Professor Carlson's specimen was a find, being a man of normal health who, for sixteen years, has fed himself through a permanent gastric fistula, his throat having been closed up as the result of accidentally drinking a caustic soda solution. Says The Journal of the American Medical Association in part:

"Cannon . . . maintaining that hunger is not a general sensation. The sharp onset of its pangs and the abrupt arrival of the characteristic ache which many have noted could scarcely be the expression of a general bodily state; for this does not change with such critical suddenness. Neither will the general sensation theory explain the infrequency of hunger which is frequently observed. Cannon's experiments lead to the conviction that hunger results from powerful con-

tractions of the stomach. With this general view the observations which Carlson has now been able to make on his new fistulous subject are in accord. He notes that the empty stomach exhibits, at least during the first twenty-four hours after a meal, two types of rhythmic movement; one is relatively feeble but continuous; the other falls into periods of relatively strong contractions. In confirmation of Cannon the individual contractions of the continuous rhythm are recognized as hunger pangs. The strong "hunger contractions" are promptly inhibited by chewing palatable food and by stimulation of the parasympathetic endings in the mouth. According to Carlson the mere sight or smell of food, or any kind of olfactory stimulation, does not appear to affect the stomach movements of a hungry man.

"The stomach contractions (and the hungry sensations) are not influenced by the introduction of therapeutic quantities of a variety of drugs. Familiar beverages—water, coffee, tea, beer, wine and brandy—on the other hand, cause inhibition, water appearing to have the least effect in this direction. It appears that, in the earlier periods of hunger at any rate, the empty stomach is never completely at rest.

"Hunger, or the lack of it, is a condition which at times commands the considerable attention of the practitioner. The fortunate physiologic observations on an occasional unfortunate individual serve a useful purpose in medicine by directing attention to numerous little-understood and hitherto unexplained gastric manifestations of disease."

Is the Race Progressing?

IN THE first January number of *La Revue*, M. Jean Finot has one of his delightful optimistic articles on the Progress of the Race.

Sociologists and philosophers are agreed as to the decadence of the race in our day, he writes. Listening to them, one might think that material progress has for its corollary a diminution, if not the disappearance, of all the evangelical virtues. The truth is, our ardent desire to attain the heights makes us misunderstand the efforts

of the untiring traveller, advancing humanity. But as we advance, the horses wilden. We dream of ever greater things, of everything which is going on around us seems to make us lose sight more and more of the star shining in the distance. Hypnotized by the material changes, inventions and discoveries which have transformed the surface of the earth, we are deluded that a similar revolution has not taken place in the working of our souls. At the bottom of all the rearmaments against progress there

is to be found a curious misunderstanding which makes us want to compare things radically different—the material and the moral domain, the outward and the inner life. Faith in the growing perfection of human beings is more necessary than faith in the amelioration of things. What is the use of suffering if man is never to have any recompense beyond a little material comfort or a little money in the bank? On such conditions life would hardly be worth living, either for ourselves or for those who follow after.

M. Pinot takes exception to an opinion expressed by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in the *Fortnightly Review*, to the effect that to-day we, the race, are probably, mentally and morally, inferior to semi-barbarians. Such a statement from an ardent and convinced evolutionist comes as a surprise to M. Pinot. What, therefore, can be said of the philosophers, scientists, and sociologists, adversaries or partisans of the doctrine of progress, who do not hesitate to speak ill of man and his destiny? For such men moral progress is non-existent and impossible. To them humanity must always be going back. But there is no scientific basis for such pessimism.

Is moral progress possible? Since the inexpressible forms of progress constitute one of the most important part of life as a whole, it is not enough to compare people who enjoy such things as the use of railways, telephones, motors, etc., with those who are deprived of these conveniences of civilization. The discussion must be raised to a higher plane by examining the parallel evolution of our sentiments and our conduct, the fullness of our life, and the growth of sympathy animating us with a wider and deeper altruism. Rapidity of communication is nothing, considered by itself, but since it brings the nations of the world nearer and nearer to one another, it increases their solidarity. The love of one's neighbor is more widely developed, and our inner life is enriched. A civilized European now sympathizes with China or Australia, when these are overtaken by disasters, and his heart beats in misison with his fellow-creatures all over the globe, no matter what their belief or the color of their skin. This alone makes him a better man, and causes him to dream of universal peace and international friendship.

Purely material progress blinds us, and in the feverish and agitated pursuit of it we forget that it should be accompanied by corresponding moral progress. Yet the world is advancing morally, though slowly. Our social and international life, as a

whole, shows that the people of our day, taken as an abstract entity, are very superior to their ancestors of some ten centuries ago. We are permeated with the idea of the dignity of life and human thought, and from it flow tolerance, solidarity, and compassionate goodness. The people of to-day not only love more, they love more intelligently and more humanely, and the motive of their goodness enables them to rise to heights unknown to the people of past ages. An average person now often surpasses in this sense the geniuses or the supermen of other days. The essential principle of all morals and all religions, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," has assumed proportions unknown in the past, for it now embraces every civilized country in the world. What makes us unjust is our impotence. The reality seems to contradict our aspirations. That, however, is a healthy discontent with the existing state of things, and the discouragement which unites us for action. Every now and then it is necessary to take a survey of our moral virtues. M. Pinot turns to the Bible and notes that some of the best men mentioned in it seem often to have been cruel and immoral. He refers to the God of the Pentateuch, and says His anger and vengeance can only seem intolerable to-day. Nor can M. Pinot admire the incredible mortification of the body, the useless suffering of many of the saints raised to sanctity.

The Jesus of the modern conscience imposes on us more duties towards others than to ourselves, fewer prayers for ourselves and more deeds for our fellow-creatures. All the emotions of a bygone age are fast giving place to sentiments of gentleness and mercy; and all the great religions are hastening towards a conquest of souls in a common emotion of supreme faith. It is vain to aspire to the kingdom of heaven if we do not work for the kingdom on earth. We no longer adore the letter of religion, but its spirit and truth. The humanity of our time understands that the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Much more, the God in us is revolted against injustices, opinions, and disorders, and seeks to extirpate them from the world; and also helps us in the conflict by endowing us with renewed energy and means more and more ingenious. M. Pinot compares the saints of our day with those of the past. Referring to the story of the city of Sodom, he says no modern city could be in a similar danger, for it would always be easy to find more than ten righteous men in it. It is the unexpected flashes which from time to time illuminate the depths of the modern con-

science and show its great beauty. A catastrophe, such as that of the Titanic, reveals an incalculable number of heroes of duty. This ship contained enough supermen to people the most beautiful heroic books of antiquity. The day of our death is indeed the supreme test of our consciences, and of our moral life. The serene majesty with which hundreds of passengers on the Titanic left the world is one of the most striking and comforting testimonies in favor of the human race. Everywhere heroes can be found if trouble is taken to look for them.

Speaking of ancient Greece and Rome, M. Pinot points out that their system of morals contained no conception of duty, conscience, moral responsibility, or immortality. God conceived as an Infinite Being, identifying Himself with the causes of the universe, is a conquest of recent times. M. Pinot makes it clear that the moral progress of the race, by becoming more human, has become more divine. We know now that the earth is a part of heaven and that paradise during our sojourn here is in us and

about us. Man is trying to make the world better, juster, and happier. A grand new fraternity is breaking out everywhere. On its altar the cruel and unjust prejudices of race, color, and belief are being sacrificed. But as the fish swimming in the ocean has no conception of the ocean's depth and extent, we are unconscious of the moral revolutions going on in us and around us. The Peace Movement is a striking example. Notwithstanding its recent date, it has already spared us a scene of war, and we propose it for not having succeeded in transforming into lambs men who have lived us wolves for thousands of centuries. Our books, our lectures, our speeches, our aspirations, all reveal the same desire to realize paradise on earth. Contemporary humanity is still awaiting the historian of its virtue and moral beauty, its compassion, charity and respect for the entire race. There is such a thing as moral progress, as there is more happiness in the world, but we must observe life and love our fellow-creatures to discern it.

The Play With a Punch

THE new bee that buzzes in the bonnet of the theatrical manager is said to hum an insistent note about "the play with a punch." No American product can get by the doorkeeper of our playhouses, at present, we are assured, unless it has this pugilistic feature. "The play with a punch," explains Mr. Adolph Klausner in the *New York Times*, "is the kind that contains at least one oratorical, emotional, or extravagant period, leaving the auditor breathless when the curtain falls." The authors may not be wholly to blame for the inconsistencies of character and plot involved in landing these "punches," but the fact that their plays present these inconsistencies degrades them from playwrights to play-makers, asserts this writer. It is apparently only another mistaken faith of the producer, like his substitution of "types" for actors, for experience is showing that "as many plays are ruined by such climaxes as are saved by them." Mr. Klausner goes on:

"It is possible, as in 'A Brief Path', to produce such a sudden change of mood in an audience that what has hitherto seemed moderately agreeable and diverting becomes pallid and unprofitable by contrast with the more highly colored inci-

dent. And if there is only one such incident, or high point, in a play which is otherwise on the flat, it will be hardly enough to satisfy an appetite for the sensational.

"The mistake is due to a misunderstanding or a complete ignorance of dramatic laws and values.

"Drama and melodrama are chiefly dependent for their effect upon the objective exposition. In fact, many such pieces might be played in pantomime and still be intelligible and interesting.

"In comedy, however, the play of wit and humor and the contrast of character and point of view are far more important than mere extraneous incident. When the play-maker, then, proceeds to poll his comic exposition in order to introduce the so-called 'punch' he is engaged in an exceedingly dangerous process. And in nine times out of ten his play falls to pieces at this very point.

"There can be no doubt in the mind of any one familiar with the practical workings of the theatre that much may be done in the way of shaping and amending the form and substance of a play in the course of rehearsal. But something more is necessary than the mere familiarity with points

of favor in current successes and the reproduction of those points.

"Time and again plays are offered in which the tampering has been done without any regard for the character of the play under consideration. And in this way the insistent cry for 'the punch' has worked so end of harm.

"It is exactly at the point at which he attempts to introduce 'the punch,' for example, that Mr. Edward Sheldon has shot widest of the mark in his otherwise charmingly conceived and beautifully written play, 'Bonanza.' But there is here less obvious violence and a lesser sense of the making of a climax without respect to what has preceded it previously.

"And after all, though it is true that several plays containing the big, forceful scene, 'the punch,' in fact, have been unusually successful, it is equally true that its absence has not prevented success in other cases.

"Is there a 'punch' in 'Milestones'?"

"Is there a 'punch' in 'Years of Discretion'?"

"A punch, yes, but not represented in violent incident. The punch of those plays consists in their naturally human qualities, in their consistent development.

"The freshest inspiration this season has shown, yes, several seasons, is found in 'The Poor Little Rich Girl.' And the public likes it. The public in possibly larger numbers than have patronized any Belasco production in years is rushing to see 'Years of Discretion.' That same public has been liberal in its patronage of 'Milestones,' and the long London run is a matter of common knowledge.

"It will be a good thing when our play-makers and our producers stop worshipping this recently discovered fetish of 'the punch.' Let them strive a little more for plausibility and consistency. And it's dollars to a pass-out check that they will find it more profitable in the long run, and—in long run."

A New Fossil Man

A VERY great interest is being shown by all students of man's early history in the fossil skull and fragment of a jaw-bone found in a gravel pit in Sussex, England. The bones differ so radically from any previous fossil remains that they are considered as representing a new genus. So writes Dr. Williams in *Herald*.

The find came about in an odd way. Mr. Dawson, the discoverer, in honor of whom the name *Eranthropus Dawsoni* has been suggested for this newest species of prehistoric man, observed some chipped flints in a layer of gravel that had been dug from a pit and spread on the road by workmen. Now chipped flints, of course, imply the work of man. So, Mr. Dawson was led to investigate the gravel pit. He learned that a curious osseous-like object had recently been found and broken up by the workmen. Making search he was able to recover fragments of this object, which proved when put together to constitute the left half of a human skull. Subsequent search revealed not far away the portion of a lower jaw-bone, also fossilized, which was presumed to have belonged to the same skull.

There were also found in the same mass of gravel the fragments of a tooth of the mastodon and various fragments of the teeth of a pre-historic elephant; also of the

hippopotamus, the beaver, and an extinct species of horse, and a bit of a large deer's antler.

It is not quite certain that all of these remains are of contemporary origin with the human remains, for, as Sir Percy Lancaster explains, the gravel bed in which the relics are found represents a deposit made by the slow wearing away of the chalky rock in which the insoluble flint was originally imbedded. The residue or sifting of all the ages during which the wearing away of the rock went on would be thrown together in this thin layer of gravel. It seems probable, however, according to Professor Lancaster, that the remains are contemporary; and this probability, if justified, shows that our ancestor lived in England at a period so remote that one hesitates to name the terms of years involved. In geological terms the fossil animal remains represent what is called the Pleistocene Age, a period at which it has usually been supposed man had not yet been evolved from his simian ancestors.

The characteristics of the skull itself, and in particular of the jaw-bone, justify this presumption. The arched process or condyle which hinges the jaw on the skull, and which is peculiarly developed in modern man, is of a very primitive type in this

specimen; and, what is equally characteristic, the chin altogether lacks the point which distinguishes the chin of human kind from that of all lower animals, including the men-apes. Only one prehistoric skull hitherto known—that of the "man of Heidelberg"—has this peculiarity. The Sussex jaw is unfortunately broken, and its front portion has not been recovered. But the receding chin remains, and its close similarity in outline to the chins of the chimpanzee and the gorilla is strikingly obvious. On the other hand, the two teeth that remain in the jaw, which are the first and second molars, are distinctly human in contour.

While very great interest attaches to this discovery, it can not be said to have revolutionary importance.

The fact of the very great antiquity of man has long ceased to be matter for controversy. That man was contemporary with the pre-historic mastodon in Europe was demonstrated by the remains found in the caves of France, which included frag-

ments of tusks on which pictures of the mastodon itself were carved. Since that discovery was made by Lacaze and Christy, almost half a century ago, it has been impossible to doubt the extremely ancient lineage of our race.

On the other hand, the precise steps that mark its evolution are but dimly traced as yet by the modern investigator; so such a find as the Sussex skull and jaw adds an important new bit of evidence and brings the genealogical tree one stage nearer to completion.

It is particularly interesting to note that the new skull is very different in contour from the famous Neanderthal skull which came from a cave in Germany; and that it bears a curious resemblance in type to the skulls of the people inhabiting Sussex as recently as a thousand years ago. It is at least conceivable that the tribe of Eranthropus Dawsoni has continued to inhabit Britain throughout the intervening centuries and that some of the blood of this pre-historic race courses in the veins of contemporary Britons.

Marie Corelli as Una

THE "star turn" on Nash's bill is Marie Corelli, who contributes an appeal against war, entitled "Savage Glory." As might be expected, the appeal is pitched in a very high key. The argument is a comprehensive challenge—

"Civilization is a great weed. It reads well—it is used everywhere—it bears itself proudly in the language. It is a big mouthful of arrogance and self-sufficiency. The very sound of it flatters our vanity and testifies to the good opinion we have of ourselves. We boast of 'Civilization' as if we were really civilized—just as we talk of 'Christianity' as if we were really Christians. Yet it is all the various game of make-believe, for we are more savages still. Savages in 'the lust of the eye and pride of life'—savages in our national prejudices and animosities, our jealousies, our greed and malice, and savages in our relentless efforts to overreach or pull down each other in social and business relations. If any confirmation of such a statement be needed, it is found in the fact that war is still permitted to exist. War is unquestionably the thrust and blow of untamed savagery in the face of civilization. No special pleading can make it anything else."

This is, also! so much heating of the air; it has been said with greater rebuke by Anarchists and with more restraint by Carlyle and Ruskin.

Miss Corelli, faced with the "popularity" of war, seeks to trace the causes, and finds the offenders to be Jews and journalists—"Roughly speaking, most of the money advanced at interest for all important purposes comes from the Jews. All nations are more or less under the thumb of Israel, disguise it as we will or may. No great scheme either in peace or war can be started without Jewish gold and Jewish support. . . . Unscrupulous newspaper articles lamenting the 'horrors' of war and disclaiming all responsibility for fermenting and agitating the motives of quarrel, are only so much meaningless 'copy.' Whereas the very suggestion of war is a paying 'sensational' for great men—it gives plenty of opening for his 'head-lines' and attractive 'pointers,' which help to tell their penny or half-penny sheets to the best advantage."

If the Peace were really responsible for war, peace would not be difficult of attainment; the journalist is only a part, however important, of the nation, and the whole

is greater than the part, as was once said by an earlier writer than Miss Corelli.

The fruit lies deeper; no attempt has ever been made in these islands to educate the rising generation with any regard to modern facts, and the value of thought as a means of attainment is unheard of in the schools where religion rides rampant and the classics of pre-Christian pagans are the first and last word of the pedant.

Miss Corelli is horrified at the recent development in the instruments of destruction:—

"Another instrument of treachery is the submarine—a truly devilish invention devised for the avowed object of destroying war-vessels by numerous action from the hidden depths of the sea."

"And now, not satisfied with attack from the secret depths of the ocean, we are preparing to shower bombs upon our enemies from 'military aeroplanes,' so that the hitherto neutral skies will be made spaces of vengeance for pillages afloat. All these 'civilized' inventions for the practice of

herbiter ought to give so-called 'Christian' Empires food for serious thought, yet, strange to say, it would seem that every new and more numerous weapon of warfare is hailed with columns of praise in the press and such general acclamation as may truly be called 'savage'—for no 'civilized' community, educated according to all that we boast of in our advanced state of progress, could or would rejoice over the construction of mere killing machines for the slaughter of their fellow-creatures. Therefore, it may be asked—Are we truly 'civilized,' or is it all a sham? Are we really humane, or as bloodthirsty as when, in our original savagery, we craved upon the skulls of our enemies with dirt axes?"

All this has been said in Hyde Park for a generation, as ably and as fiercely, and the gibes at patriotism are as old as the dictionary definition. John Ruskin once said that there would cease if women decided to go into universal mourning against bloodshed. Will Miss Corelli preach this practical doctrine to her innumerable admirers?

The Wheel of Fortune

THE most interesting article in McClure's is one by Mr. C. N. Williamson on "Systems and System-Players at Monte Carlo."

This privileged report has been described as a Garden of Eden and likened unto a Hall upon Earth. The spirit of evil may be the only nexus, but whether for pleasure or excitement, Monte Carlo continues to attract an amazing assortment of men and women from the four corners of the earth. The most notable, if not the most picturesque, amongst these are undoubtedly the system-players. Mr. Williamson gives us an odd glimpse of these hopeful ones:

A little after nine o'clock in the morning a stranger would be surprised to see a crowd, composed mostly of men, solemnly assembled on the pavement across the road opposite the Casino. They look more like business men waiting for a suburban train to take them to the city than gay Riviera idlers. Their faces are intent, though not visibly anxious. They talk little to their neighbors, and laugh less.

Mr. Williamson chafes pleasantly at the great Juggers who succeeded with a system invented on the ordered fluctuations of a family roulette wheel:—

"The 'system' began to seem supernatural and in a few months Juggers had

taken from the Casino the unprecedented sum of \$600,000. The authorities began to suspect that all the cylinders were imperfect. The marker was next for, and each wheel was subjected to a rigid scrutiny. The faulty one was discovered and taken away, and next morning Juggers' tide of fortune turned. For a few days he went on playing, and lost back to the Casino some \$300,000 of his enormous winnings. Then he was wise enough to see that he was beaten. He discharged his staff, ceased play, and retired with the comfortable sum of \$400,000 intact. Never did he appear again at Monte Carlo; but his memory has lived three times as a classic man."

The simplest system is that adopted by the Grand Duke Michael:—

"He is a most popular figure: handsome, dignified, striking, easy to find in a crowd because of his height, and amazingly lucky. His system is one that seems to be based on an absurdity—that numbers, having appeared, will immediately repeat themselves several times in succession or close to either. '1' and '36' are the Grand Duke's favorite numbers. When one of these appears, he bets the maximum (\$1,200) that it will repeat, staking also on adjacent and correlative, so that if the number itself does

not come, another near it may still give him a limited success."

Mr. Williamson does not pretend to give a complete picture of the tragedies which must be enacted daily in the artificial atmosphere of the gamblers' paradise—or hell, but he gives the details of an ingenious system, the author of which died miserably poor in a London suburb while his pupils were daily winning considerable sums at

Monte Carlo. The ingenious inventor called himself "the Cosquerer." His system, when tested "over more than 50,000 authentic spins of the roulette wheel, has given the surprising average of four wins more than the Bank on each hundred spins, after annulling the zero percentage, and actual play at the tables has corroborated these results." So there is something in system after all!

Sentiment in the Modern Novel

IN HIS London letter in the Book Monthly for January, Mr. James Milne puts in a plea for more sentiment in the new English novel.

By sentiment Mr. Milne does not mean naivety or the blubbery over-kind of thing which some people call sentiment, but sentiment of the real, healthy, hearty kind, the feeling of a thing and the expressing of it enthusiastically. To have sentiment is surely nothing more than to be moved by feeling, to be susceptible to emotion, to sensibility; in fine, real sentiment is sincerity of feeling expressed sincerely. This, he says, is conspicuously lacking in the modern novel. Mere cleverness does not appeal to the heart of the great public. What people want is a touch of human feeling, and there are many novelists to-day who could find a place for honest sentiment if they

only would, and if they only thought it not beneath their dignity to do so. Every woman has sentiment, but if she is a literary woman she hesitates to let herself go on the subject. An idea seems to have arisen that a woman novelist must write only of the drab realities of life rather than of the side where the spring of sentiment flows. Mr. Milne warns more "stories which are true to life and which still carry you up the hill and over it, and far away to the happy land in which the average reader likes to wander." A tired man wants to be made happy, to have a rest for his mind, and a woman likes to be taken to the realms of bright faith and inspiring sentiment. Mr. Milne mentions Berrio, Stevenson and the Kailyard school as having done so much to give us healthy sentiment.

An Ancient Egyptian Mechanical Problem

HOW did the ancient Egyptians install their gigantic monuments? The question has long been a puzzle to modern engineers. In the Open Court F. M. Barber offers a solution which appears to be satisfactory. In the rock tomb of the sarcophagus Psamtik at Saqqara (about 500 B.C.) was found an empty sarcophagus with its 17-ton cover resting on blocking sufficiently high above it to admit the mummy sideways. It is an important proof of how sand was actually used in lowering heavy weights. The cover was furnished with four projections, two on each side, which fitted into vertical grooves in the sides of the tomb chamber. The vertical grooves connected at the bottom with horizontal grooves which in turn

connected with a cavity in the floor under the sarcophagus. Immediately under the projections of the cover were cylindrical wooden plugs, the remainder of the grooves and the connecting cavity being filled with sand. After the mummy had been placed in the sarcophagus the blocking was removed, leaving the cover resting on the wooden plugs. A workman then went under the sarcophagus and gradually removed the sand from the cavity, thus permitting the sand under the plugs to flow into the cavity until the cover descended to its final resting-place on top of the sarcophagus. Occupied tombs were afterwards found with cover and plugs in place.

The geared wheel and water buckets

worked by cattle embodies the principle of the capstan, and Wilkinson and most other Egyptologists suppose it to have been introduced into Egypt at the time of the Persian invasion B. C. 657, but its principle must have been used as early as the time of the Papyrus Anastasi I. By its use the obelisk was hauled up and projected on top of a sand-bank. There must have been also a solid wide homer or ledge on each side and higher than the road bed, not only for mounting the capstans, but in order to be able to wedge the obelisk back into position in case it got out of line in coming up the incline. The size of the box would be at least 40 by 20 by 50 in order that the obelisk might swing about its centre of gravity. The box would be carefully caulked and would contain 11,000 tons of sand, nine-tenths of the space occupied by the pedestal, which weight 461 tons. Harwell's American Tables give the weight of granite as 160 pounds per cubic foot and sand as 120 pounds per cubic foot. Perhaps Egyptian and sand granite may be nearer alike. The writer who is the less would be the tendency of the obelisk to slide as it approached the perpendicular.

lar, though any such small tendency could be overcome by leaving at the quarry a small projection on the obelisk nearly under the centre of gravity, which would be cut off afterwards. The box would be strongly buttressed to prevent its bursting, and there would be lashings about the pivoting point of the obelisk.

The obelisk would at all times during its pivoting be steadied by rope guys from the head and heel, and the pedestal would be placed at such a point that the obelisk when reaching it would rest on the edge of the heel and there would be a space of five or six inches at the opposite edge to clear the sand out before bringing it to the vertical by means of the guys. Very likely the edge would be splintered on account of the immense weight resting on it, and it would necessarily pivot on this edge when coming to the vertical. Probably it would jump an inch or two just when it reached an upright position; but nearly all obelisks are splintered at the base, and Professor Borghardt's careful measurements show that they nearly all have jumped.

Notable Women Financiers

THE most notable feminine figure in finance is Mrs. Hetty Green, as she is known to every one who ever thinks of one of the wealthiest women in the world, but who signs her checks Hetty Hawkins Robinson Green. There is a homely motherly sound to "Hetty," and though Hetty Green has the reputation of being cold, calculating and grasping, an intimate acquaintance with her endorses the choice of "Hetty" for the name of this New England woman who is shrouded in a masterful masculine fashion in matters of finance, but who is truly womanly in many others. Thus writes Edith T. Kaufman in *Ladies' Weekly* in an article on "Notable Women Financiers."

Hetty Green was born seventy-eight years ago at New Bedford, Mass. Her father was Edward Mott Robinson, who died in 1835 leaving her a comfortable fortune. Even as a girl when she attended Mrs. Lowell's school in Boston it is said she was of the most saving character, though not mean. In 1837 she married Edward H. Green of New York. Mr. Green died in 1902. From the beginning of her married life Mrs. Green demonstrated that

she was capable of handling the fortune left by her father, and her husband retired into the background. While she was the greater financier of the two, she was likewise wonderfully tender and able mother to her son and daughter and a devoted wife whom Mr. Green never ceased to praise and admire.

Hetty Green is said to be the richest woman in America and is probably the greatest feminine financier in the world. While affairs of magnitude do not appear to worry her, and her quick decisions where millions are involved are given without hesitation, she will haggle over trifles, to the despair of tradespeople with whom she has to deal. Before the marriage of Miss Green, her wealthy mother took a flyer in society by living for a short time at one of New York's highest priced hotels. The life evidently did not appeal to her, for she was shortly reintroduced in an \$18 per month flat in Hoboken, N.J., where she enjoys doing her own housework and marketing. A delatessen dealer in the neighborhood gleefully tells of her purchase of three cents worth of sliced ham. The only doubt that can be thrown on this story is that no delatessen man over born would cut three cents' worth of anything.

"Hetty Green" is a name to conjure with, and it is spoken of in connection with nearly every large corporation and enterprise in the world. The sound judgment of this world-famous woman of finance requires no advisory board. She personally manages her large properties in stocks, bonds and real estate in Chicago, New York and other cities.

Every day, rain or shine, finds her at her office in the Chemical National Bank, New York, carefully going into all details in connection with her vast estate. One evening upon her return to Hoboken she discovered the loss of her purse. She notified the ferryman, who said he had been told that a lady in the same house with Mrs. Green had found a purse. Mrs. Green called upon this lady, only to discover that it was not her purse, as it had over a dollar in it, while Mrs. Green's purse contained less than sixty cents. Surely this naive confession of the loser who can count her money in millions is a humorous commentary on financial conduct.

Until the death of Edward Henry Harriman in 1901 few knew that the great American railroad magnate and capitalist was constantly advised by his wife in every movement of gigantic scope that Mr. Harriman made. When his will was made public there was a gasp of astonishment that everything was left absolutely to his widow, who at once stepped into the control of 25,000 miles of railroad, with a dominating voice in the management of 50,000 mile more, and the addition of 54,000 miles of sea routes. The death of Mr. Harriman left also to Mrs. Harriman the handling of \$474,864,340 in stocks and bonds and \$150,000,000 in cash. It is said that it was largely due to Mrs. Harriman's firm fore-sight that, when the Union Pacific Railway went into the hands of receivers in 1893, Mr. Harriman with a few associates bought the system for \$63,000,000. Mrs. Harriman's judgment at the time of the famous struggle with J. P. Morgan and J. J. Hill for the control of the Northern Pacific Railroad was conceded to be Napoleonic and her grasp of intricate details that are Greek to the average woman helped her husband over many a difficult decision.

There was never a couple more devoted or more congenial in interests of both a family and financial character. Mrs. Harriman's gorgeous estate of 25,000 acres, Tower Hill, Arizona, N.Y., is one of the show places of the country and is a monument to her wonderful executive ability, as it

was designed by her in all its palatial beauty with very little guidance from architect or builder. Mrs. Harriman was Miss Mary Averell, daughter of W. J. Averell, a banker of Rochester, N.Y. She is almost sixty years of age.

Mrs. Russell Sage, who became the second wife of the great financier, Russell Sage, in 1899, was born at Syracuse, N.Y., September 5, 1828. She was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Slocum. In 1847 she graduated from the Troy, N.Y., Female Seminary with the honorary degree of Mistress of Letters. Mrs. Sage is not only a wonderful financier, managing and increasing the great fortune of \$60,000,000 left by her husband, who died in 1905, but is also a noted philanthropist. Her birthday benefactions have become famous, as she accustoms her increasing years by gifts on the occasion of every twelve month older to favorite associations and charities, that most appeal to her. Among those especially favored are the Emma Willard Association, of which she is president; the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the Y.M.C.A. of New York, a seminar at Northfield, Mass., and a public school at Sag Harbor, L.I. Mrs. Sage also established a \$10,000,000 endowment known as the Sage Foundation for social betterment, the income going largely to improve the housing of the working classes. The New York home of Mrs. Sage on Fifth Avenue has been practically deserted by its mistress since the encroachment of trade, and she spends a great deal of her time at Sag Harbor, L.I., and Northfield, Mass., the two places where her pet philanthropies are located.

Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Russell Sage and Mrs. H. Harriman are all women well up in years. Mrs. Sage having reached her 85th birthday with vigor unimpaired and financial judgment clear cut, believing in maintaining the policies that made her husband famous, though her liberality is of a much wider scope than that of her husband, who endorses the pie and milk make which made "Uncle Russell" at once the despair and delight of ambulatory financiers, eager to emulate his methods.

In all her distribution of immense funds, Mrs. Sage is willing to be guided by trustees whom she personally appoints, but no decision is made in any matter involving large sums in which she does not have the dominant voice. Without children, it is a matter of conjecture into whose control the immense Sage fortune will pass, if it is not entirely given away to charity. The late Russell Sage left only a few minor bequests to nephews and nieces, thus indicating his

confidence in the financial management of Mrs. Sage.

Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (formerly Miss Helen Miller Gould), eldest daughter of the late Jay Gould, has shown her ability to finance her affairs, and by her distinguished *vestments* has more than tripled the fortune of five million dollars left her by her father. While her interests are most closely allied with the railroad in which she has large holdings her philanthropy vies with the business side of her nature, and she gives bountifully and largely as her fortune increases. Her well-known philanthropy is the cause of her residing on an average

a thousand begging letters a day, an item of correspondence which does not bother Hetty Green. When the engagement of Miss Gould and Mr. Shepard was announced the number of letters of this kind rose to such proportions that a special secretary had to be engaged.

As figures in the financial world whose manipulations of millions show more than ordinary ability it is interesting to know that Mrs. Green, Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Harriman and Mr. Shepard agree that investments in sound industrial and real estate are the safest ways for women to augment their fortunes, whether they be large or small.

The United States and Anglo-German Rivalry

THE effect upon the United States of a conflict between England and Germany is discussed in an article in the National Review.

Defeat for Great Britain, says the writer, would be fatal to the Empire whose disintegration would almost inevitably ensue. It is apparent that the fate of Canada and the British possessions in America immediately concern the Republic. Of Canadian loyalty to the Empire there is here no question. It is certain that like the other self-governing British Colonies, she would to the best of her ability support the Mother Country. But if the fortune of war prove adverse, there is no reason to suppose that Canada would long continue under the control, however nominal, of a parent State deprived of prestige and authority, and ruined by an unsuccessful war. Canada could not by herself stand up against an all-powerful enemy, and the fate of the Crown Colonies would be even more immediate. A strong appeal would in all likelihood be made for American protection, which could hardly fail to awaken generous response. The consequence of any such action on the part of the United States is apparent, reinforced, moreover, by an alternative which in contradiction to the Monroe Doctrine would ask it to countenance a transfer of sovereignty upon the American Continent for the benefit of a European Power hitherto deprived of such possessions.

Without going to the length of such extreme conclusions, a likely possibility would be that of a contest long drawn out between the two countries wherein neither could obtain decisive advantage. If the struggle should be protracted, extensive borrowing

would have to be undertaken, and New York is sure and more becoming one of the money markets of the world. It is probable that it will be called upon, possibly by both sides, to furnish pecuniary assistance, even though the obligations of strict neutrality are somewhat questionable on this point.

As all industry in the belligerent nations would be brought to a virtual standstill it is likely that while American manufacturers and experts in Europe suffered there would be a greatly increased demand for food-stuffs as well as for whatever might be of utility in the conduct of war.

Without a merchant marine under the American flag no adequate benefit would be derived from this situation. The export of American products would be rendered increasingly difficult by the few remaining neutral boats with the consequent increase in freight rates. The creation of an American Merchant Navy thus becomes a primary necessity whether assisted by postal subventions, direct subsidies, or the admission of foreign-built ships. The and anomaly of the present position in this respect can hardly be overestimated, and until steps are taken to remedy the deficiency of existing navigation laws, all efforts to win pride is often the forerunner of real interest, and while it is only the former that suffers to-day by the shames of the American flag on the high seas, a European war, with its wide ramifications and consequences, would soon awaken the United States to realizing the shortcomings of its present policy. Unless remedy be found for exist-

ing conditions it is not difficult to picture American factories and workmen reduced to idleness because a foreign war had brought about a virtual cessation of ocean transport.

Even more important than the creation of an American merchant marine is that at a time of uncertainty like the present, with the future still hedged, no efforts be spared to maintain its relative naval strength. Already the United States has fallen from the second place which, for a decade, it had occupied, and without greater exertion is likely to sink still further in the scale.

In the event of a European conflagration the American fleet, even if maintained at its present relative strength, might find difficulty in accomplishing its double task of preserving the status quo in the Far East, and enforcing the neutrality of the Caribbean, where the presence of hostilities would certainly embarrass and possibly endanger American interests.

An Anglo-German conflict would thus affect the United States at various points and in various ways. There is hardly a branch of American national activity, governmental or economic, which would not feel its consequences in varying degree or be concerned by its outcome. While the American attitude in such contest would in the beginning be one of strict neutrality, which would be maintained as long as possible, this does not mean that a far-sighted policy might not, under certain contingencies, impose a different course of action. However considerable the responsibility incurred, however great the bait offered, it would hardly be wise statesmanship to remain passive if England should by any series of disasters be crushed. Even though the immediate consequences would be to throw Canada and the British Antilles in to the lap of the United States, it would leave the latter confronted by an Empire supreme on land and sea, and would force it to pursue a preparation of armaments which for its own preservation could not be inferior to what it might be called upon to face. Unperceived by many Americans, the European balance of power is a political necessity which can have sanction on the Western Hemisphere the continuance of economic development unhampered by the burden of extensive armaments. At no time, even unknown to the United States, were European politics a matter of indifference to its vital interests. But if hitherto it was important to alter their march, a fortunate destiny preserved the existing balance.

Seeking, as little as in the past, any selfish benefit in the Old World, even though it were possible, America has to-day a distinct and legitimate duty in the family of great nations in contributing to preserve those elements which comprise the balance of power, and to which it can only be blind at a later cost. The disappearance or diminution of any one State in Europe would be a calamity, varying with its degree. But while the importance of such extinction might not in most instances be sufficiently close to warrant or provoke active intervention, this would not be true with Great Britain. The disintegration of the British Empire would be a defeat for America by the creation of a Power supreme on land and sea. A German historian of reputation, Professor Oncken, of Heidelberg, has lately, with reason, expounded the view that in 1864 in the war over the Danes, England was unconsciously defeated. "Had Schleswig-Holstein remained Danish, the right bank of the Elbe up to the gates of Hamburg not been German territory, and the Canal from the Baltic to the North Sea an impossibility, all the conditions of Germany's maritime position would have been non-existent." French historians have similarly traced the beginnings of their disasters in 1870 to their non-interference in the affair of the Danes. The lesson of how a failure to act later reacts should not be lost.

To consider the possible contingency of such intervention by the United States as tantamount to an alliance with Great Britain would be untrue. Where there is no treaty there is no alliance. America does not keep England from war nor rush her toward a conflict. In the event of hostilities the assertion of its neutrality would at once be made and strictly lived up to. If Germany and England choose to indulge in the luxury of war such is their right. However much one may lament the loss of life, it is no affair of the United States even though England were defeated, as long as the general balance is preserved. But if ever decisive results are about to be registered in 1910 or earlier, it is upon what has for centuries been the recognized political fabric of Europe, America can remain indifferent thereto only at her own eventual cost. If it then neglects to observe that the interests of the nations crushed are likewise its own, America will be guilty of political blindness which it will later rue. To guard against this danger the diplomatic role of the United States in Europe should

be far more active than in the past. Properly understood and carried out by skillful agents it would be one which instead of being resented should entitle it to the grati-

tude of all lovers of peace, since it would be apparent that without selfish designs of its own it aimed to preserve the rights of all.

A Six Year Term for President

CANADIANS will be interested in the movement in the United States favoring a six-year Presidential term. Commenting on it in the March issue *World's Work* has the following:—

There is a possibility that Woodrow Wilson will serve as President until March 4, 1919.

The House of Representatives is in favor of the resolution that originated in the Senate for an amendment to the Federal Constitution changing the term of the President from four years to six and making him ineligible for re-election. After being passed by a two-thirds vote of both branches of Congress a constitutional amendment must be ratified by the legislatures of three quarters of the States—at present thirty-six out of the forty-eight.

The public imagination has never become stirred up over the relative advantages of having the Presidential term four years and the President eligible for re-election, or having it six years and having him ineligible. But both the great critics of our Government, De Toqueville and Bryce, voiced the unfavorable opinion of our present Presidential term that is held by a very large number of thoughtful Americans.

De Toqueville, writing in 1835, with Jackson's re-election of 1832 before him, puts the situation very bluntly:

"When a simple candidate seeks to rise by intrigue, his manoeuvres must be limited to a very narrow sphere; but when the chief magistrate enters the lists, he knows the strength of the Government for his own purposes. In the former case, the feeble resources of an individual are in action; in the latter, the State itself, with its immense influence, is hushed in the work of corruption and cabal. The private citizen who employs culpable practices to acquire power can act in a manner only indirectly prejudicial to the public prosperity. But if the representative of the executive descends into the combat, the career of government dwindles for him into second-rate importance, and the success of his election is his first concern. All

public negotiations, as well as all laws, are to him nothing more than electioneering schemes; places become the reward of services rendered not to the Nation, but to its chief; and the influence of the Government, if not injurious to the country, is at least no longer beneficial to the community for which it was created.

"It is impossible to consider the ordinary course of affairs in the United States without perceiving that the desire of being re-elected is the chief aim of the President; that the whole policy of his Administration, and even his most indifferent measures, tend to this object, and that, especially as the crisis approaches, his personal interest takes the place of his interest in the public good."

Mr. James Bryce, writing fifty years later, puts the same idea in somewhat softer words:

"The fact that he is re-eligible once, but (practically) only once, operates unfavorably on the President. He is tempted to play for a re-nomination by so pandering to active sections of his own party, or so using his patronage to conciliate influential politicians, as to make them put him forward at the next election."

And again:

"The founders of the Southern Confederacy of 1861-65 were so much impressed by the objections to the present system that they provided that their President should hold office for six years, but not to be re-eligible."

Methods of getting renominated differ somewhat with different Presidents, but it is a fact that no President that has lived out his term of office, except Pierce and Hayes, has been succeeded by another man of his own party until he had obtained a nomination for a second term. A careful study of the secession shows that if his party stayed in power the President could practically always succeed himself if he chose. Mr. Roosevelt, as President could even nominate Mr. Taft as his successor as Republican candidate, but Mr. Roosevelt as a private citizen could not

prevent Mr. Taft's renominating himself, even after an unpopular administration, and Mr. Roosevelt characterized the condition of affairs which made this possible in language no less severe than De Toqueville used.

To make him ineligible for re-election would remove the temptation from a President to work for his own ends, and would leave him free to attend to the Presidency during the campaign for nomination. The six-year term would give the country a longer period undisturbed by national campaigns and would give each Administration a better opportunity to do the tasks which it has pledged itself to perform.

But on the other hand there are distinct disadvantages to the proposed amendment. Half way through Mr. Taft's Administration, he had ceased to represent the will of the electorate. To have continued his

Administration in office for four years after such a landslide as gave the House of Representatives to the Democratic party would have been a travesty on popular government. Six years is too long for a President who is out of sympathy with the people who elected him. But for a man who is doing his great task well, six years is too short a term. Our history shows that as a people believe this, for we have re-elected nine Presidents and refused to re-elect the same number.

But perhaps the greatest objection to the proposed amendment now is that it cannot be decided upon its general merits but must necessarily be fought out upon its bearing upon the length of Mr. Wilson's Administration, his eligibility to re-election, and the eligibility of Mr. Roosevelt for another term in the White House.

An Age of Wonderful Progress

AT the recent annual dinner of the Old Students' Association of the Royal College of Science in London, Sir William Crookes, the president of the association, gave an interesting talk about the work which, in its incipient stage, was being done in the field of science throughout the world in 1845, when he was a student at that institution, and gave a glance at some of the achievements of the two-thirds of a century since then. It is a wonderful exhibit, declares a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. The exploits by Wheatstone, Faraday, Joule, Grove, Thomson, Helmholtz, Pasteur, and others may be said to have created electricity, chemistry and other sciences out of the void. The researches of Darwin and Wallace, with the broad generalizations of Spencer, who are not mentioned in the summary of Sir William's address which has been sent across the Atlantic, have also been speech-making.

More progress in many fields has taken place in the world in the past half or two-thirds of a century than in half a dozen times that many years in any earlier age of the world. When the telegraph sent the news from Baltimore to Washington of the nomination of Polk for the presidency in 1844, a marvel which was unbelievable to most of the people of that day was wrought. To-day the uttermost ends of the earth are connected by telegraph, and thirty cables

thread all the world's seas. The steamship and the railway, although exact at that time, were crude things, compared with those which we know. The telephone, the electric light, the phonograph, wireless telegraphy and many other of the familiar agencies of our time are creations of the past few decades. Darwin's "Origin of Species," published in 1859, revolutionized men's ideas regarding the beginnings and the development of the universe. Nobody now looks at life and its various manifestations in the same way that he did before that date.

In the political world there have also been vast advances in the period of which we are speaking. By its franchise law of 1867 England took the first step by which it has been transformed into a democracy; in 1870 France became a republic and a year later the German Empire became a limited monarchy, with a constitution, and with its popular chamber chosen by manhood suffrage; Austria dropped her old autocracy in 1867 and became a modern state; while Italy, Spain, Brazil (which drove out Dom Pedro II. in 1889 and became a republic) and Japan have since then embraced liberalism. Within the past few years Russia and Turkey have adopted constitutions, Portugal and China have become republics, leaving only one lone absolutism, Abyssinia, to

represent that governmental cult which spread over the larger part of the globe a few decades ago.

Advances equally stupendous have taken place in the social world in the same length of time. International arbitration has stepped in to adjust many controversies between countries; wars have diminished in

number and in their accompanying atrocities; benevolence has become far more active and intelligent than ever before; the church is doing a larger work than it did in the past; and the world is a much better place in which to live than it was in the earlier days of millions among us who are still actively at work.

The "Grand Prix de Littérature" of 1912

THE AWARD for the first time of the "Grand Prix de Littérature" founded two years ago by the Académie Française constitutes the chief literary sensation of the year 1912 in Paris, writes Theodor Davidson in the *Fortnightly Review*. It was named by the august Forty in the following words:

The condition that candidates should not present themselves, but that the Académie should select the competitors for its favor, left a field as wide as France itself, and greatly enhanced the excitement.

Writers there were in plenty whose feet were already placed on the ladder of fame. The Académie was fully alive to their claims, but its desire was rather to distinguish some new author, to discover some hitherto unrecognized talent.

A committee of the most illustrious among contemporary litterateurs was appointed to make the initial selection. Numerous works were subjected to the artistic scrutiny of the members, and finally, Mr. Maurice Barrès was deputed by his colleagues to draw up a report for the Académie. On the great day a member rose, and with all the persuasive force of polished oratory, pleaded the cause of a youthful, unknown author of a country college, who, he said, had produced a work perfect in tone, insight, and delicate charm. And the selection was ratified by a powerful majority.

André Lafon, the author of *L'Élève Gilles*, had only just been made aware that his book was under consideration.

And what of the hitherto obscure author who awoke one morning in his suburban college to find the great crown of the year resting, unthought, unexpected, upon his shrinking brow?

André Lafon, the only child of middle-class parents, was born at Blaye, twenty-seven years ago. Reverses of fortune compelled him to interrupt the course of his

education at the early age of fifteen, and enter a house of business as a clerk. Though he did his best, he disliked the life, and was unable to settle down in the line Fate seemed to have chosen for him. His whole heart was in literature. He continued his studies at night and at every spare moment. At the end of seven years of hard, solitary toil, his perseverance received its reward. He took a University degree, and initiated his scholastic career with an appointment as répétiteur, or what we should term usher, in his former school at Blaye. Thence he passed successively in the same capacity to a school at Bordeaux, and to the Lycée Carnot. Finally, he joined the staff of the collège de Sainte Croix, at Neuilly, near Paris, as préfet. This office does not exist in any other school in France. A préfet is practically the superintendent of the boys' morals and amusements; a sort of "boys' friend." As such, he must be present in the dormitory and at recreations, as well as during preparation hours; he escorts his pupils to museums and galleries, reads the news of the day to them, and is always at hand to answer questions or administer advice and assistance.

Lafon is peculiarly fitted by temperament to fill this niche at Neuilly. His book is the best proof possible of his wide sympathy with the needs of youth. Indeed, as well does he love his boys that his recent hours have failed to induce him to leave them. It is his present intention to remain at Neuilly and continue writing in his leisure hours. *L'Élève Gilles* was produced thus, in the stray moments he was able to snatch from his exacting duties.

A correspondent who visited him to discuss the topic of the hour found him in his Spartan little room adjoining the study hall. His surroundings were of the utmost simplicity—merely a huge desk strewn with papers, a round table with a lamp, a few

wooden chairs, some shelves containing his favorite books, and in a curtained recess a bed, washing stand, and wardrobe. As he stood at his desk smilingly answering questions, but preferring no information on his own account, the author of *L'Élève Gilles* looked almost as young as one of his own pupils. He is very retiring in manner, and seems almost bewildered by the publicity so unexpectedly thrust upon him. A twinkling lighted his eye as he described the humors of his daily letter-lag. Love-letters from romantic girls form not the least important item; fathers consult him about their sons' careers; an old woman begged him to get a manuscript of her own writing published, giving as her reason that it would please her children so much, and that "she feels sure it would have a considerable sale in New Orleans;" a boy asked for a loan of forty pounds on the ground that he is one of eight sons. To these frank misfires are added the kindest of congratulations from such leading members of the Académie as Maurice Barrès, the Comte d'Haussonville, Paul Bourget, and Paul Hervieu, besides sundry offers for his next novel from enterprising publishers.

André Lafon admitted under pressure that his book was partly autobiographical:

What's Wrong With Marriage?

IN a striking article in Cannel's, *Peacock Withers* conducts a frank consideration of some of the chief causes of matrimonial misery. So important is the subject and so clever its treatment that we present Mr. Withers' observations herewith:

With the marriage-rate of this country at its very lowest, and a Royal Commission recognising urgent need of the community for easier divorce, it would be absurd to imagine, even for a moment, that there is nothing wrong with marriage. Manifestly, if there were nothing wrong with it heebler of both sexes would not seek to shun it, and husbands and wives would not seek to escape from its bonds.

There should be nothing wrong with marriage, ideally, of course. Ideally, marriage should be a flawless union of man and woman—a perfect, lifelong companionship of mental, physical, and domestic intimacy, sanctioned by the law (or, as Mr. George Bernard Shaw would express it, "recognised by the police") and sanctified by the Church.

For instance, this ideal described is the one where as received his own education; Gilles is "myself, plus imagination," all the incidents have occurred within his experience, though not in the order given; the boys are real, but the father is fictitious. Lafon stated his conviction that "although imagination should be a leading factor in a novel, the setting and characters must be built on a solid groundwork of personal experience and observation."

It is self-evident that the remarkable sincerity and vividness of the story are due to the fact that the author makes little Gilles his mouthpiece of the joys and sorrows and fancies of his own emotional childhood.

Several years went to the planning of the book, though only one was spent in actual writing.

The next novel from his pen will describe the life of a young man, again "myself, plus imagination," but under another personality; the idea of a series, all representing the same character, does not attract him. He means to introduce more incident, and possibly a love episode, and as he grows older and his horizon widens, he hopes to be able to make his books more interesting.

The fact that if marriage were as perfect as this there would be no occasion for any elaborate ceremony to begin it, or of man-made laws to secure its continuance, would not disturb the serenity of the ideal husband and the ideal wife. They could accept the ceremony as an advertisement of their affection, no doubt, and the marriage laws as something necessary for the intimidation of moral burglars or the discontented couple next door.

Unfortunately, however, ideal marriage is so rare nowadays that it may almost be said not to exist. It is true that we meet, now and then, with instances of what we are pleased to term "ideal marriage," but we do not delude ourselves into believing that such marriages are in fact ideal. We see the phrase merely as a convenient way of saying that some people are happier in their union than others. And even these instances are regrettably uncommon, compared with the number of wretchedly distressed marriages which are in fact as well as in name.

What is it, then, that is wrong with mar-

riage? The answer consists not of one thing but of several things—its misapprehension; its too great intimacy; its common-places; its restrictions; its responsibilities.

Let us take its misapprehension first.

How many husbands of the present day do you suppose are married to the right woman? How many wives to the right man? Very few. Nine people out of ten sacrifice their proper share of happiness by making makeshift marriages. This, however, is not so much their fault as their misfortune. The instinct for home-building is well developed in them, but they cannot find a perfect partner.

If a man knew exactly the sort of girl he needed he might very possibly decide to go old—if necessary—in looking for her, but a man seldom even guesses at the quality of his ideal unless he blunders upon her. The poetry and passion in his nature send him out in quest of a mate, but circumstances choose his route. The average man knows, perhaps, a score of girls in his bachelor days, and he may not feel specially attracted to any one of them. But if he cannot withstand the desire to marry, what is he to do? He can meet girls at private and public dances; at social gatherings organized by church and chapel; at the office or the railway station; in the street. If he is a nice man he does not expect to make the acquaintance of nice girls in an unconventional manner out of doors; and even if by dint of sandy worn-out expedients he manages to increase the number of his girl acquaintances to thirty, he is probably as remote as ever from the discovery of the "golden girl."

For all its progress in the matter of science, art, and mechanics, the world offers him no material assistance in this the most momentous affair of his existence. He must look for his future wife in the next street, or in the next suburb, for the simple reason that, socially, he is no better off to-day than his great grand-father was ninety years ago.

Environment plays the biggest part in the game of love. A lucky few may encounter their proper mates in unexpected places, but we are not dealing with the lucky few. The luckless may have no alternative but to remain unmarried all their lives or wed with one of the girls in their own microscopic corner of the universe.

The average girl is no better off. Unless she accepts the attentions of strong men in the streets, she has no acquaintance with men is extremely limited. She may not particularly like the young

man with the red hair who is always talking about himself, but if it is the most attractive of the men who woo her, she must either accept him or remain a spinster on the off-chance of a real mate one day stepping into her circumscribed world.

Can you expect happiness from a marriage wrongly compounded? It would be as reasonable to expect the exhilaration of champagne from a draught of weak cold tea. Yet those makeshift, lower beings themselves eventually to believe that they are devoted and suited to one another. Their temperaments and tastes may be opposed, but imagination drugs their reason, and their real selves are not revealed till too late.

No woman really knows a man till she has been married to him for six months; so man really knows a woman till she has become his wife. There is nothing honest about such things, and there may be nothing intentionally dishonest about it. Men and women alike endeavor to appear at their best, and checking their natural, normal selves with romance, meet on their best behavior. Even when they quarrel, they quarrel artificially, and mainly about insignificant trifles—a fact which their elders ascribe to their state of mind, though really and truly the mere inclination to quarrel when there is nothing but their idiosyncrasies to quarrel about proves them ill-assorted.

Disillusionment is part and parcel of the early days of all marriages, but it need not necessarily beget disagreement and misery. If the marriage is not misapplied the revelation of their true characters will result first of all in a sense of disappointment, but ultimately in a more lasting, practical, wearable affection than the thing we call "love" which brought them together.

Love is not only the expression of passion, it owes much of its intoxication to the fascination of the unknown. Marriage means intimacy—the elimination of the unknown—and intimacy injures when it is ugly. If a husband and wife can love one another for their very faults and failings, then it is scarcely likely that there will ever be anything radically wrong with their marriage, for intimacy does not permanently injure when it is not ugly, and the most perfect form of marriage is that in which familiarity does not breed contempt.

But one of the things that is wrong with matrimony is undoubtedly the utter lateness into which too many couples kindly rush. The barriers erected by convention before the sexes are removed by the wedding-ring, but that is no reason why all the

little illusions of life should straightaway be destroyed—why two who have hitherto displayed themselves at their best should make haste to exhibit themselves at their very worst.

Nearly all women embark upon marriage with "nice" instincts and excellent ideals, and it is nearly always the husband's fault (and folly) if these instincts and ideals are spoiled or destroyed. Brute passion may not frighten a woman, but the abrupt termination of all the privacy to which she has been accustomed through the years certainly murders her romance and mars her widowhood. One can only approach a delicate subject with delicacy, but if husbands realized how much they lose and how little they gain by denying their wives every vestige of the sanctity of sex, every right to personal seduction, they would have a dressing-room of their own from their wedding-day onwards, even if that dressing-room (through lack of accommodation) contained the bath.

It is the ugly intimacies of married life that beget its dreary commonplaces. Only exceptionally matter-of-fact people can find content in an existence which is utterly void of romance, and wives who prove unfaithful are often driven to wrong-doing, not so much through any latent evil in their natures, as through a craving for the poetry of life. The dull, stupid daily round of housework is too much of an anti-climax to the picturesque days of courtship in the majority of homes. A woman who is worth her salt will do the most and the best for the man she has married, but he must continue to love her, he must continue to tinge the grey monotony of household cares with the glow of his affection, exhibit an appreciation for the woman as well as for the housework she accomplishes, or something will speedily go irretrievably wrong.

Commonplace work, commonplace cares, commonplace habits, and a commonplace husband—these factors are sufficient to bring ruin into any marriage. Yet they are the most commonplace factors of the commonplace home. The wife endures them till they are no longer endurable, and then—well, what can be expected when everything is wrong with marriage, and some other man comes along? The intruder may be less worthy than the husband, but he offers what the husband has denied—novelty and romance.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, it is the wife who is in fault, and not her spouse. She has, perhaps, the mind of a servant, the soul of a housekeeper, and makes the home a place of torment to him. He wants a wife

—a human little woman—but the woman offers him only a spotless home and unending conversations about warts and moles. There are many married couples in one or other of these plights; but there would not be, had the marriages of the universe been properly controlled from the first day of the honeymoon.

It is the earliest appearance of the wife in courtship at the breakfast-table that matters more than all her protestations of love; it is the first pose of thoughtless commonness on the part of the man that matters more than all the presents he can heap upon his demure and demure partner.

The restrictions of married life are numerous, but they need not be galling. However tied a woman may feel to the home over which she presides, she should hasten to accept her husband's invitation to a theatre, a concert, a dance, or even a walk; for one has no acquired the habit of going out alone, the unity of the marriage is at an end. To lose the sight of the fact that she needs him, despite her reluctance to accompany him, and he is prone to seek what he calls "consolation" out of books. The wife who becomes a slave to the restrictions and responsibilities of marriage loses the consideration of her partner. He comes to accept her slavery as a thing more essential to her than to himself, and ceases to find any great pleasure in her society. Better a lady who considers than a bad wife.

On the other hand, a woman's extravagance is often a fruitful cause of matrimonial misery. The restrictions of marriage should not be studied too exclusively, but they should not be ignored to the extent of getting into debt. For debt spells the doom of happiness. Debt leads to deceit; deceit and desertion. Ignorance of financial matters is quite a forgivable defect in a wife, but she should show a readiness even if an aptitude be impossible—to learn how to control the domestic expenditure. Innumerable marriages have come to grief simply through the unbalanced, ill-advised efforts of a wife to provide for husband with pleasures beyond the common purse, and the indulgence of vanity in the shape of new frocks and hats and shoes, involving preposterous bills to be settled sooner or later, has soured many a husband's temper. It is part of a wife's province to please, but not by plundering.

The tendency of husbands and wives to flirt and frivel with people other than their lawful partners is another defect of modern marriage.

This is an age of irresponsibility and pleasure-seeking, but marriage is a respon-

sible state and cannot be trifled with. It is because so many people marry before they have come to realize the seriousness and significance of marriage that so many subsequently rail against its bonds. According to Max Nordan the perfect marriage lasts only for seven years, but other less famous philosophers might very well venture the opinion that if marriages were less lightly and casually undertaken, even an imperfect one would last a great deal longer. If a man and a woman can hold an affection for one another for the space of seven years they can continue to hold it for a lifetime. Statistics show that the first three years of married life form the most crucial period; after the third year the parties to the bond have either grown together, or drifted asunder. And perfect marriage—if such a thing were humanly possible—would surely continue for life at least, without the aid of any legal compulsion.

But a husband should be older than his wife. Women grow old—in appearance at all events—sooner than men, and the elderly wife is liable not only to lose the admiration of her youthful husband, but to lose him altogether, if a younger, more attractive woman challenges him with bright eyes when his lawful partner has become pained. Let women, therefore, avoid the danger of unhappiness which lies in marrying mere boys and growing old while the boys themselves are growing up.

So far I have made no mention of children, but children are a frequent cause of domestic dissension and matrimonial disaster. They are a blessing in the eyes of sane men and women, and they perfect hundreds of imperfect marriages; but they are a responsibility, and they increase the cost of the partnership. There is no defensible reason why these two drawbacks should mar a marriage when children begin to arrive, but the fact remains that children often estrange their parents. Even the first

innocent little baby, cooing on its young mother's knee, has sent the father jealously out of the front door; and children of an older growth have caused almost as many separations as the more understandable things that are wrong with matrimony.

This article would be incomplete without the inclusion of one other factor in the destruction of marriage—the modern sex-problem novel.

The fairy tale that pleased us in our childhood invariably ended with the gratifying information that the prince and the princess married and were happy ever afterwards. We had a notion, as children, that one was inevitably happy once one was married, even if the case of our own parents failed to support that notion. But hundreds of modern novels have waged war with our healthy childhood belief. These books begin with the wedding-bells, which used to end the old three-volume novel, and proceed to revel in the dissection of tortured souls until by irksome bonds.

It would be difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy the extent to which such vile productions have desecrated men and women from marrying, but with this side of their influence I am not just now concerned; for, what is even worse, they fall into the hands of girl-wives, who read them by the dozen and unconsciously absorb their venom. They teach these wives to suspect their husbands; they encourage them to look for the insignificant acts of neglect which are alleged by the authors to be so sure a sign of infidelity and lost affection.

Books such as these preach the insidious gospel of discontent, and make martyrs of married women who should be happy. For the sake of marriage as an institution, for the sake of public decency, the so-called psychological sex novel should be suppressed. It encourages a low standard of morality and exaggerates the things that are wrong with matrimony.

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